

Richards Topical Encyclopedia

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COLOR PLATES

MAP OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS	facing 502
MAP OF THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS	facing 503

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in mate	oi as in toil
â as in schâte	oo as in soon
u as in hut	oo as in book
a as in hat	ou as in shout
a as in father	s as in so
a i sound between a and a as in cristle	sh as in ship
ch as in chest	th as in thumb
ê as in eve	th as in thus
ê as in rêlate	u as in cure
e as in bend	u as in creature
e as in reader	u as in fur
g as in go	u as in us
i as in bite	u i sound formed by pronouncing ê with the lips in the position for oo as in the German <i>über</i> and the French <i>une</i>
ï as in inn	zh as in azure
k, as in key	an indication that a vowel sound occurs but that it is elided and cannot be identified, as in apple (âp' l)
K the guttural sound of ch as in the German <i>ach</i> or the Scotch <i>loch</i>	A heavy accent (') follows a syllable receiving the principal stress, and a lighter accent (') follows a syllable receiving a secondary stress
n as in not	
N the French nasal sound as in <i>bon</i>	
ng the English nasal sound as in strong	
ô, as in bone	
ô as in Christopher	
ô, as in lord	
ö as in hôt	

BIOGRAPHIES of PHILOSOPHERS

Reading Unit No. 5

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index

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Things to Think About

How did Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle hope to make the world a better place?	mathematics?
What did Descartes and Leibnitz add to our knowledge of mathematics?	Did Rousseau try to destroy civilization?
	What was the most famous part of Adam Smith's theory?

Related Material

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France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, 6-179-94	Thomas Henry Huxley, 13 437-38
Louis XIV, 12-410-13	John Tyndall, 13-389-90

Summary Statement

The love of wisdom has led great men to think out what they believe to be the best kind of life	and to suggest the rules that will help us to live it.
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK



1110115 Bowden in a Museum of Fine Art.

The artist who painted the picture above thought of the great city of Athens as a young woman wearing a crown of city walls and battlements. She is respectfully listening to the sage instruction of Athena, her patroness and the goddess of wisdom. In the center stands Philosophy, her eyes fixed on some far-off point,

she holds the torch of learning. The little owl which you see carved on Athens' bench is also a symbol of wisdom because, although it probably knows nothing at all, it looks as if those great eyes held all the knowledge of the world. The Athenians used the owl as their emblem, and placed it on almost all their coins.

HOW WE LEARNED *to* THINK

Here Is the Story of the Master Minds of Old, Who Gave Us So Many of Our Facts and Ideas about the World

JUST for a minute I want you to sit and wonder how much your dog knows about this world he lives in. He knows more about it than your bicycle, of course, for the bicycle knows nothing at all. He even knows a few things that you do not know yourself, he can tell whether an animal passed through the yard last night, and he can find the way home when you are lost. But still the world is mainly just a place where he can romp and play, eat and sleep and smell—and love you. He has no idea of the difference between a vine and a tree, between a stone and a star, between wisdom and folly, between good and bad. There are a million things that you could tell him about all this, if he could only understand.

Now the first men in the world were very much like that dog. They could not have

understood you either, and they still had to find out the million things you now know so well, and many millions more that you may not know. How did they find out all these things, and who were the great discoverers?

This story is a good part of the answer to that question. It is the story of the beginning of what we call philosophy—a word which comes from two Greek terms and means “the love of wisdom.” It is therefore the story of the rise of wisdom in the world.

The old Greeks were probably the most gifted people the world has ever seen. In all the arts and in all the sciences they had no equals in the ancient world, and in many fields of thought it is a question whether the modern world has ever caught up with them. So although the people of the world had found out a great deal about it before the

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK

Greeks came, the story of the rise of philosophy is practically the story of how the Greeks learned to think.

The first of the Greek philosophers, and indeed the first real philosopher in all the world, was Thales (thā'lēz). He lived in the city of Miletus (mī-lē'tūs), on the coast of Asia Minor, about 600 B.C. Thales wanted to find out about a great many different things. He studied the stars, and told the sailors how to steer their ships by the group of stars that we now call the Little Bear. That group is always in the north, and if the sailors simply kept their eyes on it they would always know where the north was. He is thought to have predicted an eclipse, and to have taught the Egyptians how they could measure the height of their pyramids—for they only had to measure the shadow of a pyramid at the hour of the day when a man's shadow is exactly equal to his height.

Thales was the first man to ask the question, "What is the world made of?" Of course we have been asking the same question ever since, and the answer of Thales may now seem a little simple. He said the whole world was made of water. Perhaps he had seen water turn into steam, and again into ice; perhaps he had seen bulbs growing out of water. At any rate he thought everything in the earth was made out of water. And his answer to the question is not nearly so important as the fact that he asked it at all.

After Thales many a Greek philosopher tried to answer the same question. Anaxim-

ines (ān'āk-sīm'i-nēz) answered that all things were made of air, and Heraclitus (hēr'ā-klī'tūs) thought they were all made of fire. But the best answer came from a philosopher named Democritus (dē-mōk'rī-tūs). He was the man who said that all things were made of atoms.

Democritus said that in the beginning,

before there was any earth or stars, all space must have been filled with the tiny particles which he called atoms. He called them by that name because he thought they were so hard that they could not be cut in two; for the word "atom" simply means something that cannot be divided. These atoms were too small to be seen, but they were of different shapes and sizes; and so they could be put together in many different ways to make up all the different things in the world. One combination of atoms would make a stick, another would make a stone, and still another would turn out to be a horse—and so on.

In the very beginning, thought Democritus, these atoms must have simply been falling through space side by side. But he thought the larger ones fell faster than the smaller ones, and so overtook them. These would form a little group, which would keep growing slowly larger and larger until it came to be as big as the earth or a star. Of course Democritus did not say *why* the atoms should fall, or which way in space would be *down*. He did not know about the law of gravitation, and had just noticed that anything will fall when it is loose. So he thought his atoms would



Photo by Boston Public Library

Here is Thales, the first of the seven sages of Greece, discussing the stars with one of his pupils at his home in Miletus. Besides being a philosopher and an astronomer, Thales was also interested in the welfare of his countrymen. He realized how weak were the separate little cities of Asia Minor, and tried to form a league of states. But nobody would listen, and not long afterwards Miletus fell.



Pythagoras was half medicine-man, half scientist. He thought that numbers were little substantial bits of material and that the whole world was made up of them. One combination of numbers made a stone, and another made a virtue, such as truth or generosity.

He thought of a man as an odd number and a woman as an even number, by adding the two together you got marriage. Above, you see him teaching his philosophy—which was really a religion dealing with the soul and how to live a wise and good life.

have to fall somewhere, and then cluster into worlds.

A Scientific Poem

A hundred and fifty years later Epicurus (ĕp'ŭr'kū'rŭs) took up this atomic (ătom'ĭ) theory, as it is called, and built his philosophy upon it. Then this philosophy was translated into a fine Latin poem by Lucretius (lŭ kre'shĭ-ŭs), about fifty-five years before Christ, and through Lucretius the atomic theory came down to our modern scientists. It was a remarkable idea. For we still talk of atoms just as much as ever, even if our notions about them have altered a good deal since the days of Epicurus. No longer do our scientists say the atom is so hard that it cannot be cut in two. Instead they tell us that it is like a little solar system all in itself. In the center of it, they say, is a bit of positive electricity called the proton (pro'-

ton), and around this revolve like planets, tiny bits of negative electricity called electrons (ĕlek'trŏn). And these, the scientists say, make up the world. That is the latest answer to the question that Thales began to ask so long ago.

The Man Who Wanted to Be Wise

In the same century with Democritus lived another philosopher who is far more famous. This was Socrates (sok'ra-tĕz). Now Socrates was not much interested in the question as to what the world was made of. Indeed he thought it was rather a waste of time to ask that kind of question. He did not care much about sticks and stones and stars, but only about men. He wanted to know how a man ought to live. "How can I be wise, courageous, temperate, and just, how can I be a good neighbor?" Those were the questions of Socrates, for to him the soul of man

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK

was worth far more than the body, far more than all the *things* in the world. But before we get to Socrates we ought to say something about an earlier philosopher who is thought to have given him a good many of his ideas.

This was Pythagoras (pĭ-thăg'ô-rās), a Greek who had a home and a school at Crotona (krô-tō'nā), in Southern Italy. In this school there was one peculiar custom: the pupils had to keep silent for three years, and were allowed to speak only after they had learned something to say. One of the things they learned was that the earth is round; in those days this was something new. They also learned some geometry, and indeed Pythagoras himself found out one of the most important truths in that science. It is said that on the day of his discovery he sacrificed a hundred oxen to show his joy and gratitude. The boys who have to work out the same problem in their classes to-day are not always so full of gratitude and joy.

Pythagoras also found out some important things about music, and learned something about the musical scale. He even went so far as to say that each planet, as it follows its course through the sky, gives out a single musical note. From this came the notion of the "music of the spheres," about which our poets are still talking.

One of Pythagoras' pupils, Alcmaeon by name (ălk-mē'ôn), found out that it is the

brain which helps us to do our thinking, and not the diaphragm, as had been thought before. Another pupil named Archytas (ăr-kĭ'tās) is said to have invented the pulley, and to have made a mechanical bird that would fly. This same Archytas wrote the

first book on mechanics in the world.

But Pythagoras, like Socrates, was also interested in the soul of man. He believed that the soul had been alive long before the body, and indeed that it had lived always. He thought it had lived in many different bodies before. This is the idea of the "transmigration (trăns'mĭ-gră'shŭn) of souls," and there are people in India and elsewhere who believe it to this day. It is said that the Roman poet Ennius (ĕn'i-ŭs), who was a follower of Pythagoras, believed that the soul of the great

Homer, after many transmigrations, had come to live in his body. Just before that he thought it had lived in the body of a peacock. We do not know

how Homer might have felt about this; but since the peacock is a very proud bird, we may say that this part of the story is not so very pointless.

Three Great Greeks

In the greatest days of Athens there were three philosophers in that city whose names are still famous wherever men have learned to read and think. The first of these was Socrates (469-399 B.C.). He was the teacher



If you could turn back the pages of time and wander through the streets of ancient Athens, you would probably run across a plain-looking little man, barefoot and meanly clad even on the coldest day. He would ask you a great many questions and insist upon your answering them. You might be a little annoyed at first, but soon you would be up to your ears in a fascinating argument which might last for hours. For this strange little man, so eager for knowledge that he would go without his meals and roam the streets questioning and arguing with anyone who came his way, could be none other than the great philosopher Socrates, whose bust you see above.

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK



Ph. to E. S. Grunertoff Bros.

Socrates gave free instruction to anyone who cared to listen to him. Here he is teaching Alcibiades, a youth who belonged to the aristocracy of Athens and who

later said that even the musical words of the great orator and statesman Pericles did not move him half so much as those of the humble philosopher.

of Plato (427-348 B.C.), and Plato in turn was the teacher of Aristotle (384-322 B.C.). These are the greatest Greek philosophers. These are the three men who have had the most to do with the thinking of the world through all the centuries since their day.

The Homely Wise Socrates

Socrates was a rather homely man. He was short and stout, with a snub nose and thick lips, and rather prominent eyes. Some of the Athenians, who loved beauty above all things, used to wonder how a man who looked so homely could be so wise. For Socrates was a very wise man. After the oracle at Delphi (dél'fi) had declared that he was the wisest of all men, he began to look around to see in what way he was wiser than the other great men of his day. At last he came to feel that he was wiser than the others because they were all ignorant and did not know it, while he was ignorant and did know it. And in that feeling lay a

very great truth. For so long as we think we know everything we do not try to learn any more, but as soon as we are sure that all our knowledge is very incomplete, we are ready to work hard for the whole truth, or just as much of it as we can get.

Socrates would not lay up any money, and he did not write any books. All we know about him comes from the books of his pupils. He taught that the most important thing in life was to treat your neighbor well. But he did not think it easy always to do that. He thought we must be wise, brave, temperate, and just, if we were going to be good neighbors. Above all we must be wise; for unless we are wise we cannot know what it is to be brave or temperate or just. If a man is not wise, what he thinks is brave may turn out to be just reckless, and what he thinks is temperance may be intemperance. No one can be just to his neighbor unless he knows all about his neighbor, and to know all about your neighbor is to know nearly everything

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Socrates was not in the least afraid of dying, and he maddened the judges with his complete indifference to what they thought a terrible punishment. Even when his friends worked out a scheme for his escape from prison, Socrates would not take advantage of it,

for he felt that any thought of escape would be dishonorable. Besides, he hoped, after death, to be able to talk to the shades of departed heroes and sages in far-off Hades. Above, you see him in prison; he is about to take the fatal cup of poison hemlock.

That is what Socrates means by the famous words that "knowledge is virtue." If a man *really* knows enough, he thought, he will be a good man.

The Noble End of a Great Teacher

The Athenians had built temples to many gods. It seems clear that Socrates believed in one God, much as people do to-day. He knew no other way to explain this wonderful world than to believe it was all planned by some great mind. He saw the flowers growing year after year, he saw the moon swinging round the earth, and all nature living by its regular laws; and he could think of no way to account for all this except to suppose that some Being far wiser than man had made the plan for it all. He had two very good ideas about the prayers we should say to this Being. "Do not ask God," he said, "to do for you what you can do for yourself." And again he said, "Ask God to give you what He thinks is best for you, for He knows far better than you do what is best for you."

In the thirty years he spent in teaching things like these to the young men of Athens, he made a good many enemies with his new ideas. They brought him into court on the charge that he had introduced new gods, and had taught false things to the young. Both of the charges were groundless, of course, but Socrates was found guilty and condemned to die. Four hundred years later, on false charges, Jesus was condemned to die in agony on the cross. Socrates had a peaceful death from drinking the poison hemlock, and he spent his last day, even his last moments, telling his pupils why he thought that the soul is immortal.

The Poet Who Turned Philosopher

Of all his pupils, the most gifted was Plato (plā'tō). This was not the real name of the man, but only a nickname. The word in Greek means "broad," and it was given to him because of his broad forehead, or possibly because of the broad shoulders that had helped him to win athletic prizes. The young

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK

athlete came from a noble family; on his mother's side he was related to Solon (sō'lūn), the great lawgiver, and on his father's side to the first king of Athens. He had started out to be a poet, and had written a number of tragedies; then one day he met Socrates, and all his plans were changed. He burned his tragedies and gave himself up to the study of philosophy. For eight years he studied with Socrates, and then when his master was put to death, he left Athens in sorrow and disgust. During twelve years he traveled from city to city, visiting the wise men who could teach him, wherever he could find them.

At the age of forty he came back to Athens. He bought a beautiful olive grove a mile north of the city, and there founded a school that was called the Academy. His purpose was to train young men to be good rulers, for he felt that the world would never

be well ruled until kings were philosophers or philosophers were kings. He chose his pupils very carefully, admitting only those who showed unusual gifts. For ten years he trained them in mathematics, the foundation of their education. But he then taught them much more than mathematics, if we may judge by the dialogues he wrote. Like his master, Socrates, he taught them the meaning of wisdom, courage, temperance, justice—those four great virtues to the Greek mind; he taught them logic, or the art of reasoning; rhetoric, or the art of speaking; etymology

(ēt'i-mōl'ō-jī), or the art of finding the root meaning of words; and political science, or the art of ruling.

Emerson has told us that the dialogue of Plato which we call the "Republic" is the most important book that any man has ever written. This book describes a state in which there would be perfect justice. In this state,

besides many other things, there were to be no slaves, women were to have equal rights with men, every child was to have the education that was best suited to his gifts, and every person was to do the work he could do best. Less than a century ago slavery disappeared from the United States, and less than thirty years ago women were given the right of voting and holding office here. There are still many children who do not have so good a chance to study as they ought to have, and there are many persons who are

not doing the kind of work they could do best. Yet perhaps the world is nearer to Plato's great plan than it was when he wrote the "Republic" 2,400 years ago.

It would take too long to tell about all the forty-two dialogues of Plato, but we surely ought to look at one more of them. His "Theaetetus" (thē'ā-tē'tūs) is the first book that we know about psychology, or the way our minds work. Here he tries to show how small our knowledge really is—how little we can know for certain about anything. He tells us that our knowledge is of two



Here is the famous philosopher Plato with his pupil Aristotle. Both of these men were great writers as well as great thinkers. And since people have had the good sense to preserve their writings, even through the time of the vandals and the dark ages following the destruction of Greek and Roman civilization, we may still read to-day the vivid and intimate story of the lives and thoughts of these great men of Greece.

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK



When Plato started his school in one of the pleasant olive groves of Athens, numbers of young men flocked to him. Some came merely out of curiosity; others

really were interested in learning something. Plato soon discovered that Aristotle, who is here shown approaching the philosopher, was the wisest of them all.

kinds—perceptions and conceptions. A perception is anything that we learn directly through our five senses of sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. But no matter how good our eyes are, we cannot begin to see everything. So many things are too small, so many are too far away. Even with our microscopes and telescopes, instruments that Plato did not have, there is a great deal that we never see. The finest microscope cannot show us the electrons in the atom, and the most powerful telescope will not tell us whether there are people upon Mars. We can see more than Plato, but we know even better than he that our five senses do not give us perfect knowledge of the world

What Is an Idea?

Within our minds we arrange our perceptions and thoughts into what we call concepts (kōn'sēpt). The idea of justice is a concept, and so is the idea of courage and of temperance, or any other idea. Nobody can see an idea, or experience it with any one of the five senses; it is something that we "think up." Now Plato tells us that our ideas do not give us perfect knowledge either, because they depend so much on what we have been told by those around us, especially in our

early years. It is not likely that the child of an African savage will be taught the same things as the child of the king of England; and so when they grow up the two will not believe the same things to be true. Thus our ideas are changing as the centuries go by. Once men thought it was right to have more than one wife. Now they do not think so. Once fathers and mothers thought it was right to sacrifice their children to the gods. Now we can think of nothing more horrible. Only two hundred years ago a man could be put to death for stealing. Now we believe such a punishment to be wrong. So the ideas of the world change, as the centuries roll by, and a thousand years from now men may have ideas of what is right far higher than those we hold to-day. We may thank Plato for telling us in his first book on psychology that our ideas are not perfect knowledge, and that we should always be looking for more light.

The Master of Those Who Know

Here are two sentences from Plato that are worth learning by heart: "No real evil can ever happen to a good man," and "It is worse to do an act of injustice than to be treated unjustly." Of course Plato knew

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK

that a good man may suffer pain, may lose his property, may be treated unjustly by his neighbors. But Plato did not think of such things as real evils. He felt that the only real evil was to think an unjust or an unkind thought, or to do an unjust or unkind act.

One day there came to the olive grove of Plato's Academy a young man named Aristotle (är'-is-töt'l). He was the son of the physician at the court of King Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. The young man remained a student in the Academy for twenty years, in fact until Plato died. He was the most brilliant student that the school had ever seen; indeed he was getting ready, though he did not know it, to be the teacher of all Europe for two thousand years. Sixteen centuries later Dante (dan'-tā), the great Italian poet, was to speak of Aristotle as "the master of those who know."

Yet when Plato died Aristotle was not made president of the Academy, because he did not agree with all that Plato had taught. So he left Athens and went over to Asia Minor, where for several years he enjoyed what we may call a zoological honeymoon; that is, he married a princess and then spent his time in studying all sorts of animals. He afterwards wrote a book called the "History of Animals," and this is the first book we know about zoölogy.

Then he was invited to the court of King Philip, to be the tutor to the prince who was going to become Alexander the Great.

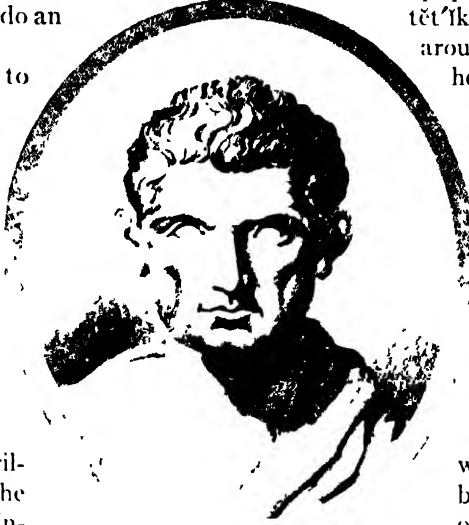
When the prince mounted his throne, Aristotle went back to Athens and founded the new school that he called the Lyceum (lī-sē'-ūm). But the people of the city nicknamed his pupils Peripatetics (pér'-i-pā-tēt'ik), because they walked around with their master while

he gave them lessons. The nickname comes from a Greek word meaning to "walk around." To this day we speak of the philosophy of Aristotle as the Peripatetic philosophy.

If Socrates wanted to make the world better by leading his pupils to think truer and higher thoughts, and if Plato wanted to do the same thing by planning a better form of government, Aristotle hoped to make the world better by widening the sum of knowledge and by setting the knowledge in order. So he wrote books on many different subjects, and all his books are still useful to-day. The most important of the books is called the "Ethics" (ēth'iks), the art of good conduct.

Before a man can write a book about ethics, he must make up his mind as to what the aim of life should be. Aristotle said the most important thing in life was happiness. To be happy he thought a man must have three kinds of goods: goods of the soul, or good and true thoughts; goods of the body, or good health; and external goods,

or a certain amount of property. The goods of the soul were more important for him than both the other two kinds put together. Yet he felt that no one could be perfectly happy if he were ill or in pain; and he thought that



According to a legend of the Middle Ages, Aristotle, whom you see above, was not always so clever as you would expect him to be. It seems that his young pupil Alexander was very much in love with a pretty little Greek girl named Campaspe (kām-pās-pē), and spent in her company a great deal of time which might better have been spent with his books. Aristotle was furious, and sent the young man straight to Campaspe to tell her that he could not see her any more. When she heard about it that young lady smiled mysteriously and said, "You leave Aristotle to me!" One day when Aristotle was working hard in his chamber on some learned problem, Campaspe appeared below his window and began to dance among the flowers, singing snatches of songs and pausing now and then to pick a bright flower and weave it into her long silken hair. Occasionally she would make some remark about people who stayed indoors and buried their noses in musty old books on such a lovely day. By and by Aristotle decided that since he couldn't work with all that noise going on, he might as well go down and see what it was about. Poor old man! He might better have stayed where he was, for when Alexander came upon the scene he found his sedate master down on all fours in the grass, hopping and turning at the command of Campaspe, who was seated upon his back gleefully brandishing a whip made of flowers!

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK

no one could be altogether happy if he were so poor as to have no money with which to do generous things.

The chief good of the soul, in Aristotle's mind, was justice; and he took great pains to tell us exactly what he meant by a just man. He lays down three rules. First, a just man must know what he is doing; if he merely happens to do a just thing by accident, it does not make him a just person. Second, a just man must act of his own free will; if he has done a just act only because he was compelled to it, that does not make him a just person. Third, a just man must do a just act for its own sake; to do it for some selfish end will not make him just. In addition, Aristotle said we must be doing just acts all the time, and not only once in a while, if we want to be really just.

Aristotle is famous for another law of good living, called the doctrine of the "golden mean." To follow the golden mean—and "mean" in this sense means "medium"—is never to desire too much of anything, or too little of anything, whatever the thing is. It is to avoid all extremes. A man who spends too much money is a prodigal, and one who spends too little is stingy. Somewhere between being prodigal and being stingy is the golden mean of being generous. A man with too little daring is a coward, while one with too much daring is just reckless. Somewhere between cowardice and recklessness is the golden mean of courage.

Too much turkey at Thanksgiving is not a good thing, and too little turkey is not a good thing; just the right amount of turkey is the golden mean.

And Aristotle liked to use the word "appropriate." A thing is appropriate

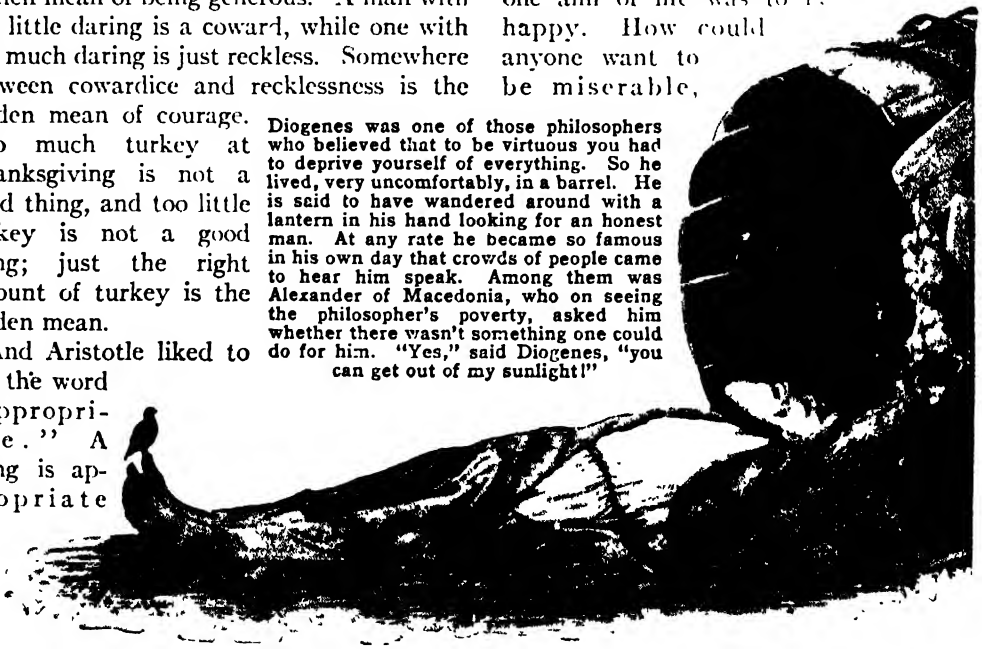
when it exactly fits and suits the place where it is put. A brass band is not appropriate in a parlor, but is quite appropriate at the head of a troop of soldiers. A bathing suit is not appropriate at dinner, but is altogether so in the swimming pool. Many a fine house is partly spoiled by being set in a yard that is not suited to it. It is not appropriate for a boy to put on the airs of a man, or for a man to act like a boy.

So these are Aristotle's rules for happiness: seek good thoughts, care for your health, seek money by fair means, in order that you may be generous, be just, avoid too much or too little, cling to the golden mean, and strive to do and say what is appropriate.

Among many other great books, Aristotle wrote one on "Politics." Of the many words of wisdom in it we may quote just these: "It is more important that a man should use his leisure nobly than that he should do his work well." Yet no man ever did his work better than Aristotle.

Now many other Greek thinkers besides Aristotle had tried to say what the aim of life should be. For instance Epicurus, whom we mentioned a little while ago for his ideas about the atoms, had asked and answered that question. To him and his followers the one aim of life was to be happy. How could anyone want to be miserable,

Diogenes was one of those philosophers who believed that to be virtuous you had to deprive yourself of everything. So he lived, very uncomfortably, in a barrel. He is said to have wandered around with a lantern in his hand looking for an honest man. At any rate he became so famous in his own day that crowds of people came to hear him speak. Among them was Alexander of Macedonia, who on seeing the philosopher's poverty, asked him whether there wasn't something one could do for him. "Yes," said Diogenes, "you can get out of my sunlight!"



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The philosophers of Greece gathered almost anywhere for their discussions—in the street where they ran across each other, in the market place, up and down

the columned walks, or on beautiful terraces overlooking the city. Sometimes they would all meet at the house of one of the group and argue until dawn.

what other thing can anyone desire except happiness? So anything is good if it really tends to make men happy, and anything is bad if it tends to make them wretched. Of course the Epicureans (ēp'ī kū rē'an), or followers of Epicurus, were not simply bent on racing after every immediate pleasure. They knew well enough that happiness does not come in that way. They knew that we have to do some hard work and and endure some pains in order to find happiness, and that we often have to give up the lower pleasures in order to enjoy the higher ones. Yet true happiness, the highest happiness, was for them the only reasonable thing to strive for.

What the Stoics Thought

The trouble was, said their opponents, that happiness did not come by striving for it. It came only when you had been striving for something else. Above all it came when you had done right, when you had done your duty. It was, in truth, not an aim, but a by-product. And the aim of life is to do your duty. If you have done that you will be happy.

These opponents of the Epicureans were called the Stoics (stō'īk). From their day to ours the two main ideas about ethics have

been the Epicurean idea on the one hand and the Stoic idea on the other.

How the Stoics Got Their Name

In the time of Alexander (about 336 B.C.) there was born in the island of Cyprus (sī'prūs) a Greek child who was given the name of Zeno (zē'nō). He may not have been a pure Greek. He may have had a drop of Phoenician (fē-nish'ān) blood in his veins, which would have related him to the Hebrews, and his ideas about ethics are certainly like many that we find in the Bible. As a young man he sailed away to Athens, where for ten years he studied in all the different schools of philosophy. About the year 300 B.C. he opened a school of his own in a colonnade or portico that bordered on the great market place of Athens. This portico was called "the painted porch," because a great painter had covered its back wall with splendid pictures. Now the Greek word for porch is "stoa," and the pupils in the school soon got the name of Stoics, or "porchers." We ought to be interested in this school, especially because Stoicism (stō'ī-siz'm) is often said to be itself a sort of porch, or vestibule, to Christianity.

HOW WE LEARNED TO THINK

Zeno believed, first of all, that an all-wise, all-loving, and all-powerful God had made the world—and had not only made it, but was taking care of every smallest part of it. He could have said with the Bible that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without God knowing it. He did not quarrel with his fellow men in Athens, who believed in many gods; he merely said that the names of their gods were only the names of the various ways in which the great Ruler of the world showed His different powers.

In the next place, Zeno believed in the brotherhood of man. He too, like Plato, wrote a book called the "Republic." In the few sentences of this book that remain to us, we learn that he thought of love as the power which was to bind the men of his state together in a great brotherhood.

What Zeno Thought of Duty

He believed in the four great virtues of wisdom, courage, temperance, justice. But the great slogan of his school was the word "duty." Of course it was not a new idea in the world; none of Zeno's ideas were quite new; but there is here an emphasis on the idea of duty such as Greece had never heard before, such as would be hard to find in any other ancient book except the Bible. "Do your duty if it kills you," some of Zeno's pupils went so far as to say. For duty, and not happiness, is the main thing in life. Yet if any man can be sure that he has always done his duty, he ought to be a happy man.

Another favorite word of the Stoics was "apathy" (ăp'ă-thî). A man of apathy was simply a man who never let his feelings get the best of him. If his feelings ran too high, he could be in no state to reason well, or "see straight," or do his duty properly. So a man ought to get rid of grief, fear, anger, and all other feelings, whether of the kind we usually call bad or of the kind we commonly call good. Feeling of any kind was bad, to Zeno's mind, because it clouds the reason in directing us along the path of duty.

Zeno further taught that it is our duty to live according to nature, or to obey the laws of nature. And neither he nor anybody else ever found that an easy rule to follow, be-

cause there are so many laws of our nature, both of mind and body, that the wisest doctors are not sure about.

Why Is There Evil in the World?

It has always been a hard task for the philosophers to say why there should be so many things in the world that seem evil. Why should there be rattlesnakes and earthquakes in a good world? To that question the philosophers have given three main answers. The Persian Zoroaster (zō'rô-ăs'tēr) said that all the bad things, such as snakes and poisonous plants, fleas and other poisonous insects, had been made by a great evil spirit called Ahriman (ă'rî-măn). Plato said that the great Ruler of the world had given the task of building it to servants who were not able to do all the work right. Heraclitus thought that if we could only look at the whole world with the eyes and mind of God, we should see that everything in it has a place and use. It was this last view that Zeno accepted and taught. He said that to conquer evil, to endure hardship and misfortune, is our best means of growth of building character. Only by leaping over obstacles can we grow strong.

If Zeno had lived to our day, he would have seen some new evidence for this idea. He could have watched the chemist take a poison called sodium (sō'df-ŭm), combine it with another poison called chlorine (klō'rĭn), and out of the two poisons make such a good thing as our common table salt. He might have heard our master musicians tell how they use discords in building up their symphonies and sonatas. He could have found our botanists making something good out of plants that used to be thought worthless or even harmful. He might even have found the doctors using the poison of the rattlesnake to help persons suffering from the dread disease of epilepsy. Perhaps someone will some day find a use for fleas and other poisonous insects. So possibly Heraclitus and Zeno were right in saying that if we could only look at the world with the eyes and mind of God, we should see that everything in it has a purpose, and that nothing is altogether bad—we should "trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill."

The FATHER of MODERN PHILOSOPHY

How Descartes Tore Down an Entire World and Built Up Another by a Process of Pure Reason

ALL his life René Descartes (rē-nā' dē'-kärt') liked to lie late in bed of a morning, not wasting his time but thinking. He got into the habit when he was a boy at school, for his health was very delicate and the Jesuit fathers allowed him many privileges. But already this boy was doing so much thinking for himself that he would take nothing for granted that his teachers told him.

He was born in 1596, before people knew so much about mathematics and science as they do now. It was mathematics that he thought about most at first, and we owe to him some of the methods and ideas we learn in algebra and geometry to-day. When he went up to Paris as a young man he soon tired of the gayety of the city and hid himself away for two years studying out these things. But his friends ferreted out his hiding place, and he decided to leave Paris altogether.

He took service as a soldier, and fought here and there for several years. In Holland he won a friend by solving a problem which some mathematician had posted in a public place as a challenge for all comers. Then in Bavaria one memorable day he suddenly knew that he was made to be not a soldier but a philosopher.

He traveled for a while, still meditating in his secret mind on all sorts of things—the laws of numbers and the laws of thought and the nature of man and of God. Then he tried Paris again. But his friends would not

let him alone, even surprising him as he lay abed in the morning thinking and taking notes. He tried soldiering again, but it would not do. So in 1629 he took refuge in Holland; and there he lived and worked for twenty years, always moving from place to place and keeping his whereabouts a secret except from a few trusted friends. In this way he could think in peace.

From mathematics Descartes turned to science, and studied physics and physiology and worked out a whole system of astronomy. But it was as a philosopher that he became famous—so famous that he was the teacher of a whole series of other philosophers called Cartesians (kār-tē'zhān) after his name.

Descartes believed that philosophy—our belief about nature and man and God—should not be taken on faith from what our teachers

tell us, but that it can be worked out from ideas which we know are true without waiting for anyone to prove them—like axioms in geometry, such as that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. We should begin, he said, by doubting everything. He asked himself: "How do I know that I have hands and feet? How do I know that that chair is real?" His answer was: "I do not know any of these things; but I do know that I am thinking about them. Then I must be real. I think, therefore I am." This last is his most famous saying, and the starting point of all his philosophy. He believed that from that



This is René Descartes, whose keen mind devised so influential a system of thinking that he is often spoken of as "the father of modern philosophy."

starting point he could prove the existence of God, and work out other problems much too complicated to explain in a short account such as this.

Descartes' philosophy was very famous in his lifetime and for many years after, although, like most other elaborate systems, it seems now a little old-fashioned. The church objected to a good deal of what he had to say, though he always remained a

good Catholic. But he was a cautious man and managed to keep out of trouble.

Among Descartes' disciples was the clever young queen of Sweden, Christina, and in 1649 she persuaded him to leave Holland and come to her court. But he had not been there long before he was taken ill, and in 1650 he died. He is often called the "father of modern philosophy," because he so greatly influenced thinkers who came after him.

IS THIS *the* BEST of ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS?

The Great Philosopher Leibnitz Thought It Was, and This Story Will Tell Something about His Thinking

MOST of us look with admiration on a man who knows nearly all there is to know about any one thing—say German literature or electrical engineering. Here is a man who was learned in history, theology, philosophy, law, politics, mining, engineering, mathematics, literature, science, and languages. And in any history of either philosophy or mathematics his will be one of the very few greatest names!

The name of this great man is Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibnitz (gôt'frēt vîl'hêlm vôn lip'nîts). He was born at Leipzig, Germany, in 1646, and died at Hanover in 1716. The tragic part of the story is that in spite of his genius he died neglected and poor and alone, with his work unrecognized and only his faithful secretary to mourn him. Is it not a pity that we cannot call back to life all the great men whose greatness was not seen until after they were dead?

Leibnitz' father was a professor of law at the University of Leipzig (lîp'tsîk), but he died when Gottfried was only six, and the boy gained most of his education by himself. And what an excellent education it was! By the time he was eight he had taught himself to read Latin, and at fifteen he was already deep in logic, or the science of reasoning. At seventeen he went to the University of Jena (yā'nā) to study mathematics. Then he returned to Leipzig, and at twenty was all ready to take his doctor's degree in law.

The authorities at Leipzig could not find any fault with the young man's knowledge of law, but they refused to give the degree

to a mere boy of twenty. So Leibnitz set off for the University of Altdorf, whose authorities proved to be more reasonable. They not only gave Leibnitz his degree, but offered him a professorship on the spot.

But Leibnitz refused the offer, having other plans. He was already a brilliant writer of essays, and his fame came to the ears of the Elector of Mainz (mînts), one of the important German princes of his day. Leibnitz entered the Elector's service, and remained with him for some years. He kept thinking and writing on religion, politics, law, and other things, and his patron several times promoted him.

At this time the German princes were much worried over the plans of Louis XIV of France; they thought the ambitious "Grand Monarch" had his eye on parts of Germany as indeed he had. Leibnitz worked out an elaborate scheme for turning Louis' attention in some other direction, and in 1672 he went to Paris and tried to interest Louis in the matter, which was no less than a scheme to extend the realms of France by seizing the northern part of Africa. Louis did not follow this plan, but later Napoleon Bonaparte did; so Leibnitz must have been something of a military genius as well as all the other things in the list we gave. It is clear, too, that he was tremendously interested in Germany and all its problems and affairs.

But politics was only one of Leibnitz' interests, and the time of his stay in Paris also marks the beginning of his work in

LEIBNITZ

mathematics. He met the great men of France and won in Paris more recognition for his genius than he was ever to find anywhere else. On his way back to Germany in 1673 he visited London and Amsterdam, too, and won fresh honors.

He did not go back to Mainz, but entered now the service of the Duke of Brunswick; he was librarian of the Duke's great library at Hanover. He served this duke all the rest of his life, and was kept pretty busy carrying out his employer's schemes. That involved a good deal more of politics, and a weighty history of the house of Brunswick. But these things did not by any means take up all the energy of this great worker and thinker.

He found time to go on with his mathematical studies. He had done marvelous things in mathematics while he was in Paris; for example, he had invented a calculating machine, which could not only add but multiply and divide and even find the roots of numbers. Now he went on to discover one of the greatest principles in mathematics—the calculus, which makes up a whole course in mathematics at most universities to-day. Unluckily for him, Sir Isaac Newton was discovering the calculus at the very same time. Each man worked quite separately, but Newton got most of the credit, and Leibnitz' last years were made very bitter because people accused him of stealing his discovery from Newton.

At the same time Leibnitz was working out his philosophy, his theory of the meaning of life and the world. He believed that everything in the world, from sticks of wood

to men's minds, was made up of what he called "monads" (mōn'ād), which were rather like the "points of force or energy" of which modern physics tells. He believed that whatever these monads did was planned by God, and that God had made the best plan for them that it was possible to make. We have then

"the best of all possible worlds"

a phrase we still hear often quoted. He argued that all the things that seem far from best to us are really good, but we think them evil because we do not understand them. We rank him therefore as one of the great optimists among the philosophers.

Leibnitz, as we have seen,

was a very practical man, and full of plans for many things. He did another good turn for philosophy and scholarship by putting forth the plan which finally led to the founding of

the Prussian Academy of Sciences, which still meets in Berlin. Peter the Great of Russia asked him for a similar plan for St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, and he made one for Vienna besides.

Leibnitz never set down his whole philosophical "system" in any one great book. We must look for his great ideas scattered in various places, especially in his letters; and since the ideas *are* great, they are altogether worth hunting for. Yet in spite of all his achievements, Leibnitz died, as we have said, neglected and poor. Only in Paris was any notice at all taken of his death. Now, however, when he has been gone for more than two hundred years, we honor him as one of the great philosophers and mathematicians of the world.



Photo by Bruckmann, Munich

Leibnitz, whose face appears above, had one of the most amazing minds ever lodged in a human head. He knew so many subjects that one can scarcely count them all, and he was one of the greatest mathematicians and philosophers that the world has seen.

The LUCID MIND of DAVID HUME

Philosopher and Historian, This Scotchman Was Possibly the Greatest Thinker Ever Born in Caledonia

MEN who know have said that David Hume was probably "the most profound thinker that Scotland has ever produced." And that is saying a good deal, for among the Scots have been many thinkers.

Hume was one of the group of brilliant men who made Edinburgh rival London as a center of thought and literature in the eighteenth century—even though that was the age of the great Dr. Johnson in England. It was in Edinburgh that Hume was born, in 1711, the youngest son of the Laird of Ninewells. The family was a good one, and neither rich nor desperately poor. David's father died while the future philosopher was still a child. But when the young man decided that he did not want to be a lawyer or a business man but must study to be a scholar, he and his mother found a little money which would keep him—if he was careful—while he studied.

When Hume Went to France

So at twenty-three young Hume set out for France, his head buzzing with great thoughts and mighty theories. He found a quiet little village and set to work all by himself. He stayed there for three years. The result was a little book of philosophy so packed with thought that it is hard to believe that any youth still in his early twenties could ever have written it. Indeed this "Treatise of Human Nature," as he called it, really has in it most of Hume's philosophy; what he did later was largely to open it up further and make it easier to understand.

But nobody paid much attention to this amazing book. As Hume himself said later, it "fell dead-born from the press." This made him rather bitter at first. He put some of his ideas into more popular form in a series of "Essays," and people liked those much better. Then for several years Hume did little writing, but first worked as a tutor for the Marquis of Annandale and then went

to Italy and Austria with a government embassy. He says that the two years he spent with this embassy were almost the only time in his life when he interrupted his studies.

Hume's Slow Rise to Fame

Even so, it was while he was in Italy that he published (1748) one of his most famous books, "An Enquiry concerning the Human Understanding." When he got back to Scotland, he found that this book was being passed over and neglected in favor of another which Hume was perfectly sure was not nearly so good as his in which he was altogether right, for almost no one has ever heard of that other book to-day. But Hume kept on publishing one great work after another, and soon people could not neglect him any more. So they began to attack his ideas fiercely. That pleased Hume greatly, because he thought it a compliment to be railed at by certain people!

In 1751 Hume, who had been living in the country, moved permanently back to Edinburgh. He was coming to be well known at last, and moved in the midst of the other great men of the Scottish capital, having as his especial friend the economist Adam Smith, whose story we have told elsewhere. He had a position as librarian in an important library.

Hume's Great History of England

Hume made full use of the chance to read books which being a librarian gave him, for he had decided to turn historian and was working hard on his "History of England." This history started to come out in 1754, but the last volume was not ready till 1762. At first people railed against this work too, but like his books on philosophy it slowly won its way. For a long time it was thought to be the very best history of England there was, but it is not so well thought of to-day, for Hume's knowledge of history did not

go so deep as his knowledge of philosophy, and he was also rather inclined to take sides when he was telling a story.

Yet that cannot keep these pages from being entrancing. Hume writes so well that we always find his name in the histories of literature as well as in those of philosophy. He can make history excellent reading—but more than that, he can make philosophy excellent reading too, and that is much harder. Nothing he says is ever hard to understand; every sentence is as cool and clear as a mountain pool.

Hume's thinking too was cool and clear. He was above all else a sceptic—a doubter. He doubted almost everything, and could coolly argue away all the fine-spun, high-sounding theories of other thinkers. Probably that is the reason why he turned in the end to writing history—he had doubted and argued away everything which might have made it possible for him to work out an elaborate "system," or scheme of belief, such as most philosophers produce. None of the eighteenth century philosophers seem more modern than Hume when read to-day, for, partly on account of Hume's own work, modern thinkers are inclined to be doubters themselves.

Now these ideas of Hume's were more

popular in France, in those days just before the French Revolution, than they were in England. And Hume's greatest day of glory came to him when he went with another embassy to Paris in

1763. Then he was flattered and lionized by all the greatest men and women of the time; being a modest and humorous man, he found it a little embarrassing and very amusing indeed. In 1769 Hume went back to Edinburgh to stay, and there in 1776 he died.

There were long, weary months after Hume fell ill, when he knew he was going to die. His friends marveled at his courage and quiet humor. He wrote his own story those heavy days, calling it "My Own Life." It is written in the same clear, easy style as

his other books. He speaks of himself in the past tense, as if he were already dead. "I was," he says, "a man of mild dispositions, of command of temper, of an

open, social and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions." Adam Smith, his friend, says further of him that he "approached as nearly to the character of a perfectly wise and virtuous man" as any human being ever could. So we may admire the man as well as the philosopher.



Photo by Germain

This is Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the puzzling Swiss genius whose ideas turned modern thinking inside out and upside down.

"LET US RETURN to NATURE"

Those Famous Words of Rousseau Have Had an Enormous Influence. What Did He Mean by Them?

THIS is the story of one of the strangest men who ever lived—by turns one of the most loved and one of the most hated, and beyond all doubt one of the most influential. Possibly no man in the past two centuries has had quite so much to do with the history of the world as this one—for reasons that we shall see. The

man's name is Jean-Jacques Rousseau (zhōN-zhāk rōō'sō').

Rousseau was born in Geneva in the year 1712. His mother died when he was born, and his father did not know how to take proper care of him. For a time it seemed as if the boy could hardly learn to read; and a little later we find him learning to read

out of books that were far from good for him, and even sitting up all night to read them with his impractical father. Then the father got into trouble, left the city, and turned the boy over to an uncle. This man sent him out into the country to school. Here the boy learned to love Nature as few people have ever loved her; and here he suffered his first case of being unjustly punished for a thing he had never done—a punishment that lingered in his memory for many a year, and joined with a great many other cases of injustice to help in making him the kind of man he was.

Why the Young Scapegrace Ran Away

When he came back to Geneva, the boy was apprenticed, at a tender age, to a notary, but was soon discharged as a blockhead. Then he was apprenticed to an engraver, in a kind of work in which he showed some skill; but he soon fell into bad habits—petty stealing and other things—and became very much of a young scamp. He was severely beaten by his master for these faults, and the brutal man promised him a far worse punishment the next time he went astray. The next time came on one spring Sunday when Rousseau was sixteen years old. He had been out with some other boys playing in the fields around the city, and as he returned he found he was just a minute too late to get back into the town. The gates of the wall were closing. He ran his hardest to get in; but when he saw the gate shutting in his face he made up his mind that he would never enter the town to meet the punishment awaiting him. He ran away.

Rousseau's Adventures as a Young Man

His road led him to the town of Annecy (ân'sé'), where he met a beautiful woman, if not a very good one, who is famous under the name of Madame de Warens (dě vâ'-răNs'). She was twelve years older than he was, and became a sort of mother to him; she had more to do with his history, for a long time, than any other person. The first thing she tried to do was to convert him to the Catholic faith, for that was her main business in the world at this time. So she sent him on down to the city of Turin,

where he was duly converted. Then, after a number of wild adventures, he returned to live under her roof, with various periods of absence and innumerable further adventures, some of them far from nice, for about the next twelve years.

There is not time to tell of all of his adventures during this period. He wandered about a good deal, and fell into all sorts of bad company. In fact, he was a good deal of a tramp, for above all things he loved wandering afoot. But always he came back to Madame de Warens. He took various positions, too, though he seldom held them very long. The truth is that he was still a scamp, though a scamp of genius; and anyone who had known him at this time might well have prophesied that he would end his days in jail, or that he would startle the world with the remarkable ideas that were brewing in his head. With all his adventures, he was now finally educating himself. And at last, near the age of thirty, he went up to Paris to try his fortune among the poets and philosophers in the great capital.

Rousseau's Great Conversion

He made his mark at once, in influential circles, both for his brilliant mind and for his very queer ways. But he continued to live a pretty sorry life, and on the whole seemed to be going from bad to worse. He was a bad enough man at this time to send all his five children to an asylum for foundlings instead of bringing them up himself. That was the worst thing he ever did. And a little over ten years later he wrote the most famous book in all the world about bringing up children!

For in 1749, when Rousseau was thirty-seven, a remarkable thing happened to him. He had an overwhelming conversion, which reads a little like the conversion of Paul on the road to Damascus. Running his eye over a magazine, he came upon a question proposed for a prize debate. The question was whether the arts and the sciences, with all their proud work for truth and beauty, had made man a better moral being or a worse one. As Rousseau looked upon himself, as he looked upon the people all around

him in the corrupt city of Paris, the center of the art and science of the world, he was overcome with the conviction that, with all their triumphs, art and science had really made people worse than men had been in the beginning—more deceitful, more envious, more hateful, less kind. The more they had gained in art and science, he felt, the more they had lost in simple happiness and goodness. Rousseau was actually stricken to the ground as these ideas ran like lightning through his mind; and the result was that he wrote a "Discourse on the Sciences and the Arts" which made the world tremble. At once he was famous everywhere.

But for the rest of his life he was a very unhappy man. How much of that was his own fault, how much was other people's work, there is little use in trying to say. Nearly everybody felt that he was trying to pull down the civilization, and nearly everybody abused and persecuted him for it. He said he was far from trying to destroy civilization, but was working with all his might to build a much better world; and he fought back against his enemies very venomously. He was such a sensitive man—some one said truly that he was like a man born without a skin—that all this was extremely painful to him. And the result was that for most of the rest of his life, down to the end of it in 1778, he was about the most famous man in the world, and about the unhappiest. In the end his sufferings drove him almost if not quite mad.

About ten years after his conversion he wrote the works that have done so much to

change the history of the world. Rousseau's idea, when he had thought it out, was about as follows: Man is by nature no base creature, as so many people had said, but a kindly spirit. He is no angel, by any means, but he is born to be good, and needs only every chance to perfect his nature. Now much that we do, in our art and science, in our schools and governments, really keeps man from growing to be the creature that nature intended him to be and we need to start over and do a great many things very differently in order to allow man to reach the full development for which nature intended him. With all this in mind Rousseau wrote a book to give his plan of a perfect education for a man. That is his "Emile" (ā'mēl'). Then he wrote one to show the perfect government under which men ought to live. That is his "Social Contract." In the "Emile" he included his idea of the perfect religion for man. That is his "Savoyard Vicar's Profession of Faith." Besides these works he wrote a powerful novel called "The New Eloisa," and an autobiography called the "Confessions," the most widely-read of all his books.

The influence of the "Emile" is felt in every school in the world to-day, and that of the "Social Contract" in every free government. No books in the past two centuries have had more to do with the kind of men who make up the world and the kind of society in which men live. The American Constitution was founded on their teachings. No man has had a larger share than Rousseau in the making of the modern world.

The MOST FAMOUS of the SMITH FAMILY

It Is the Celebrated Adam Smith, Father of the Science of Economics

IN THE dictionaries telling about famous people you will find the stories of a great many men named Smith; but whatever other Smiths they tell about, these books never leave out the story of Adam Smith, for no one of the name is more famous than he. And his fame comes

from one great book which he wrote—the brilliant work on economics called "The Wealth of Nations."

The baby who was to grow up and write "The Wealth of Nations" was born at Kirkcaldy, Scotland, in 1723; so he was one of the canny and hard-headed Scots who

have done so much of the world's canny hard-headed thinking. He was an only child and his father died before he was born.

When little Adam Smith was only 11 years old he had about the most exciting adventure of his whole life. He was kidnapped by a roving band of gypsies. Had been left alone for just a few minutes, and the "tinkers" had whisked him off. But soon the baby was missed and rescued. Imagine a genius in modern economics growing up among the followers of the "Romany trail"!

But we shall never know what sort of gypsy Adam Smith would have made. Instead, he went very properly to the village school, then departed for the University of Glasgow. There he made so brilliant a record that it was decided to send him to Oxford to finish his education. He stayed at Oxford seven years, industriously digging into languages, literature, philosophy, and politics. Even then he was not satisfied, and spent two more years studying by himself at his mother's home at Kirkcaldy. He was a great student.

Then he went up to Edinburgh to lecture on literature and philosophy. He met other brilliant people, among them David Hume, the famous philosopher. Hume and Smith became fast friends for life. By 1751 Smith had won such a reputation that he was appointed professor of logic at his own alma mater, the University of Glasgow. The next year he was made professor of moral philosophy, or ethics, at the same university.

Adam Smith stayed at the University of Glasgow, teaching ethics, "the study of what men ought to do," for nearly twelve years. He himself called this time "by far the most useful, and therefore by far the happiest and most honorable period" of his life. His book called "A Theory of Moral Sentiment" grew out of the thinking he did as he prepared his lectures for the students at Glasgow.

But Smith was not satisfied to stay in Glasgow all his life, and so in 1763 he accepted the offer of the Duke of Buccleuch to become his traveling companion and tutor. With this young man Smith visited Switzerland and France. While he was in Paris he had a chance to meet and know some of the most brilliant of the many brilliant thinkers France could boast at this time just before the Revolution. His friendship with the young Duke, his pupil, was strong and lasting.

When he got back to Kirkcaldy in 1766 Smith set himself in earnest to write down the ideas about society and government which he had been mulling about in his head for years. For ten years he worked on his book. Then at last it appeared, in 1776 a year that Americans remember for a very different reason. This was the great book by which Smith's name is remembered—"An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."

This long title of the book which we usually call just "The Wealth of Nations" tells us what the work is about. A great many people now disagree with Adam Smith's ideas, as would be natural after all these years, but everyone admits that he did some keen and accurate thinking in working out his theories. He was almost the first to try to make a science out of what we call economics (ē'kō-nōm'iks)—the workings of trade and business and industry, the ways of money and credit and banking. He had many followers, and indeed the ideas that grew out of his were held by a majority of economists in the nineteenth century. The most famous part of his theory is called "laissez faire" (lē'sā' fār'), a French phrase meaning "to let alone"; the idea is that government should let business take care of itself. He did not invent this theory, but he developed it and made it popular.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

In the oval above is a bas-relief of the head of Adam Smith, whose "Wealth of Nations" was the first important book on modern economics.



A famous man now, Adam Smith spent the next two years in London, where he made friends with most of the best-known literary men of the day, such as the historian Gibbon and the great orator Burke. In 1778 he was appointed commissioner of customs for Scotland, and went back to Edinburgh.

In Edinburgh he continued to live until his death in 1790. The city was in those days about as brilliant a capital in the world

of literature and thought as London was, and Adam Smith was one of the greatest of that brilliant company. He had never married, but his mother and cousin lived with him, and his home became noted for its hospitality. His Sunday-night suppers were especially famous. Yet the hospitality was always simple; and though his books had made him wealthy, he gave away much of his money in secret charities.

A GREAT and ORIGINAL THINKER

In Every Act of Your Life Do What You Could Wish All Persons to Do in the Same Situation: That Is the Idea of the Hero of This Story, the Philosopher Immanuel Kant

ONE of the reasons why most of us like to travel is that seeing different places and knowing different people is likely to help us understand the world to help us learn to think. Yet one of the very greatest thinkers the world has ever known never traveled, in all his long life of eighty years, a distance of more than forty or fifty miles from the place where he was born.

This was Immanuel Kant (kant), the great German philosopher. He was the son of a poor harness maker, and was born in 1724 in Königsberg (kû'nîks-bërK), Germany. In Königsberg he lived all his life, never going farther away than a short day's ride by stagecoach. Yet the books in which he had written down his thoughts went out all over the civilized world, and they made so much impression on everyone who read them that some say our lives even to-day would be a little different if Kant had never lived.

When young Immanuel Kant started to school he intended to be a preacher—that was what most of the brightest boys of that day planned to be—and so he began to

study theology. But he read also a great deal of Greek and Latin, and was very clever at writing Latin compositions. Then at sixteen he went to the University of Königsberg, and there he studied hardest at physics and mathematics. He read German, French, and English literature, too. But it was never the poetry in literature that interested him, but rather the thought. It was his reading of the writings of certain great British thinkers, especially David Hume, that finally decided him to devote himself to philosophy.

But like so many of the rest of us, both famous and unknown, Kant was poor. So he could not spend all his time studying and thinking. From time to time he had to stop his education in order to earn money by teaching. He was thirty-one when he finally got his degree from the university,

and even then he had to continue his work as a private tutor in order to live. Offers of professorships came from universities, but he refused them all. He did accept a position as assistant librarian at the University of Königsberg, for he knew that it would leave him time for study. At last, in



In the mind of this great philosopher, Immanuel Kant, were born deep and noble ideas which changed the thinking of many thousands of people.

1770, came the offer he had been waiting for—just the right professorship in his own University of Königsberg. He eagerly accepted, and held the position for twenty-seven years.

One of the Most Famous Books in the World

His work was to lecture and write on logic and metaphysics (mēt'ā-fiz'iks), that is, on the science of thinking and on theories as to the nature and meaning of the world. These were just the things he had been thinking about, and into his lectures and his writing he put his own system of ideas, his own philosophy. The chief book which sets forth his theory bears the rather terrifying title of "The Critique of Pure Reason" (1781); it is one of the most difficult and at the same time one of the most famous books in all the world.

Kant called his book a "critique" (krī-tēk') of reason because in it he criticized what other philosophers had said about how much we can find out merely by reasoning about things. He showed that we can never *prove* such things as that there is a God or that men are immortal; such things, he said, are quite beyond our power of reason. At the same time, he went on, we can never *disprove* these things either. It seemed to him that we can *know* them by faith without any reference to ordinary arguments at all. And in later works Kant built up a noble system of ethics (ēth'iks); that is, he showed us how he believed men should act—how they should be just and truthful and honorable and should respect the rights of others.

Kant himself practiced what he preached. He spoke up in defense of the American colonists at the time of the War for Independence, and of the oppressed people of France at the time of the French Revolution. In all his dealings he was honest and charitable and just.

Not more than ten or fifteen years after the publication of "The Critique of Pure Reason" Kant's ideas were being taught in German universities. Young men flocked to Königsberg to sit at the great philosopher's feet, and for a time the Prussian

government was so much interested in Kant that it paid the expenses of some of these students. Fame sought Kant out in his seclusion. He must have known that he had started a revolution in thinking.

Finally, however, he got into trouble with the government, which still thought at that time that it had a right to tell people what they ought to believe. Some of Kant's ideas displeased the religious authorities, and the King of Prussia made Kant promise not to write or lecture about religion any more. Kant kept his promise faithfully until the King died, in 1797, and then he felt free to talk again. But the affair hurt and depressed him, and he stopped lecturing altogether. A few years later, in 1804, he died.

He had long been a sort of legend in Königsberg. Someone has said that not even the great cathedral clock of that city lived a more regular life. Every morning at five his servant called him and in thirty years he never failed to answer. He studied two hours, lectured two, worked at his studies and writing till one, dined at a restaurant, went walking at four thirty, went to bed between nine and ten. Dinner was his only regular meal, and he often sat long over it with his friends, for he was a brilliant talker. Curious crowds would come to stare at him, and so he had to change his restaurant now and then. But he never changed his walk, and it came to be called Philosopher's Walk after him. The good people of Königsberg used to set their watches when they saw him going by.

And yet what grand thoughts were moving in the head of this feeble-looking little man, with his hollow chest and his abstracted air! "World-destroying" these thoughts have been called. Rather they were "world-changing"; for after Kant men's thinking could never be the same again. The thinking of man was to Kant one of the two great wonders in all the universe; for the two marvels in all things were "the starry heavens above and the mind of man below." And the supreme end of all thinking is to show us our duty. "Do your duty," said Kant, "though the heavens fall!"

The WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PESSIMIST

Unhappy Himself, Arthur Schopenhauer Felt that the Lot of Man Is Mainly One of Misery

ARTHUR Schopenhauer was one of the most famous pessimists who ever lived. A pessimist (pēs'i-mīst) is a man who believes that there is more evil than good in the world and that life is more of a burden to us than a joy. A good many philosophers, or people who have theories about life and the world, have been optimists (ōp'ti-mīst), have believed that the world is good and life worth while; but there have always been others who could not persuade themselves that this was so. Of these Schopenhauer is one of the most distinguished.

Schopenhauer (shō'pēn-hou'ēr) was himself a rather unhappy man. He was born with a moody and melancholy disposition, with violent impulses and an irritable temper. Yet he had plenty of good luck in the things that came to him as a boy. His father was a wealthy merchant of Danzig (dan'tsīk), where Arthur was born in 1788. Even as a little lad, Arthur was sent to school not only in Germany but in France and England, too, and after that he traveled for some time in other countries. His father thought that the boy was going to be a business man, and Arthur did in fact work for a time in a commercial house. But then his father died, and Arthur went with his mother to Weimar (vī'mär).

Now at this time Weimar, the capital of a little state in Central Germany, was famous all over Europe as a center for artists and writers and thinkers. Here young Schopenhauer had a chance to study literature and philosophy—subjects which in-

terested him much more than commerce ever had. After a few years (1809) he went to the University of Göttingen (gūt'-īng-ēn) with the idea of studying medicine, but he soon gave that up and turned in earnest to philosophy. He also studied at Berlin and Jena (yā'nä). When he came back to Weimar in 1813 to visit his mother, he met the great Goethe (gū'tē), an old man now but still king among the poets and thinkers of Europe.

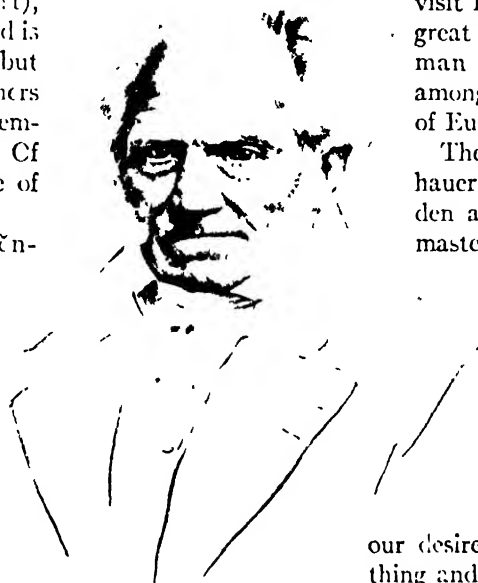
Then, in 1814, Schopenhauer went to live in Dresden and began to write his masterpiece, "The World as

Will and Idea," which appeared in 1819. This is the book in which he gives us so dark a picture of life. He thinks that the most real thing in the world is *will*,

our desire to do or have something and our effort to get what we want. This would be all right if only we were not always wanting things we cannot have. We spend our whole lives willing, says

Schopenhauer, and always being disappointed—"Life is a long desire that is never fulfilled." The only way we can get any sort of comfort is to stop willing, or wanting, altogether.

But it was a long time before Schopenhauer was able to stop wanting things—and wanting them so badly as to make himself very unhappy indeed. He wanted to win fame as a philosopher, but it was only just before his death that people began at all to appreciate him. He wanted in particular to convince people that he was a better philosopher than Hegel (hā'gēl), another



The stern, deeply lined face above is that of Schopenhauer, most famous of the pessimistic philosophers.

HERBERT SPENCER

great German thinker, whose ideas were very popular at that time. He even went up to Berlin to lecture on philosophy, and purposely set his lectures for the same hours as those of Hegel. When almost no one came to hear him and great crowds went to hear his rival, he was angry and bitter. In 1831 he retired to Frankfort with his disappointment, and there he lived quietly all the rest of his life. And there, in 1860, he died.

Before he died followers had begun to gather about him, and it is good to know that his later years were much happier. But his greatest fame came after his death. A great many people, both philosophers and ordinary mortals, have listened to and admired his thought. And as a writer, also, he has won a lasting place, for no one has ever written finer German prose than Schopenhauer's.

The NEW IDEAS of HERBERT SPENCER

He Was the Man Who Built the Science of His Day into an Influential Philosophy

DO YOU believe in "progress"—in the idea that things in the world are getting better little by little and will some day be much pleasanter than they are now or ever have been in the past? Most people do believe that. And no man did more to make the theory of progress popular than Herbert Spencer.

Now this idea that things are getting better all the time comes from another idea which has grown up in the last hundred years or so—the idea of evolution, which teaches that everything on earth, from animals to civilizations, is always changing and developing and growing up into something else. For if everything grows up into something else, shall we not suppose that it will grow up into something better or else fail to survive? Progress, then, is a sort of evolution, and we need not be surprised to hear that Herbert Spencer lived at the same time and in the same country as Charles Darwin and the other scientists who taught evolution, and that he praised Darwin's work and was a friend of the scientist Huxley.

Spencer was born, to be exact, in Derby (där'bī), England, on April 27, 1820. He was not a very healthy boy, and he could not go to school regularly. But in so far as his education was concerned, his lack of regular schooling turned out to be a rather good thing. For his father understood the lad better than anyone else, and was quite willing and able to teach his son. He let

young Herbert study most thoroughly the things the boy was most interested in. So, though Herbert did not learn so much Latin and Greek, perhaps, as most boys who went to the schools in those days, he did have a wonderful chance to study science.

When Herbert was thirteen his father sent him to stay with an uncle at Bath, where he was supposed to go to school. At first he was sure he could not possibly stand it—the uncle was a strict disciplinarian and young Spencer was used to doing about as he chose. He promptly ran away, and walked the whole 115 miles back home in three days. He was sent back to Bath again, and this time he decided to settle down to work. But when, three years later, it was suggested that he go to Cambridge to finish his education, he said no; he wanted to study just what he liked and nothing else.

What he liked was science, especially geology, and what we should now call sociology; he liked to investigate social problems, such as slavery and the question as to how many people should be allowed to vote. He studied and thought about these things all the time that he was teaching school and, later, working as a civil engineer on a railway. He tried to invent a flying machine, and developed such modern ideas about slavery and voting that his friends told him he was "radical all over."

In 1848 Spencer left his engineering and took a position as subeditor on a London

HERBERT SPENCER

paper called "The Economist." Here he had more chance to work out his ideas. It was during the four years he was on "The Economist" that he met Huxley and various other famous people, including the physicist John Tyndall and the writers Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, about all of whom we have told on other pages of these books. He wrote his first book at this time, too; it is called "Social Statics," and is a plea for freedom and justice among men.

This book was very successful, and Spencer was now able to leave "The Economist" and spend all his time in travel and writing. He was writing his book on "Psychology," out of which later grew his greatest work. But he had not so hard at it that he had a nervous breakdown, and was never very well again.

In 1860 Spencer settled in London and gave all his energies to working out his philosophy and writing it down. His ill health dragged him down, and so did his need of money, though generous friends and admirers, especially in America, came to the rescue there. It was thirty-six years more before the work was completed. Meanwhile his fame was growing, and honors poured in upon him from all over the world. Whenever he went traveling he was warmly welcomed; in 1882 he made a very successful lecture trip in America.

Then in 1896 the great work was finally published, under the title of "Synthetic (sîn-thét'ik) Philosophy." The difference between this and earlier books on philosophy is that Spencer starts his arguments from science instead of from religion or his own thoughts and feelings. All through the book is the idea of *growth*, of how things change and develop. Spencer made a philosophy

out of evolution, and thus started a new style in philosophers. A great many people read and admired him, as we have said, and he did much to make people believe in progress.

After this book came out, Spencer was more famous and honored than ever. He wrote other books too, one or two of which are worth remembering. There is his book on "Education," which has been translated into many languages and is still considered

important, and there is his "Autobiography," which he finished a little before his death in 1903.

Spencer is not one of the greatest of philosophers, like Kant or Plato, and many people think that he is too much a scientist to be a good philosopher and too much a philosopher to be a good scientist. But even so, he was a deep and original thinker. And few men have set so many other men and

women thinking.

He had a passion for justice, and, like other men of his age and nation, longed to see our race advance on the road of progress with all possible speed.

And to this end he spoke out fearlessly. But for the ordinary give and take of social intercourse he cared little—he was too deeply buried in his absorbing thoughts to listen to idle chatter. At one time his doctor told him that he should live in a boarding house, where he would be less alone and have more diversion. Spencer obediently followed the doctor's command—in letter, but hardly in spirit; for when the conversation grew more trivial than he could bear, he would solemnly take out a pair of ear flaps and put them over his ears. Thus protected, he could retire undisturbed to the company of his thoughts.



Photo by Elliot & Fry, London

This is the face of Herbert Spencer, the English philosopher who built all his ideas on the foundation-idea of progress through evolution. Although he is read less than he used to be, he has had a great influence on the thinking of many people.

GREEK LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit No. 6

EIGHT GREAT GREEKS

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For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Habits and Attitudes

Homer told with matchless skill tales of the deeds of the heroes who fought at Troy and of the strange adventures of Ulysses in his wanderings.
By telling stories about animals in his fables, Aesop was able to give wise teaching about life.
Plutarch had a genius for describing the lives of Greek and Roman heroes and for comparing them in such a way as to teach many lessons from their history.
The poet Aeschylus was proud of his record as a soldier, but his real greatness lay in his trage-

dies, in which he told of the sorrows which came upon those who did something for which the gods had to punish them.
Sophocles was loved and honored by his countrymen both for his own sake and for the wonderful way in which he showed in his tragedies the greatness and nobility of his heroes and heroines.
Aristophanes wrote comedies which made people laugh, but at the same time he made fun of the stupid things people said and did.



Photo by Gesellschaft, Berlin

This famous painting is called "A Reading from Homer." The artist, Alma-Tadema, has shown us what it must have meant to the ancient Greeks to

read their greatest poet. The reader scarcely needs to look at his scroll, and the listeners hang breathless on the living and glorious tale.

WHAT IS *the* GREATEST of ALL POEMS?

Long Ago the Lovers of Poetry Decided That It Was the "Iliad" of Homer, Oldest of the Epic Poets That We Know

LONG centuries ago, the legends tell us, there wandered from city to city among the Greeks of Asia Minor a minstrel mighty in song but poor and old and blind. His name was Homer. Some said that his name came from the Greek word meaning "hostage," and was given him because he had been in his youth a hostage among enemies; others thought the name meant "blind." At all events, he drifted from place to place, playing on his harp and chanting to the music marvelous tales of the brave days of old. And after he was dead he was so famous that seven different cities began to claim the honor of being his birthplace.

For Homer was the greatest poet who ever sang the lives of heroes, and even to-day, nearly three thousand years after his death, we still read and admire his great poems, "The Iliad" (il'ī-ăd) and "The Odyssey" (ôd'ī-sī).

Now as a matter of fact, we do not know anything about the author of "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" at all, and the legends

of the wandering, blind minstrel are only stories, which may possibly be true but probably are not. Yet however the great poems came to be written, there they are for us to read—and that is what matters after all.

What probably happened—although we do not know for sure—is something like this. Around the year 1200 B.C. invaders from Greece conquered and sacked the rich and prosperous city of Troy, in Asia Minor. It must have been a great war or a mighty siege, for many a legend and story gathered around it, and minstrels soon began to weave it into song. There were probably a large number of these songs and stories floating about—not written down but passed from mouth to mouth, sung by the bards about the camp fire or at the banquet. Then, some centuries after Troy had fallen, along came Homer—whoever he was—to make great epics out of these floating "lays."

An epic is a long narrative poem telling the story of a great hero. Some scholars say that all Homer did to make each of his epics was to put the different lays or story-poems

HOMER

together into one long story, in fact, they say it is possible that there never was any Homer at all, and that the epics just "grew" out of the lays. But others say that the epics are so much alike from end to end—and so marvelously told—that Homer must have rewritten most of the stories to suit himself. Even so, we do not know how long it was before the poems were written down, how long they were repeated from tongue to tongue, of course with various changes, as time went on. The first written text we know of comes from about 150 B.C., perhaps a thousand years after the fall of Troy. That gives plenty of time for the poets to have imagined brave heroes and lovely women, and marvels and miracles enough to change the original story altogether.

What a story they have made out of it, and how marvelously Homer has told it! "The Iliad," which really has two heroes, tells of the wrath of Achilles (ă-kîl'ēz) and of the death of Hector. When the poem opens, the Greeks are encamped before Troy, which they have been besieging for ten long years. The war began, we are told, because the young Trojan prince, Paris, carried off to Troy the most beautiful woman in all the

world, Helen, wife of Menelaus (mēn'ē-lă'ūs), king of Sparta. The Greek kings came to Menelaus' aid, determined to get back Helen and to destroy Troy. But now Achilles, mightiest of the Greek warriors, had quarreled violently with Agamemnon (ăg'ă-mēm'nōn), leader of all the Greeks, over the division of certain of the spoils of war. And Achilles sulked in his tent and would not fight.

With the mighty Achilles out of the way, the Trojans took heart, and drove the Greeks before them. Then Achilles, entreated to save the day, compromised by lending his armor and his war chariot to his friend Patroclus (pă-trō'klūs). The Trojans were deceived by the trick, and, thinking it was Achilles himself, fled before him. At least all of them fled but Hector, bravest

of the princes of Troy and most glorious of all Homer's heroes. Hector met the Greek champion, and Patroclus fell.

Then was Achilles wroth indeed, for he had loved Patroclus dearly. Once more he rushed forth to battle. And once more all the Trojans—except Hector—fled. But even Hector could not stand before Achilles in the fury of his vengeance, and in the hand-to-hand struggle that followed, Hector was



Photo by Gramatorff Bros

From city to city, if legend be true, blind Homer wandered singing for his bread. Here the artist has shown him with his staff in his hand and his harp strapped on his back, as he trusts his blind steps to the care of his young guide.



Photo by the Louvre

In the Louvre, in Paris, hangs this famous picture by the painter Ingres. It is called "The Apotheosis of Homer," which means the raising of that mighty poet

to the honors of a god. It is a fanciful picture, of course, but it shows very well how highly lovers of poetry and art have always ranked this great Greek.

slain. Achilles shamefully dragged Hector's body around the walls of Troy behind his chariot. He would not even give it up to the sorrowing Trojans to be buried, until old King Priam himself came to his tent to plead for his dead son. Then Achilles relented, and the poem closes with a vivid account of the funeral of Hector, and of the celebrations in his honor.

"The Iliad" does not tell us how Troy actually fell. But "The Odyssey" is a romantic tale of what befell Odysseus (ô-dîs'-ûs), or Ulysses (û-lîs'-êz), one of the other Greek heroes, on his way home when the war was over. For ten years he wandered, while at home in the island of Ithaca

his son Telemachus (tê-lêm'-â-kûs) ruled in his stead, and his faithful wife, Penelope (pê-nêl'ô-pê), bent over her weaving and warded off the many suitors who were sure that Odysseus must be dead.

But Odysseus was by no means dead. You could not imagine a tenth of the marvels that befell him during his ten years of wandering. He was driven by a storm to the land of the Lotophagi (lô-tôf'-â-jî), or "lotus eaters"; and there his men ate of the fatal lotus and, forgetting their homes and even their very names, longed only to doze away the rest of their lives in that indolent and dreamy land. Odysseus had to drag them back



Photo by Alinari

Of course Homer must have been young before he could be old; but he is oftenest pictured as an aged man—perhaps because he was so wise.

to the ships by main force, and tie them there until he got them away. At another time, he was driven to the land of the Cyclopes (sī-klō'pēz), huge one-eyed giants who lived in caves. He and his men were captured by one of these monsters, named Polyphemus (pōl'f-fē'mūs), and had a hard time escaping. Finally Odysseus managed to put out the giant's one eye. Then he and his men clung to the bellies of a flock of sheep kept in the cave, and thus passed safely out, though Polyphemus felt of every sheep—on top—to see that all was well. Then at Circe's (sūr'sē) island, Odysseus was nearly turned into a beast; and at another time it was only by lashing himself to the mast that he saved himself from leaping into the sea to swim toward the fatal singing of the Sirens (sī'rēn). But at last the wrath of the sea god Poseidon (pō-sī'dōn), whom Odysseus had offended, was appeased, and Odysseus came safely home. Only his old dog knew him at first, and the old dog died of joy at the coming of his master. With the slaying

of the suitors of Penelope, Odysseus becomes again the master of his own home. Probably he loved to retell the story of the famous wooden horse which he had invented, in whose belly armed warriors were smuggled within the walls of Troy, thus bringing disaster to the proud city.

Both these long tales are told in a swift, noble style, which has been the delight of the world ever since Homer's day. In the great period of Greece, Homer was simply "the poet," and his works were thought of as a sort of Bible and Shakespeare rolled into one. Moralists took texts from them; scholars spent their lives discussing the exact words and phrases; every four years, at a great festival, the whole of the two epics was recited aloud in the open air to thousands.

As for us, we have learned a great deal about the early Greeks from Homer's descriptions, and we have taken the stories of his heroes as the greatest tales in the world. It is a pity that not many of us can read the poems in the Greek

The SUPREME POETESS of the WORLD

Even if We Have Only a Few Lines of Her Verses Left, We Can Tell that Sappho Must Have Been the Most Glorious Poet among All the Women Who Have Ever Written

JUST as the ancient Greeks spoke of Homer as "the poet," so they spoke of Sappho (sāf'ō) as "the poetess." Even to-day, some twenty-five hundred years after her death, Sappho holds first place among the women poets of the world, and has even been regarded as the greatest poet, man or woman, who ever lived. The poet Swinburne, who translated many of the fragments of her poetry into English, said that, judging from the fragments—which are all that has come down to us from her pen—he agreed with the Greeks "in thinking Sappho to be beyond all question and comparison the very greatest poet that ever lived."

Who was this writer of wondrous poetry, and when and where did she live? Alas, for centuries people have been asking questions like these, and no one has been able to answer them very surely. We know almost nothing about the "female Homer," and even the

little that is generally accepted as true may not really be true after all.

The reason we know so little is that she was born long ago in the dawn of Greek civilization, about 600 B.C. She probably came of a noble family. Tradition says she was born in the Isle of Lesbos (lēz'bōs), where she surely lived, though there are those who think she came from Eresus, in Asia Minor. Her father, probably a wealthy wine merchant, is supposed to have died when Sappho was very young. Of her mother we know little more than that her name was probably the same as that of Sappho's only daughter, Cleïs (klā'ēs). Of her brothers we have a little more information, but even that is scarce, and we cannot be sure whether there were two or three of them. One is said to have been a cupbearer to the high officials of Mytilene (mīt'f-lē'nē), the chief city of Lesbos.

SAPPHO



Photo by Gin

Her draperies and her dark hair blowing in the wind, Sappho sits brooding on the Leucadian Rock, in the Ionian Isles. And from her musings will be born poems of matchless beauty upon which the world will hang in rapt awe. Literary gossips have liked to re-

peat the story that it was from this rock that the famous poetess hurled herself when Phaon scorned her love; but there is not a shred of real evidence that she ever was in love with Phaon or ever committed suicide. Her life remains a mystery.



Photo by Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

At Lesbos, it is said, Sappho set up a school where women might learn to write songs and to sing them. In this picture the artist has imagined the great poet

All sorts of tales have grown up about the illustrious Lesbian herself. Her friends, her lovers, her marriage, her husband and children, of these we know almost nothing, but are told a great deal. The most famous of all the stories is the one that tells of the beautiful youth Phaon (fā'ōn), whom Sappho is said to have loved in vain. He spurned her, they say—though how any youth could spurn so glamorous a singer of lovely and passionate songs it is hard to imagine. She could not bear his neglect, so she leaped to her death from the Leucadian (lū-kā'dī-ān) Rock, which hangs over the sea. This story is probably not true at all, but countless poets and lovers have believed and celebrated it.

Even her poems we know only by broken fragments. Until 1898, indeed, we had only the bits quoted here and there by other writers, or inscribed on vases. In that year

singing to her pupils one of her own matchless songs. How the listeners hang upon those golden sounds, which they know they can never equal, try as they may!

several more fragments were unearthed in the sands of Egypt. But they are fragments still, and all together there are less than two hundred of them. Sappho is supposed to have written many volumes—songs of love and friendship, odes and marriage songs, drinking songs, epigrams, elegies, even puzzles and riddles in verse. How tragic that the fragments which remain are so brief and few!

Yet "though few, they are roses." Every poet who has learned to read them with understanding in their native Greek has despaired of recapturing their intensity and exquisite simplicity in any other language. Many have tried, but no one, so far, has really succeeded. The mystery of time and legend lies all around Sappho's life, and the mystery of very great genius lies in her singing.

The MOST MAJESTIC of ALL DRAMATISTS

That Title Must Belong to Aeschylus, First of the Supreme Trio of Greek Tragic Authors

ANCE, when Aeschylus (ēs'kī-lūs) was a boy—if we may believe the old story—he was sent into the vineyard to see that no one stole any of the ripening

grapes. He fell asleep, and while he slept, Dionysus (dī'ō-nī'sūs), god of wine and merriment, appeared to him in a dream and told him to write a tragedy. He did so, and then

AESCHYLUS

wrote another, and another, until he had written about ninety tragedies, and had become one of the two or three greatest dramatists who ever lived.

It was naturally Dionysus, rather than any of the other gods, about whom the young Greek dreamed. For this happened at his birthplace, Eleusis (ĕ-lū'sĭs), near Athens, where ceremonies in honor of the god were held yearly. And at this time, not so many years after 525 B.C., when Aeschylus was born, Greek plays were still only a part of the ceremonies of the worship of Dionysus, as they had been from the first. They were really more like what we call pageants than like plays, with solemn dances, a chorus chanting songs, and no acting at all as we know it.

Aeschylus himself has been called the "father of Greek drama," as well as the greatest

Greek dramatist, because he helped make these religious pageants so much more like real plays. But even so, we must not suppose that they were anything like the plays of Shakespeare or Eugene O'Neill. Imagine yourself in a great outdoor theater, rather like a modern athletic stadium. There will be no curtain, no changing scenery, on the stage. There will be a chorus, of old men or maidens or peasants perhaps, who will chant and move rhythmically back and forth across the stage. The actors will be masked, and will wear long flowing robes to

give them height and dignity. If the play is a tragedy—as all of Aeschylus' plays were—there will be an air of religious solemnity about it. It will be almost as much like modern opera as it is like a play.

The story will deal with some familiar legend, which all the thousands in the audi-

ence know by heart. Of the seven plays by Aeschylus which we now have entire, the most famous are about the Titan Prometheus (prô-mē'thūs) and about Orestes (ô-rēs'tēz), son of the great Agamemnon (ăg'ă-mēm'-nŏn), who had led the Greeks against Troy. The story of Orestes is told in a series of three plays, called a "trilogy" (trĭl'ô-jĭ). Aeschylus also wrote a trilogy about Prometheus, though we have only the second, "Prometheus Bound." Prometheus was the friend of man, and stole fire from



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

The artist shows us here the youthful Aeschylus reading aloud from one of his earlier plays. Little could he or his listener dream that people living in undiscovered lands and speaking unknown tongues would still be reading those plays twenty-four centuries after his death!

heaven to give it to mankind. For that act Zeus (zūs), the father of the gods, chained him to a rock and set a vulture to prey upon his liver. But even then Prometheus would not give up and do as Zeus told him to do. In the third play, "Prometheus Unbound," the great rebel was freed from his punishment. This story of Prometheus, with his splendid courage and defiance, has been a favorite ever since Aeschylus' day, and many modern poets have written about it. Shelley wrote his own "Prometheus Unbound" around this theme.

AESCHYLUS

So interested were the Athenians in tragedy that they used to have a contest each year, at the festival of Dionysus, in which each poet would enter a group of tragedies. Aeschylus presented his first play when he was twenty-five, and won the first prize when he was forty. After that he must have competed at least every other year; he won the first prize thirteen times in all. There is a story that when, in 468 B.C., the younger dramatist, Sophocles (sŏf'ŏ-klēz), took first prize over his head, Aeschylus left Athens in disgust and went to live in Syracuse. He certainly did leave for Sicily, where he spent the rest of his life at the court of a friendly ruler. But he seems to have entered the Athenian contests after that, and it is not likely that he grudged Sophocles his prize so much as that ancient literary gossip would imply.

Though he went to live in Syracuse during his last years, no one could have been a better Athenian than Aeschylus. As if it were not enough to make his city glorious by his splendid poetry, he moved in the midst of her public life too. He came of a noble family, in which he took great pride. He was proud of his own record as a soldier. He fought at the great Battle of Marathon, when the Greeks saved Europe from the Persians, and both he and his brother were counted among the heroes of that day. He fought at the Battle of Salamis (sāl'ā-mīs), too, and told the story of it in a magnificent burst of patriotic poetry, in his drama, "The Persians." Indeed, when he came to die, the epitaph he wrote for himself said nothing at all about his plays, but mentioned only his "noble prowess."

Perhaps he was too modest to mention the plays. Yet it is for them that we remember

him. Even in translation we can feel their noble poetry, and those who can read them in Greek have an experience of the sublime.

These are sad plays, for we always know from the first that the heroes and heroines are doomed. They have done something for which the

gods must punish them, though often they have obeyed the gods' commands. Orestes, for instance, must be punished for killing his mother, although he was commanded by Apollo to do it. Aeschylus tells these unhappy stories simply and nobly, and

makes us feel that his suffering heroes speak for us, too, and for all mankind.

Aeschylus died in 456 B.C.

According to an old story, he was sitting in the field one day when an eagle, flying overhead, mistook his bald head for a stone and dropped on it a tortoise

it was carrying. The eagle wanted to crack the tortoise's shell so as to get at the meat inside, and its error brought death to the dramatist. Aeschylus left a great name to his countrymen. They held him in such honor that they passed special laws to make it easier for his plays to continue to be seen at the theater of Dionysus in Athens.

Nowadays we put Aeschylus on the stage less often than any of the other great Greek dramatists. That is not because we have decided that the others are greater than he. It is rather because he was the earliest of them, and so his plays are even less like ours than are those of Euripides, for example. For you cannot be the "father of drama" without being an experimenter, a man who opens new paths along which others will travel farther. Meanwhile those who can read these plays in the Greek tell us that Aeschylus was a very great poet and a master builder of the tragic mood.

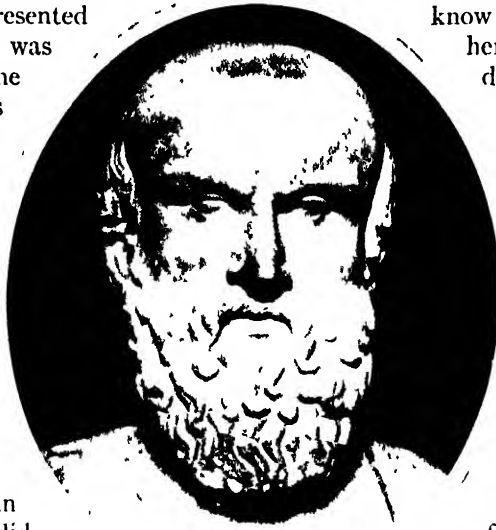


Photo by Anderson. Rome

This sculptured head of Aeschylus shows well the noble dignity which characterized his life as well as his plays.

SOPHOCLES

The MOST SERENE of GREAT AUTHORS

*In a Calm Majesty Like That of the Greek Temples and Statues,
the Plays of Sophocles Have Stood Out for Ages
as the Ideals of the Dramatist*

THERE was high excitement in Athens in the year 468 B.C., as the time for the festival of Dionysus (dī'ō-nī'sūs) approached. This was always a great holiday, especially for those who loved the theater; for at that time a test was held and prizes given for the finest group of new tragedies. But this year there was to be a special celebration. Cimon (i'-mōn) and nine other Athenian generals were bringing back from the island of Samos (sā'mōs) the remains of Theseus (the'sūs), legendary founder of Athens; surely these sacred relics would keep plague and disaster far from the city. To honor the bringers of good fortune, one of the city's chief officials asked the generals to listen to all the plays that had been submitted in the contest, and to award the prize.

Now instead of giving the prize to Aeschylus (ē'skē'l-

lūs), the great dramatist who usually won it, the generals gave it to a young man whose work had never before been shown. This

was Sophocles (sōf'ō-klēz), who was to become as great and as highly honored as Aeschylus himself.

Sophocles had been born in the little village of Colonus (kō-lō'nūs), a mile or so to the north of Athens, probably in the year 495 B.C. When he was fifteen, he was chosen to lead the chorus that danced about the altar while the whole Athenian people rejoiced at the great victory they had just won over the Persians at Salamis (sāl'ā-mīs). That was only a beginning for Sophocles—all his life he was winning honors. After his first victory in the dramatic contests, he kept on winning more. He sent plays to the contests for forty years, and it is said that more than half the time he won first place



Photo by Gramscott Bros.

Antigone was young and of noble blood; and she was about to marry the man she loved. Life must have seemed sweet to her. But a great duty lay upon her. The King had forbidden her to give burial rites to her brother, who had fallen fighting for the King's enemies; and since she took her orders, not from any king, but from her conscience and her sisterly devotion—she disobeyed. Then when the angry King decreed her death, she met it with proud courage.

EURIPIDES

and the rest of the time he won second. Besides all this, he held many offices and served often as a foreign ambassador. At fifty-five he became a general and helped to fight a war.

Even Aristophanes (ăr'is-tŏf'ă-nēz), the sharp-tongued writer of comedies, admitted that Sophocles was a likable person. Sophocles is said to have been a pleasant companion and to have loved society. But we really know very little about what sort of man he was or exactly what he did. We are almost sure that in his old age he went home to his native village, and that he died in 406 B.C. We know certainly that he was loved and honored by his countrymen.

And well he might be! For he was one of the greatest poets and dramatists of all the world. He lived in what many call the greatest age in history, the Age of Pericles (pĕr'ī-klēz) in Athens, and he was one of the greatest men even of that golden time. Some will have it that he was greater than Aeschylus (ēs'kī-lūs) himself, who had brought the Greek drama to perfection. Even to-day, more than two thousand years after they were written, it is an inspiring experience to read his plays, and two of them—"Antigone" (ăn-tīg'ŏ-nē) and "King Oedipus" (ēd'ī-pūs)—have been acted on the stage within the past few years.

In the story of Aeschylus we have told a little of what the old Greek tragedies were like. Aeschylus had made them real plays instead of merely religious pageants; Sophocles made them even more dramatic. It was probably he who decided that there might be three actors on the stage at once instead of only two, as had been the rule before. That made the scenes more lifelike. He let the main characters do more of the talking, too, and gave fewer words to the chorus.

And he made these main characters seem so real and so important that his audiences sat spellbound watching their tragic stories.

For, like the plays of Aeschylus, those of Sophocles that have come down to us are tragic plays. His heroes and heroines are nobler than those of Aeschylus. They suffer just as bitterly, but we feel somehow that in the end the gods at least are pleased with them. Antigone, the noble girl who dies for the sake of her duty to her dead brother, has been called the most faultless of the heroes and heroines of tragedy. Sophocles always leaves us feeling that, no matter how weak or bad men and women may be, there is still a certain grandeur about the human race after all.

Of all the hundred or so plays which Sophocles must have written, we have only seven now. These were probably saved because they were studied in the schools. One of them is about "Electra," daughter of Agamemnon (ăg'ă-mēm'nŏn) and sister of Orestes (ŏ-rēs'tēz); and one is about "Ajax," hero of the Trojan War. Two tell the story of Oedipus (ēd'ī-pūs), the unfortunate king of Thebes—the first is "King Oedipus," often called "Oedipus Rex" or "Oedipus Tyrannus," and the other is "Oedipus at Colonus," Sophocles' native place. Then there is the "Antigone," of which we have spoken, "The Trachinian (tră-kīn'ī-ăn) Women," and "Philoctetes (fil'ŏk-tē'tēz).

That is all. But it is enough to let us see that the ancients were not wrong in giving the poet who wrote these plays so high a place. The finest thing ever said about Sophocles was that he "saw life steadily and saw it whole." Not one man in a million is really capable of doing that, and not one in a generation can write down what he has seen.

"The TRAGIC SMILE of WISE EURIPIDES"

Despite All the Changes in the Fashions of the Drama since His Day, the Plays of This Ancient Master Can Still Hold an Audience Spellbound

EURIPIDES was born on the island of Salamis in 480 B.C., on the very day, it is said, of the great Battle of Salamis (săl'ă-mīs), which turned back the hosts

of the Persians from the conquest of Greece. Perhaps if the Persians had won that battle, Euripides (ū-rīp'ī-dēz) might not have had a chance to become one of the three greatest

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dramatists of Greece; certainly his genius was one of the things which made Greece worth saving from the Persians.

We know very little about the lives of many of the old Greeks. But we can guess that Euripides' family must have had a good deal of money, for the boy was educated under the best teachers in Athens, including the learned Anaxagoras (ăn'ăk-săg'ô-rās), who had taught the ruler Pericles (pēr'Y-klēz) himself. And Euripides owned a library filled with rare and precious books

a thing that not many people could afford in those days.

Yet from all accounts the great poet does not seem to have had a very happy life. It is said that he was twice unhappily married. He was a quiet, bookish

sort of person, and did not care to take part in politics or go much into society; and, since the Athenians of his day were highly interested in politics and social life in general, they must have thought him queer—and doubtless told him so. Worst of all, he was trying to do something new in his plays, and the Athenians were a little shocked and not quite sure how well they liked it. The great Sophocles (sōf'ô-klēz) was still the idol of the theater,

and in all the fifty years during which Euripides sent plays to the yearly contests in drama, he could win first prize only five times, the first when he was nearly forty years old. As you will remember, if you have read the story of the comic writer Aristophanes (ăr'Ys-tōf'ă-nēz), Euripides did

not please that sharp-tongued gentleman at all, and doubtless the unfortunate poet had to listen to many jokes at his expense in the comedies at the great theater where he showed his own tragedies also.

In spite of all this, the Athenians certainly knew that Euripides was a genius. It was not until he was seventy-three that he left Athens to live at the court of King Archelaus (ăr'kê-lă'ūs) of Macedonia. He was there only two years, for in

406 B.C. he died. At once his countrymen forgot all their gossip and criticism, and demanded the body of the dead poet that they might do it fitting honor. But King Archelaus would not give it up, wishing himself to honor Euripides with a magnificent funeral and a splendid monument. So the Athenians had to content themselves with only putting up a monument to him. The aged Sophocles, his rival and his friend, told all the actors to go into mourning in honor of the great man.



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

Electra has never ceased to fascinate the poets. Not only Sophocles and Euripides, but many modern writers, too, have told her story. She was the sister of Orestes whose duty it was to kill his mother to avenge his father's murder; and she drove him on to the terrible deed. She was not calmly noble like Antigone, but strong and fierce, with a terrible and driving resolution.

EURIPIDES

And what sort of plays were these that made their author the third greatest among the tragic dramatists of Greece? To understand Euripides better, you will want to read the stories of the other two, Aeschylus (ēs'kī-lūs) and Sophocles, who were both older than he. They had both made their heroes and heroines stand for all mankind, and had not wanted to treat them as ordinary human beings, each different from everybody else in the world. They were more interested in the whole grand sweep of their ideas about life than in the details of each separate scene. But Euripides really wanted to write plays more like those we write to-day—not about kings and heroes in general, but about this particular king or hero, what he had to go through and how he bore it. Since all the actors were masked, and there was a chorus on the stage most of the time, Euripides could make only a start in this new direction. But his plays are on the whole less grand and dignified, and more human, than those of the others. Some people think they are just as great, in their own way; others say they are weaker, even at times in danger of being a bit sentimental. But whatever the criticism of them, they are very great plays.

Nineteen of them have come down to us out of the ninety or more that Euripides is said to have written. They are all stories out of Greek legend, though Euripides sometimes chose less well-known legends than the old dramatists had used. "Alcestis" (āl-sē'tīs) is the story of how Hercules brought the beloved Alcestis back from the land of the dead. "Medea" (mē-dē'ā) is the story of a fierce and very dangerous enchantress.

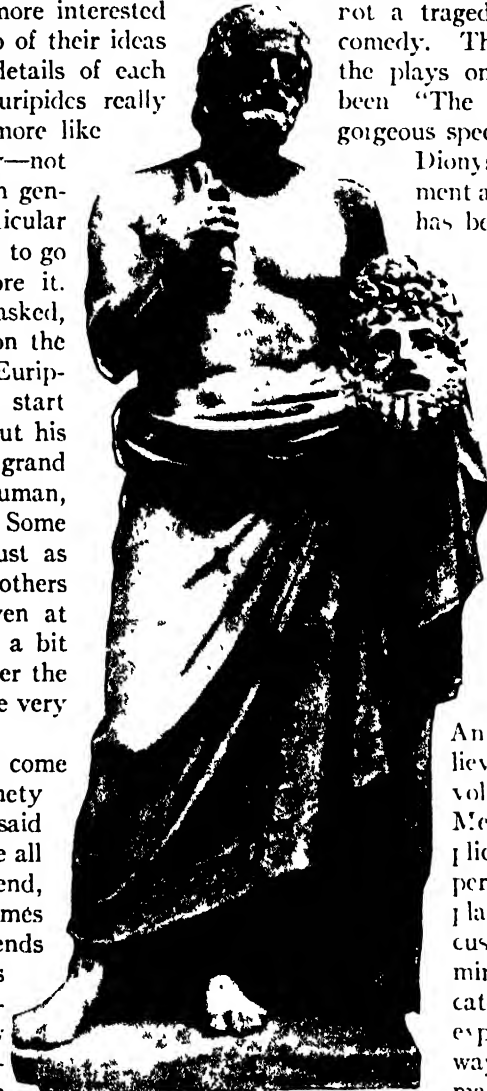


Photo by Anderson, Rome

In this heroic statue Euripides is shown holding a tragic mask, such as Greek actors wore in tragedies. Sometimes in the decorations of theaters to-day you see these masks of tragedy and comedy.

In "Electra" and "Orestes" (ō-rēs'tē) Euripides retells in his own way the tale of the children of Agamemnon (āg'ā-mēm'rōn), about whom both Aeschylus and Sophocles had also written. There are two plays about Iphigenia (īf'ī-jē-nī'ā), the maiden who was sacrificed to the gods in order that the Greek ships might have a fair wind to blow them to Troy—"Iphigenia at Aulis" and "Iphigenia among the Tauri." "The Cyclops" is not a tragedy at all, but a farce-comedy. The most splendid of all the plays on the stage must have been "The Bacchae" (bāk'ē), a gorgeous spectacle of the worship of Dionysus, the god of merriment and wine. The "Electra" has been acted in translation

recently, and has inspired several plays by modern dramatists on the same theme.

For there seems to be something about the legend of Electra which makes it fit better into modern notions of drama than any of the other legendary stories the Greeks were so fond of putting into their plays. Electra is not a lofty heroine like

Antigone—almost unbelievably noble nor a revolting witch-creature like Medea; she is a very complicated and human sort of person. And our modern playwrights are fond of discussing the psychology, or mind workings, of complicated people! Euripides, experimenting with his new way of writing, had already made her seem human. Later poets have tried to understand her and the terrible hate that gripped her and drove her on.

The WITTIEST of PLAYWRIGHTS

Surely No Other Man, in All These Twenty-three Centuries, Has Done Quite So Much to Make People Laugh as Aristophanes Contrived to Do in Athens

IN ANCIENT Athens there were no daily newspapers with editorials and "columns" and cartoons. When a man wanted to make fun of a rival or criticize the government, one of the best ways to do it was to write a comedy. He could mention as many names as he chose in his comedy and no one would try to stop him; and if he was a clever writer, all Athens would come to the theater to hear what he had to say.

The cleverest of all the Greek comedy writers - perhaps the greatest comic writer who ever lived - was Aristophanes (ăr'is-tŏf'ā-nēz), who lived toward the close of the golden age of Athens, from about 448 to about 385 B.C. Besides being a great writer of comedy, he was a great poet too. It is because he was both at once that his plays, like Shakespeare's, are still read and watched with delight. In 1930, for instance, his play of "Lysistrata" (līs'trā-tā) was acted for months in New York before packed and enthusiastic houses. After more than two thousand years!

This particular play, named after its spirited heroine, is a rollicking satire which pokes fun at the foolishness of men and women, and particularly at the warlike spirit of the Athenians, who insisted on keeping up the war with Sparta. It is not the only one of Aristophanes' plays to plead for peace.

Whether it was the war with Sparta that he did not like, or the new ideas of education, or the ruling politicians, or the notions of the philosophers, or the art of the writers of tragedy, Aristophanes was not in the least afraid to say what he thought. His very first play, "The Banqueters," made fun of the education he had himself just received;

it was written when he was still too young to enter the yearly contest in play-writing, and he won the prize by sending in his play under the name of a friend. We do not have this play, but we do have eleven out of the forty

or fifty he wrote—quite enough to show us that Aristophanes feared nothing and nobody. In "The Knights," for instance, he attacks the politicians of his day. In "The Clouds" he does not spare even the great philosopher, Socrates (sŏk'rā-tēz). In "The Frogs" he makes fun of Euripides (ū-rĭp'y-dēz), one of the greatest of the

writers of tragedy. There is no doubt at all that Aristophanes had a very sharp tongue! Someone has called him the "gadfly of ancient Greece" because of his sharp sting.

Aristophanes seems to have been a naturally conservative person, that is, he loved the "good old ways" and did not like to see things changing about him. That is probably why he did not like Euripides—for the plays of Euripides, as you may find out in our

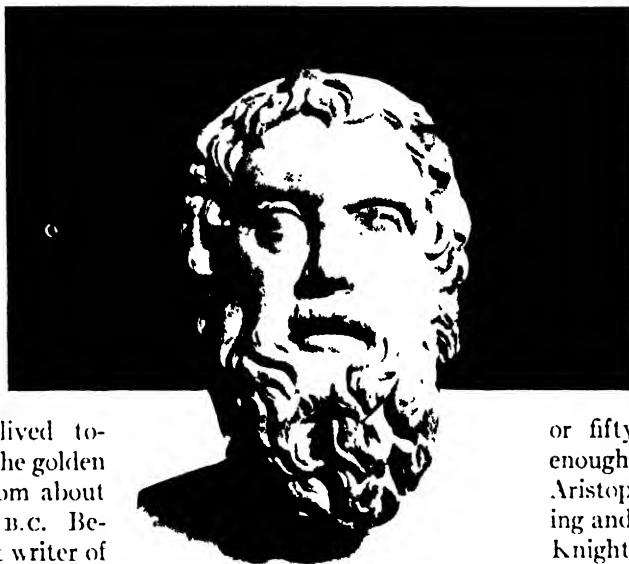


Photo by An Ierou, R.O.

In this bust of Aristophanes we seem almost to see, hovering about the lips, the amused smile with which the great comic writer must have looked out upon the foolish doings of his fellow men.

ARISTOPHANES



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

Of course not all the people we call "Athenians" actually lived within the walls of the city of Athens; many lived on the farms and in the villages scattered

over Attica. In this picture the artist has imagined Aristophanes amusing some of the country folk by reading to them one of his poems.

story of his life, were different from earlier plays. That is why he attacked Socrates, too; he thought Socrates was persuading the young men to give up the old way of life and the old worship of the gods. But no matter what he turned his sharp tongue against, the result was fine comedy. From his plays we may learn what men were talking about in the streets of Athens in his day.

Naturally, not all this comedy seems as laughable now as it must have been when it was written. We lose the point of many of the jokes because they are about things and people long since forgotten. But sometimes the humor is still fresh and amusing, as in "Lysistrata." Often we are delighted by the fantastic stories. In "The Birds," for example, a bird city is built in mid-air to cut off the gods in heaven from men on earth. In "The Frogs" the frogs themselves croak in perfect meter. The Yale "yell" comes from the croaking of the frogs in

Aristophanes. And then there is always the poetry. For Aristophanes had a way, just as Shakespeare had, of dropping the loveliest of songs and poetic speeches into the midst of his comedy.

So in one breath he can be versifying the croaking frogs

"Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash"

The customary croak and cry

Of the creatures

At the theaters,

In their yearly revelry.

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash"

And in the next breath he can write a magnificent hymn to Dionysus

"Raise the fiery torches high!

Bacchus is approaching nigh,

All the plain is blazing bright,

Flushed and overflown with light . . ."

And all is punctuated with stinging jests



This by Itouchita

This is Aesop, ugly of form but most nimble of wit, being ushered into the house of Xanthus, a philosopher of Samos. The story goes that one night Xanthus, excited by wine, boasted that he would drink the ocean dry. When he remembered his wager next

day, he called on Aesop to think of some way out of his fix. Aesop told him to say he had never promised to drink up the rivers that flow into the sea, and that if his opponents would stop up all the rivers he would go ahead with his bargain!

The MAN WHO HEARD ANIMALS TALK

The Wit and Wisdom That Old Aesop Learned from His Four-footed Friends He Turned into Some of the World's Most Famous and Pointed Tales

PISISTRATUS, the great ruler of ancient Athens, so the story runs, was very much worried. The people were tired of him and were clamoring for a king, and nothing he could do or say seemed to quiet them. Then he thought of Aesop (ē'sōp), the marvelous story-teller, who happened to be visiting at his court. And Aesop saved him.

Aesop did it by telling the people a story. He could tell the best stories, of their kind, that any man has ever told. He told the people in Athens a little tale about a certain tribe of frogs who kept crying out to Zeus to send them a king; and when Zeus was tired out with their cries he sent them a king in the shape of a stork who proceeded to gobble them all up. The people in Athens

saw the point, and began to think they were all a little too much like the frogs; so Pisis-tratus (pī-sis'trā-tūs) kept on ruling.

We do not know whether this story is true or not. It is just one of the things that *ought* to be true. For that matter, we know hardly anything about this Aesop except the "Fables" that bear his name, though that is quite enough to know about any man. Nearly all we can find out about him is merely legend, and sometimes the legends are so thin that some people even doubt whether there ever was any real Aesop. What we are going to tell is the story about him as it has come down to us.

The story is that he was born late in the seventh century B.C. and died about 550. He was not born free, but a slave; though

AESOP

his master set him free in reward for his talents, making it possible for him to travel far and wide, and take a hand in matters of state in several countries. Where he was born we are not sure. After he was dead he was so famous that six Greek cities claimed to be his birthplace. It seems likeliest that he was born in Samos (sā'mōs). We know almost nothing about the kind of man he was, except as we may imagine it in reading his fables; but anyone who reads the fables feels at once that he knows all about the man. There is one story that he was very ugly, and even deformed—so ugly that people did not want to look at him, until he started talking! Yet there is another story that he was handsome. And there is many a tale to the effect that he had a marvelous power over people when he began telling them his stories—even to making them stop their quarrels and wars, as well as their clamors for a king to rule them.

He is said to have traveled in many lands, making friendships among the wise men and the rulers and settling difficult affairs of state by telling his wise and witty tales. Above all he is said to have won the favor of Croesus (krē'sūs), the rich king of Lydia—so rich that we still call any millionaire a "Croesus." And Croesus is said to have sent him to Delphi on an important mission and with a large sum of money for the Delphians. At Delphi, we are told, Aesop met his death. One story has it that he

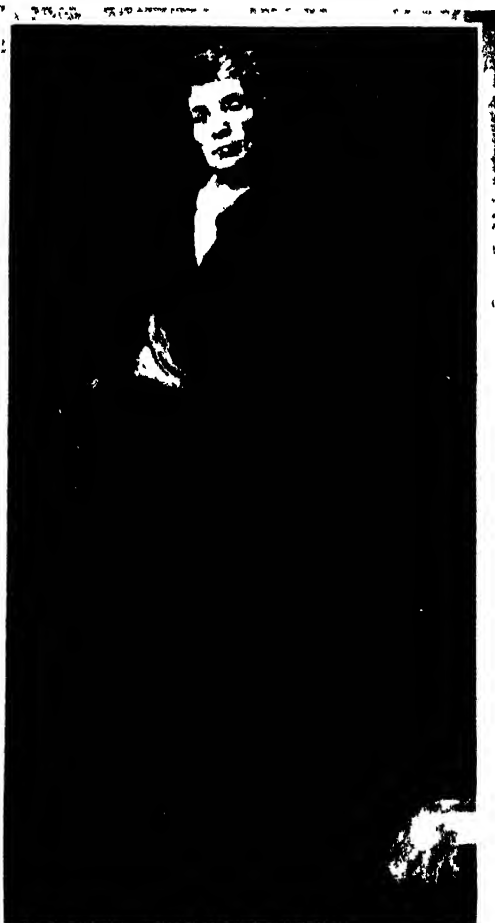
was so angry at the greed of the Delphians as to refuse to give them the money, whereupon they killed him. Another story tells us that he enraged them merely by his biting remarks about their ways, and still another has it that he stole a silver cup from

their temple. At any rate we are told that he enraged them and that they made an end of him.

That is practically all the story that has come down to us about Aesop. Much of it, and possibly every bit of it, is simply imaginary. But the one thing we know about him is far more important than any of these stories. It is that he left us by all odds the greatest collection of fables which the world has ever seen.

A fable is a short tale in which the animals act and talk like human beings. It must be always witty, and it must always point a moral. For each animal is just like some kind of man we know, and the wisdom or the folly of the human race is shown by the actions and words of the beasts. The lion is always strong

and brave, but sometimes he is rescued from death by the little mouse, who is so weak and timid. The fox is sly and cunning, but he is always getting into trouble. The tortoise is very, very slow, but he beats the hare in a race because the hare is so sure he can win that he does not even try till it is a moment too late. And so on with many another animal in many another situation. But you know Aesop's



Of course Aesop may not have looked at all as he is shown in this famous picture by the Spanish painter Velasquez. But no matter what his features may actually have been, he surely possessed the rugged but kindly intelligence that lights the face above.

stories about all the animals. But if you feel that you would like to read them over once again you will find them retold on other pages of these volumes. There are no other fables in the world to match them—though they have come down to us from twenty-five hundred years ago.

Aesop did not invent the fable, for there had been fables before his day. He merely told by far the best ones. Probably he never wrote them down; that was left for his admirers to do after his death. Almost certainly he did not make up all the fables that go under his name; he took some fables that had been told before and simply told them better. Almost certainly, too, some of the

fables credited to him were made up after his day; for as always happens in such cases, all the good fables soon began to cluster around the name of Aesop because the name of Aesop was by far the best name in the whole realm of fable. When a man in our day has a droll story to tell he often says it is one of Mark Twain's stories, just because Mark Twain's stories are about the drollest we have. In the same way a man in ancient times who had a good fable said it was one of Aesop's—the fable would sound all the better with that name behind it. And so it was that through the centuries our "Aesop" was made up, with all its wit and wisdom, and all its delight.

The MOST FAMOUS "LIVES" in the WORLD

Loving the Greeks Better than the Romans, Plutarch Wrote a Set of Parallel Lives of Greek and Roman Heroes, and So Left Us the Best-known Biographies in History

PLUTARCH is remembered, not for his own deeds, but for the deeds of forty-six other people about whom he wrote. For who has not heard of "Plutarch's Lives"? This book is such a delightful storehouse of tales about the great men of Greece and Rome, and has so much important information in it, that we should all be much the poorer if Plutarch had never written it.

Plutarch (plōō'tark) was a Greek, born at Chaeronea (kēr'ō-nē'ā) about 46 A.D. We do not know much about his youth, but he seems to have studied under tutors at home. Then he went to the learned city of Athens to study philosophy. He went on his travels next, visiting, among other places, the ancient land of Egypt. Finally he settled in Rome, where, it is said, he became the teacher of the future emperor Hadrian. He certainly lectured on Greek philosophy, and also spent long days poring over books and documents in the great libraries. He knew the life and learning of both Greece and Rome, and was storing it all up for the time when he would write his "Lives."

But though he lived for many years in Rome, Plutarch did not forget that Greece was his home and the Greeks his people.

He must have been a charming as well as a learned man, for he made many friends among the Romans, including the emperors Trajan and Hadrian. And we may be sure he never missed a chance to put in a good word for Greece; it is said that the Roman rule there was much milder because of him. He often helped his countrymen at Rome, too, getting them appointed to office, advising them in their business. Finally he returned to his native city, where he served as magistrate and as high priest of Apollo. It was in Chaeronea that in 120 A.D. he died.

Plutarch's Lives of Famous Men

It is supposed that the famous "Lives" were written during these last years in his native town. In the full title of the book they are called "Parallel Lives." Plutarch called his lives "parallel" because he wrote them in pairs: a famous Greek and a famous Roman together, both remembered for the same sort of thing. For instance, he pairs Theseus (thē'sūs), the legendary founder of Athens, with Romulus (rōm'ū-lūs), legendary founder of Rome; he balances the great Greek conqueror Alexander with the Roman general, Julius Caesar; he compares the Greek

PLUTARCH



Photo by the Luxembourg

One of Plutarch's heroes was Themistocles, the lively and clever Athenian who helped win the victory of Salamis, which the Greeks are celebrating here. This mighty victory was the end of the invading Persians. It has often been sung by poets. Among others, the following lines upon it are famous:

"A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations,—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?"

orator Demosthenes (dê-môs'thê-nêz) with the Roman orator Cicero, and the Greek statesman Pericles (pěr'î-klêz) with the Roman statesman Fabius (fā'bî-ūs).

But for all his knowledge of both Greece and Rome, he could not help favoring the Greeks a little, or at least the Spartans, whom he intensely admired. Now the Spartans were great soldiers and rulers, and it sometimes seems to us that Plutarch's admiration for them makes him rather unfair to artists and writers and other unwelcome people. Besides, the very fact that he was so fond of pointing a moral makes historians hesitate a little to accept all his statements.

Yet for all that, the "Lives" are on the whole good history. And that they are excellent reading there is no manner of doubt. They are so full of lively stories that people never tire of quoting them. And Plutarch was a genius at making us feel like old friends of the men he is describing. It is a marvelous thing to become friends with the great dead, and many people from Plutarch's day to our own have found it so. Montaigne, the essayist, read Plutarch almost every day; Shakespeare took some of his plots from him;

Napoleon carried a copy of the "Lives" on his campaigns.

This one book is so famous that we are likely to forget that Plutarch wrote other things too. His other writings are, as a matter of fact, many. They are usually all grouped together under the general title of "Moral Works"—for in them Plutarch preaches to his heart's content. He sets down his opinions on all sorts of things. "Advice to the Married," "The Education of Children," "How a Flatterer May be Distinguished from a Friend." Sometimes the essays are quite amusing, he discusses "Whether Water or Land Animals Are the Cleverer" and "Whether Water or Fire Is the More Useful to Man," and proves that sometimes animals are better than men by a dialogue in which a pig wins the argument against an enchantress and a philosopher. One thing which delights scholars in these essays is Plutarch's trick of quoting from Greek poets whose works have been lost except for the little that Plutarch thus saves for us.

But it is, after all, the "Lives" which we all read, and for which we all owe a vote of thanks to Plutarch.

ROMAN *and* ITALIAN LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit No. 7

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

Why did Dante become a wanderer?
If a rich man is a patron of poets and artists, why do we call him

a "Maecenas"?
Name some great men who have written masterpieces while in prison.

Picture Hunt

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Summary Statement

The great writers of the Augustan period gave us immortal poetry, but the writers of the later empire paid little attention to the beauty of poetry because they felt that they had to explain and remedy the evils of the

times in which they lived. After the Middle Ages writers in Italy turned to the Latin poets for their inspiration, and once more wrote great poetry. In doing so they influenced the writers of other countries.



Sometimes we are tempted to make jokes about orators, saying that anybody can talk but that what we need is somebody to *do* something. Yet there have been times when nothing but the power of words could save us from disaster. Such a time came to Rome in the latter days of the republic, when only the marvelous eloquence of Cicero saved the city from sack and massacre at the hands of Catiline and his underworld

followers. For so monstrous was the scheme, and so many powerful people were concerned in it, that honest citizens did not know what to believe or where to turn—until Cicero pointed his accusing finger at Catiline. In this picture the senators have turned from the traitor in disgust, and he sits alone, cowering with shame and fear. His faltering words of reply will be angrily shouted down, and he will flee in terror.

The GOLDEN ORATOR of ROME

Cicero Fought the Mighty Caesar, and Was Put to Death by Caesar's Best Friend

OF ALL the men who lived in the world before Christ was born, which one do you suppose it is that we know the most about? A great king like David? A great conqueror like Alexander? A great general like Julius Caesar? None of these. To be sure, it was a man who fought for his country, though he used no weapons of steel or bronze. He waged all his battles with his golden tongue. The name of this great orator was Marcus Tullius Cicero (sīs'ēr-ō), and the land he loved was Rome.

One of the first battles Cicero had to win was the right to be a statesman. This was usually reserved for men of the upper, or senatorial, class. Cicero had been born (106 B.C.) into the middle, or knightly, class. Men who had been born senators did all they could to keep men like him from being elected to office. But Cicero planned carefully. He learned to be a superb orator,

and he made a great many friends, who saw to it that he was elected whenever he ran for office.

At the earliest age permitted by law Cicero held each of the offices and finally became consul in 63 B.C. At this time a desperate man named Catiline (kāt'ī-lin) was planning to overthrow the state and make himself the ruler. Now was the time for Cicero to show he was not afraid to attack a wicked man, however powerful. He exposed Catiline's plans to the senate and the people, and had a number of the conspirators put to death.

The senators as a class were no longer jealous of Cicero. He was hailed as the Father of his Country. And indeed it was the good of his country that inspired his actions during his year of consulship and for all the rest of his life. But politics is a dangerous game, and it was to bring Cicero

VIRGIL

much sorrow. When he opposed the ambitions of Julius Caesar, one of Caesar's tricky henchmen got a law passed which sent Cicero into exile. Cicero's friends soon had the law repealed, but not before he had suffered a great deal from the ingratitude of the state he was always trying to help. Later Cicero attacked Mark Antony as an enemy of the state. And in his hour of triumph Antony had Cicero put to death.

Cicero welcomed death. By this time (43 B.C.) he was an old man and was unhappy to think of his beloved state in the hands of men whom he considered ruffians. He also had his personal griefs. He had had to put away his wife Terentia because of her extravagance and dishonesty. His son Marcus had grown up reckless and dissipated. His daughter Tullia, the one person whom he loved most, had died and left him without human comfort.

Cicero had tried to find relief from his sorrows by writing. He published his orations in order that people who had not heard him speak might know what he said. He also wrote essays in philosophy and other

fields in order to tell the Romans many of the best things he had learned from the great Greek thinkers. His letters, too, were

so charming that his friends could not bear to destroy them; and we

still have many of them now. He wrote two beautiful little treatises on "Friendship" and on "Old Age." In all of these writings he told so much about himself that he has been accused of being very vain. But that is probably to judge him by our own ideas rather than by those of his day. Furthermore, the

amount that Cicero wrote is astonishing. He himself said that he wrote more than many people read during their whole lives. Ever since

his time other people have been writing about him. He was one of the three or four great orators of all time, and for many a century his work was the main model for prose style, not only in his own tongue, but in every language of the Western world. Millions of schoolboys have spouted his orations, and thousands of great speakers have done their best to talk like him, and to-day we study his fine Latin style.



Photo by Ansel Rome

This is a bust of the golden-tongued Cicero, whose words and ideas have rung down the centuries ever since the last days of the Roman republic. To not many men is it given to speak to an audience lasting over so many ages.

The GREATEST POET of the GREATEST EMPIRE

The Story of Virgil, the Farmer Boy, Who Became a Friend of Caesar and Made His Native Land Glorious in Poetry

THERE is a farm which has been famous in literature for more than two thousand years. It was a beautiful place among gently sloping hills and near a stream which wound its way along between pleasant green banks. Here the Roman poet Virgil (vîr'jil) was born in 70 B.C., and here he lived as a young boy. The parents, humble people yet grateful for their son's talent, had sent him away during his youth to study what bright young boys of his day studied—rhetoric, or how to use his language, and philosophy, or how to

reason. But when young Virgil had finished his education, he was glad to leave the city life behind him and to return to his farm. Here he wrote poems about shepherd folk and about the joys of country life.

Into this happiness disaster one day came. A Roman soldier appeared, declaring that the great Caesar had given him the farm as a reward for bravery in battle. Virgil's protests, and his father's, were of no use. He was forced to leave his home. But he still thought of it as his, and he planned to get it back. Encouraged by his friends, he

VIRGIL



There is a noble passage in the sixth book of the *Aeneid* in which Virgil praises the virtues of Marcellus, nephew and adopted son of Augustus, dead in the glory of his youth. They say that when Octavia, Marcellus' mother, heard the poet read these lines, she fell fainting into

her brother's arms. In this picture the artist has celebrated that pathetic moment. Virgil, crowned with laurel, pauses astonished in his reading, Livia, the empress, looks on in pity, and Augustus raises his hand to bid the poet see the power of his immortal words.

made a journey up to Rome to appeal to Caesar himself. There must have been a contest between Virgil and the soldier, but Caesar finally decided that the farm must go back to Virgil.

We who have never been turned out of our homes can hardly understand how glad Virgil was to get back. But his hardships had brought him better fortune than at first appeared. For one thing, he had come to know the great Augustus Caesar, who never forgot him. But he had also made a friend who did more for him than even Caesar. This was Maecenas (mê-sē'nās). He encouraged Virgil to write and gave him large sums of money because he liked his poems. This is what we call being a poet's patron. And Maecenas was such a famous patron that to this very day, instead of saying that some rich man is a great friend of poets and artists, we may simply call him a "Maecenas."

Virgil spent the rest of his life in the peace and quiet that he loved, though he traveled a good deal, in Italy and Greece. For seven

years he was busy writing a poem called the "*Georgics*." Here he gives complete directions for farming and makes beautiful poetry out of the country life, as only a man who was both a poet and a farmer could have done. This poem was dedicated to Maecenas, and Virgil and Maecenas had the pleasure of reading it to Augustus Caesar when he returned to Italy after conquering all his enemies.

At the suggestion of Augustus, Virgil now began a long poem on the greatness of the Roman empire. He decided to call the poem the "*Aeneid*" (ĕ-nē'id). The name came from that of Aeneas (e-nē'ās), the Trojan hero who, according to the story, had come over to found a nation in Italy after the fall of Troy.

Virgil was not a fast worker. He wrote only a few lines a day, but those few lines were exquisitely done. He spent eleven years working in this way on his great poem. His friends spread reports that a great work was coming to light. Augustus Caesar wrote to ask for a sight of the poem, or of at least

some part of it. It must have been a daring deed to refuse an emperor, but for three years that was exactly what Virgil did—because he could not bear to show his work before he had finished polishing it and was sure that it was perfect.

Finally Virgil set out to travel in Greece and Asia, hoping to finish his “Aeneid” there. Before leaving home, he made his will. He had become a rich man, for he had not wasted the gifts from Maecenas and from the other people who liked his poetry. Some of his money he willed to his half brother, some to Caesar, some to Maecenas and the rest to his two friends Varius and Tucca. Varius and Tucca were also to get something more important than money. They were to have all of Virgil’s writings on the understanding that they would not publish anything that the poet had not already given to the world. Virgil

was especially eager for them to burn the “Aeneid” if he should die on his journey.

Augustus Caesar was in Greece at this time, and he advised the poet to return to Rome. On the voyage Virgil grew very ill, but he was so eager to get home that he refused to stop for rest. He lived only a few days after landing in Italy, dying in the year 19 B.C. During his last hours he kept asking for his “Aeneid” because he felt it was not perfect and desired to destroy

it. Perhaps he was afraid that Varius and Tucca might be tempted to save it.

Varius and Tucca loved and respected Virgil, but they thought the truest friendship would be to let the world have the “Aeneid” just as it was. The great Caesar fully agreed with them. So they published the “Aeneid,” taking great care not to add a single word to what Virgil had given them. The world has praised them for being better friends to Virgil than he wanted them to be.

For the “Aeneid” immediately placed Virgil at the head of Roman literature. The Romans boasted that their poet had written a greater poem for Rome than blind Homer in his “Iliad” (il’i-ād) had made for Greece. All through the ages people have admired and loved the work. A thousand and more years later Dante (dan’tā) made Virgil his guide in his own great poem,

“The Divine Comedy.” And nearly another thousand years later our world still reads and studies the “Aeneid.” In 1930 there were celebrations all over the world of the two-thousandth anniversary of Virgil’s birthday. His “Aeneid” is one of the three or four greatest poems ever written. When you come to read it, do your best to forget that it is a puzzle for schoolboys, and learn how to sing out its noble lines:

“Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris . . .”



Photo by Alinari

In this painting of Virgil the artist has tried to catch something of the poetic fire which must have flamed in him as he conceived the mighty lines of the Aeneid. With “his flashing eyes, his floating hair,” he seems indeed like one inspired.

The PERFECT POET WAS a SLAVE’S SON

*No Other Poems in the World Are Quite So Exquisite
as Those of Horace*

THAT little boy? Oh, his name is Horace. He’s one of the brightest boys Master Orbilius has in the school. And the strange thing is, you know,

he isn’t a senator’s son or even a knight’s son. Why, his father actually used to be a slave! But the old man saved up his money in the country and brought his son here to Rome

HORACE



Photo by Luxe Library Museum

It is very pleasant to remember the friendships of poets and other great men of history. And the time of Augustus in Rome was a Golden Age for literary friendships as well as for poetry. In this picture the great poets Horace and Virgil are visiting their friend Varius,

to put him in school. And now while the other boys have slaves to go with them to and from their classes, this young Horace is escorted by his own father. The old fellow must expect a great deal from his son."

Some such words may well have been spoken by a curious Roman about the year 50 B.C. Let us too be curious enough to see whether Horace turned out to be worthy of his father's devotion.

Horace—whose whole name was Quintus Horatius Flaccus—began by studying Latin and Greek poetry. When he was about twenty, he went to Athens for his further training. One day there came a famous visitor to his philosophy lecture. It was no other man than Marcus Brutus, the one who had stabbed Julius Caesar. Like many another young Roman student at Athens, Horace joined Brutus' army in the civil war that followed. After the cause of Brutus was defeated, Horace was given a pardon and returned to Rome.

himself a talented writer of verse. Virgil willed his poems to Varius and another friend. Horace and Virgil were close friends all their lives, to Horace, Virgil was his "other self." And many an ode tells us how cordially Horace invited his friends to his Sabine farm.

But it must still have been a discouraging time for him. His studies had been cut short. His father was now dead. And the property which the thirty-old man had meant to leave his son was taken and given to some soldier from the victorious army. In order to get his bread Horace became a clerk and began to write poetry.

A poor young man to day would never think of writing verses as a way of getting rich. But in the time of Horace there was a good chance of interesting some rich man who would become the poet's patron and reward him if he could write charming or noble poetry. Horace's early poems brought him the friendship of the poet Virgil (vîr'jil), who had also known what it was to lose his property to a soldier. Virgil had a great patron in Maecenas (mê-sê'nās), and he was eager to have Horace share his good fortune. And after coming to know Horace well, Maecenas was glad to become the young poet's patron.

Horace and Maecenas were always afterward the best of friends. Horace even felt that he could hardly live if Maecenas should die. Maecenas gave him many valuable gifts, including the Sabine (să'bīn) farm which Horace loved so much and made so famous in his poems. He wrote much better poetry after Maecenas had taken away all the burden of poverty.

Maecenas was a man of great influence with Augustus Caesar. It was one of his duties to encourage poets to glorify the new empire which Augustus had established and the ideals for which it stood. And Augustus was so pleased with Horace's efforts that he also became a patron and heaped favors on the poet.

In November of the year 8 B.C. a man about Rome might have said, "So Horace is dead. It's too bad he should have died so soon after Maecenas. We lost a great man in each of them. They say the Emperor mourns Horace. He was, except for Virgil the greatest poet in all Rome.

Wouldn't his poor father have been proud of him?"

The poems of Horace are nearly all short ones. They are little odes, epistles, and satires, about little things that happened to him or to his friends, about minor events and curious characters in Rome or in the country. But all through them runs a vein of real philosophy, learned in Greece. It is the famous philosophy of the "golden mean" --that man is happiest when he has "never too much" of anything; when he feels no pinch of poverty but has no sort of desire for riches. And these little poems, while not the most magnificent, are surely among the most graceful ever written since the world began. They are all but perfect. At examinations in the colleges at Oxford, the boys used to be asked to see if they could change any single word in an ode of Horace, even ever so little, without making the poem worse. It would be hard to set a more difficult task. I wonder whether any of them ever managed to do it?

Ovid lived at the very end of the Augustan Age, and some say that he is more like Ariosto or some other graceful writer among the later Italians than like the stern Romans of an earlier day.



No one can tell a romantic tale in verse with more gusto and swing than can Ovid. And the more marvelous, the better! His "Metamorphoses" ends with Julius Caesar turning into a star!

A POET SENT to EXILE

Ovid's Father Had Forbidden Him to Write His Verses, and the Emperor Finally Banished Him for It

OVID was a born poet. Nothing could make him stop his verses neither the anger of his father nor the lure of a money-making career, neither the hatred of the Emperor nor banishment from Rome. In his misery he once said himself that it would be better for him to lop off his fingers

than to keep on following his "imprudent genius." And yet as long as he lived he had to keep on writing.

Ovid (ōv'īd) was born in 43 B.C. and came of an excellent family. Because he had a brother, with whom the small family estate would have to be divided, the father decided



The poet Ovid wrote tales so delightful that many of them have lasted down to our own day. Here he is

shown in his house at Rome, reading some of his verses to his appreciative wife and daughter.

that both boys must have a public career in order to take their proper places in the world. So at an early age the boys were sent to Rome to study.

Ovid knew his father disapproved of poets, and so he dutifully studied his lessons. But his delight was to steal time away for writing poems. It is said that even the orations he recited to his teacher could be called nothing else than poetry out of meter. A sad event finally gave him the privilege of becoming a poet. For on the verge of manhood his brother died, and the father allowed Ovid to give up his study and enter on his career.

Ovid's youth had been inspired by Virgil (vûr'jîl), Horace, and the other poets who were making the reign of Augustus an era of glory. Ovid hoped that he too might find favor with the Emperor. His greatest talent was for writing love poetry, some of which was so fervent as to offend the critics of his day—and of succeeding times as well. But as he grew older he governed his genius better. At the age of fifty-two he was living comfortably at Rome, happy in the love of a good wife and a talented daughter, and

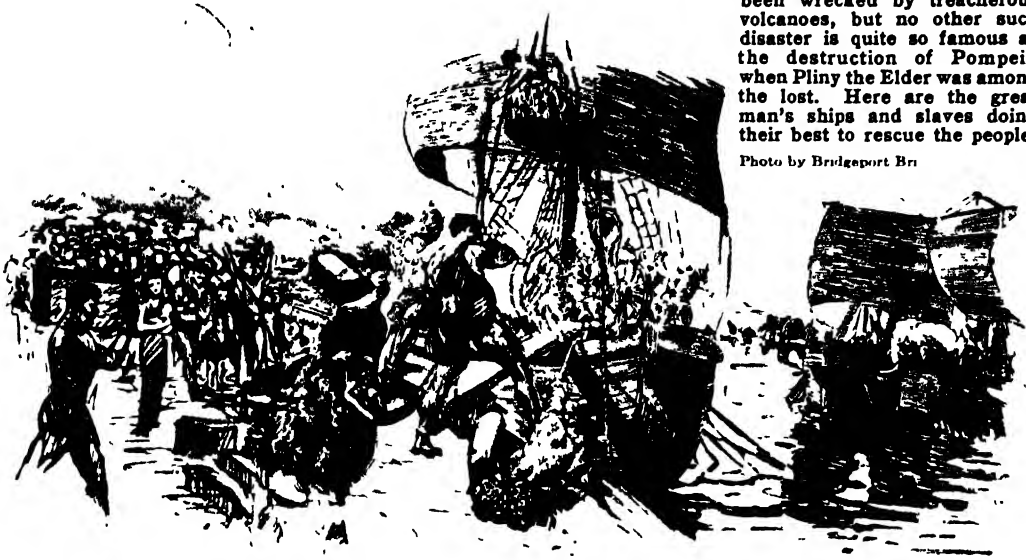
in the belief that the Emperor was proud of him.

Suddenly his happiness was wrecked. The Emperor ordered him to exile at Tomi (tô'mē), a dreary settlement on the Black Sea. The reason may have been the evil influence of some of Ovid's early poems. In vain the poet appealed for mercy. Light weary years he dragged out at Tomi, his only hope being for a time to come when he might return to Rome. But he was never to leave his exile. Even his dying request that his bones might be brought to Rome was refused, and he was buried at Tomi in 17 A.D.

Ovid's greatest poem is called the "Metamorphoses" (mêt'â-môr'fô-sêz), or "Changes." It is a collection of stories about people who were transformed into animals or plants or inanimate objects. The tales are very interesting, and the verse is highly melodious. They have always been among the most popular poems from the ancient world, and one of our best treasure houses of the stories of Greek and Roman mythology.

Many are the towns that have been wrecked by treacherous volcanoes, but no other such disaster is quite so famous as the destruction of Pompeii, when Pliny the Elder was among the lost. Here are the great man's ships and slaves doing their best to rescue the people.

Photo by Bridgeport Bn



HOW NATURE KILLED *a* NATURE LOVER

The Elder Pliny Studied Natural History Many Years and Then Met His Death because He Went Too Near a Volcano

IF YOU had been anywhere in sight of Mount Vesuvius on the twenty-fourth of August in the year 79 A.D., you would probably have thought the world was coming to an end. For the volcano burst into eruption and destroyed two entire towns, with a great many of the people. And now we are going to tell you about what happened to a famous man named Pliny (plīn'ī), who was there at the time.

He was fifty-six years old, having been born in the year 23. He had had a great career in the Roman state, and was now the commander of the fleet at Misenum (mī-sē'nūm). He was also a great naturalist, and when the volcano first burst forth he wanted to get as near as possible in order to see what was happening and to help the people who were suffering. That was his ruin. For then there was no getting away.

He had ships, but he could not sail. For the angry sea was quite as bent on destruction as was Vesuvius (vē sū'vī-ūs). Finally he had to find what shelter he could on land at the house of a friend. But soon things

became just as bad here. The air was black with smoke, and the house rocked alarmingly. Binding pillows to their bodies for protection against falling rocks, the household went outside. Pliny lay down on the seashore as near as he could approach to the ferocious waves. Finally the smell of sulphur and the sight of flames drove most of the family to flight again. Pliny's slaves were unable to rouse him. And there, two days later, when his friends were able to look for him, he was found stifled to death.

This Pliny—called Pliny the Elder because he had a famous nephew who is called Pliny the Younger—was an important man in his day. Skilled as a lawyer and as a soldier, he had traveled over most of the known world and had become the trusted officer and friend of the emperor Vespasian (vēs-pā'zhī-ăn). Pliny was perhaps the most learned man alive. At his meals, even at his bath, he had slaves read to him and make notes on every book they read. Whenever possible, he would ride rather than walk about his business, so that he might have

PLINY THE YOUNGER

time for study on the way. When he traveled, he took along a shorthand writer, who carried a book and a notebook and in winter wore gloves to keep his hands warm in the open air.

Pliny wrote a great deal on many subjects, but the only book that has come down to us is his "Natural History." This is a huge work, summing up what was known in his

time of stars, weather, rivers, seas, mountains, minerals, forests, plants, farming, fish, birds, beasts, and man. There are interesting anecdotes scattered through the work. When we read it to-day, it seems quaint and amusing in places. But when we consider it in its proper age, it stands out as a magnificent feat, for scientists like Pliny were very rare in that day.

The FAMOUS HEIR of a FAMOUS NAME

When His Uncle Died in the Eruption of a Volcano, Pliny Took the Name and Gave New Honor to It

MOST of us get a name when we are far too young to remember anything about it. If we were eighteen years old at the time, like Pliny (plīn'i) the Younger, we might possibly remember the event with some of the pride that he felt in it. Of course he had received a name when he was born, about the year 61 A.D., and it was long enough—Publius Caecilius Secundus (pūb'lī-ūs sē-sil'i-ūs sē-kān'dūs). But his father died when the boy was very young, and he had come under the care of his famous uncle, Pliny the Elder. He studied with his uncle and learned to help him in much of his work; and when the uncle died in the eruption of Vesuvius (vē-sū'vī-ūs), he left a will which made the boy his own son and gave him his own name of Plinius.

At this time the boy was just beginning his career in Rome. He had the ambition to be a great statesman, orator, and literary man, such as Cicero had been before him. But Cicero had lived in the days of the republic, and as an orator before free men he had had only two main problems—to have as good a case as possible and to make the most of it. Pliny started under one of the bad Roman emperors, Domitian (dō-mīsh'i-ān). The road to any high office almost always lay through flattery of the jealous Emperor. There were many spies around to twist a man's words or actions into such offences as the Emperor would punish with banishment or death. Even so, Pliny managed to live quietly through

Domitian's misrule into the reign of the good emperor Trajan (trā'jān).

Then he came into his own. He held many high offices and was recognized as one of the most successful and most honorable men in the law courts of the day. Among the offices he held was that of governor of the province of Bithynia (bī-thīn'i-ā), in Asia Minor where he probably died about 113 A.D.

Pliny's Most Famous Letter

He also wrote a good many books, most of which are now lost. Ten books of his delightful letters have survived to tell us of his literary charm. In them we learn of his devotion to his uncle, of his love of study, of his generosity and his encouragement to younger men of promise. He gives us a good picture of the way the Romans lived their lives from day to day. He loves to tell about his own life in his villa, where he used to retire in the summer from the heat and noise of Rome. He tells the story of the bursting of the great volcano that killed his uncle, and he even gives us some ghost stories. His most famous letter is the one in which he tells the Emperor about his troubles with the new sect of Christians who were getting fairly numerous in his province. He and the Emperor agree to be as merciful as possible to these strange people. For these letters Pliny has remained a famous man through all the centuries since his time.



Although we know very little about the life of the historian Livy, it is fun to imagine it. In this picture the artist has imagined what Livy's home must have been like. We know that he had a son and a daughter—

here they are coming along, perhaps with their nurse. And what more natural than that the children of a great historian should have dolls and puppets to act out some of the stories their father wrote of so well?

A FRIEND of CAESAR WRITES a HISTORY

And for That Reason Livy Has Come Down to Us as One of the Great Authors of Ancient Rome

ANY Roman in the days of the empire would have told you that the historian Livy (liv'i) was an honest and a famous man. Livy himself said that he kept on writing because he liked to be busy and not because he needed praise, for he had already had enough glory to satisfy any man. There is a pleasing story of hero worship told about a man from Spain who came from the end of the earth to look upon Livy, and, having seen him, went away content.

Things like this make us want to know Livy better. But unfortunately very few facts about him have come down to us. We know that he was born at Padua in 59 B.C. and that he died there in 17 A.D. It is thought that he was of a very good family, because he was able to spend most of his life writing in Rome and did not have to worry about making a living. Ex-

cept for the fact that he had a son and a daughter, we know nothing of his immediate family.

The emperor Augustus Caesar, we are told, was a friend of Livy's. In his history Livy had run the risk of offending the Emperor, for he had praised Pompey (pöm'pi), Julius Caesar's great enemy, so highly that Augustus came to call Livy "a Pompeian." It is to the credit both of Livy and Augustus that they could be friends. Once again Augustus had recognized true ability. He encouraged Virgil (vür'jil) and Horace to write great poetry, and it is likely that he depended on Livy for the prose masterpiece of his reign.

The work which made Livy great was a history of Rome from the beginning down to his own time. He started this work early in his life, while his country was still in the throes of civil war. He said he was trying

to do two things: to take his mind off the troubles of his day and to make known the great deeds of the ancient Romans so that his countrymen might always know what to imitate and what to avoid. He spent nearly all his life writing this history. There were in all a hundred and forty-two books of it, of which only thirty-five have been

preserved to our times. One great merit of the work is that it is interesting to read. It is full of fine tales of early Rome; and instead of the former great restraint of the Roman prose writers, Livy used a style so free and enthusiastic that it has outlived its own age and made itself at home in all succeeding times.

WHAT AUTHOR USED *the* FEWEST WORDS?

It Was Tacitus, the Historian of Rome and the Foe of the Caesars

TWO Romans who were sitting side by side at some of the games in the great Circus happened to fall into a conversation. One of them was so charmed with all the other said that he asked the man his name.

"You know me," said the other. "You have often read my works."

"Are you Pliny?"

"No."

"Then you must be Tacitus!"

And so he was. But famous as Tacitus (tăs'Y-tūs) has been from then till now, nobody knows just when or where his life began and ended. He probably lived from about 55 to about 120 A.D. He seems to have come of a good family and to have spent most of his youth in Rome. In his early twenties he married the daughter of the consul Agricola (ă-grĭk'ô-lă), and one of his great works is a brief but brilliant life of his father-in-law. Tacitus was a good man of law, and held several high offices in the state. But it is for his writings that he is famous.

Tacitus lived in a brilliant but bad age, and he may have felt the age to be even more evil than it was. The old glory of free Rome was gone, and in its place had come the tyranny of emperors. The strong and stern manliness that had made the old Romans masters of the world had turned into luxury and corruption. And all through the works of Tacitus runs a lament for the sturdier days of old and a terrible curse on

the immoral ways of his own time. Much of the evil all around him he blames upon the emperors, and he therefore shows most of them to us as a set of very vile men.



We have all heard people speak of a "tacit agreement," meaning that something is understood but not stated in so many words. Here is Tacitus himself, whose name gave us the word.

So in his "Life of Agricola" he draws the picture of a good man driven out of office because he did not happen to be pleasing to an emperor. In his "Histories" and his "Annals" he shows us a long line of rulers doing their part in the corruption of the Roman state. And in his "Germania" he tells how the rude barbarians in Germany were better men, in many ways, than the polished but degenerate citizens of Rome. It was not so long before those Germans, for that reason, were going to wreck the Roman empire.

Tacitus is very famous for his style. Above all things he was afraid of using too many words. He cut off every syllable that was not absolutely necessary. He probably took fewer words to say a thing than any other man who ever lived. And so he has given us an adjective, made out of his name; for when a thing is said in the fewest words, or in none at all, we call it "tacit."

Many a later author has studied the manner of Tacitus to very good effect; for writing nearly always profits by being shorn of all unnecessary words. You will find it an interesting game to go over a page of your own writing cutting out as many words as you can without changing the sense.

EMPEROR *and* STOIC

As a Philosopher, Marcus Aurelius Was Almost a Christian, but as a King He Persecuted the Christians

A LONG while ago it was said that this would be a better world if every king were a philosopher and every philosopher a king. And surely that is true. But a king is nearly always too busy doing things to be a philosopher, and a philosopher is nearly always too busy thinking to get out and do very many things. So we have had very few philosopher-kings or king-philosophers—so much the worse for us! Yet there have been a few of them. And probably the most famous of them all is Marcus Aurelius (ô-rê'lf-ûs), emperor of Rome and a great Stoic (stô'îk) philosopher.

Now what is Stoic? Well, we all know the kind of person who is always afraid he is not having a good time, and always bustling around trying to see if he cannot manage to have one. And we all know he never has one, because all he ever does is to keep afraid and bustle around. Now a Stoic was a man who simply said you could not have a good time by bustling around in the search for it. It did not come that way. He said the thing to do was just to go on quietly about your business in the world, patiently, unexcitedly; then the good time would almost surely come to you—and if by some bad luck it did not, then you ought not to make yourself all the more unhappy by worrying over *that*, for certainly you will not have any better time if you are constantly worrying about it.

In other words, we cannot be happy just by trying hard to be happy. The only chance is to try hard to do something worth while in the world, and then the happiness will come to us—as a by-product.

That is what Marcus Aurelius believed, and he tried to live his life by it. Of course as an emperor he had a great many things to do, and sometimes they interfered a good deal with the smooth course of his philosophy. But on the whole he clung pretty well to his belief, and he left us a little book of "Meditations" about it, written as he could find the time while ruling his empire and carrying on his wars against the enemies who were trying to overthrow it.

He was born in 121 A.D. and came to the throne in 161. Before then he had had the best teachers in the land. He had been adopted by the emperor Antonius Pius (ân'tô-nî'ûs pî'ûs), and had married Antoninus' daughter Faustina. There were not many times when the Roman empire was free from serious trouble, and in the reign of Marcus Aurelius it had its share. There was a war with the Parthians, a rebellion in Asia, a war in Germany, a terrible plague that swept over the country. Through all these and other troubles Aurelius ruled wisely and well, victorious over his enemies, and usually merciful to them when he had conquered them.

It is true that there was a great persecution of the Christians under his rule, and that seems one of the strange things in the reign of a man whose belief was so much like that of a Christian. But he did not persecute the Christians for their religion; wrong as it may have been, he persecuted them because they defied his power as emperor. It is one of the hard things in history that he should have felt this to be his duty. Aurelius died in the year 180.



Photo by Anderson, Rome
In the Vatican at Rome is this lifelike bust of Marcus Aurelius, emperor and Stoic philosopher—one of the noblest of all the sons of Rome.

“The LAST of the ROMANS”

In His Jail Boethius Wrote a Little Book That Was Probably Read More than Any Other in the World for a Thousand Years

ABOUT the last place where we might expect a man to write a great book is a prison. Yet more than one great masterpiece has come from such a place. Sir Walter Raleigh, Malory, Bunyan—to mention only a few people—are all thought to have lightened the gloom of their jails by the joy of writing. One famous prisoner in Rome found his consolation in philosophy. He tried to find out the reason why people fall into misfortune, and to write it down. This man was Boethius (bō-ē'thī-ūs). He was such a noble man that he has been called “the last of the Romans.”

It was from a high position in the world that Boethius fell into misfortune. His youth, after the death of his father in the year 487, had been spent under the favor and protection of Symmachus (sīm'ā-kūs), a powerful senator. Later he had married the daughter of Symmachus. He had been a consul, and his two young sons had been consuls. He was one of the emperor Theodoric's (thē-ōd'ō-rīk) best friends. Many people admired his great learning and his noble character. Yet Boethius one day found himself a prisoner.

His own explanation of his plight is no doubt the right one. He had made enemies because he took a bold stand against the oppression of the people. It was a dangerous time in which he lived. A German tribe called the Ostrogoths (ōs'trō-gōth), led by Theodoric, had conquered the Romans and had taken over the government. The Ro-

man kinsmen of Boethius may have disliked him for being the Emperor's friend. And the Ostrogoth kinsmen of Theodoric may have disliked Boethius for being a Roman and for protecting his own countrymen. At any rate, Boethius was accused of treason. Some letters were forged and shown to the Emperor as proof that Boethius was plotting to set the Romans free again. The Emperor believed the charges, threw Boethius into prison, and finally put him to death—in the year 524.

The work that Boethius wrote in prison was the “Consolation of Philosophy.” In this book he makes Philosophy into a lady who comes to visit him and give him words of comfort. The book is partly in verse and partly in prose, changing from one into the other just as if the author had wanted to reason for a while and then rejoice for a while. The treatise grew famous almost as soon as it was written, and all through the Middle Ages it was probably the most popular of all the books in the world. It contains some of the noblest ideas

that the ancient Romans ever started on their way down through the centuries to us—so noble that Boethius has very often been mistaken for a Christian. His book has been translated into English by King Alfred, by Chaucer, by Queen Elizabeth, and by various other men and women.

Boethius also wrote on astronomy and mathematics; and from his book on music we have learned what ancient music was like.



Photo by Anderson, Rome

This is Boethius, the man who talked in a vision with the lady Philosophy while he was lying in a prison from which he came forth only to meet his death.



In this famous painting Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the great poet and painter, has shown us a meeting between

Dante and his Beatrice, the beautiful girl who is walking a pace or two in the rear.

The POET of the OTHER WORLD

*Out of His Love, His Faith, and His Learning, Dante Wove
the Greatest of All Poems of Religion and Philosophy*

IN THE splendid city of Florence, over six hundred years ago, a boy with a dark skin and sharp features used to watch the throngs of brightly dressed men and women strolling over one of the fine new bridges of the Italian town. One day his black eyes met those of a beautiful girl robed in crimson. She walked between two lovely friends, but she far outshone them. The boy loved her at once. Although he was only nine years old, he knew that he would love her till he died. The boy was Dante Alighieri (dän'tā ä'lë-gyā'rë) and the girl was Beatrice. The story of their love is one of the most famous in history.

The first meeting with Beatrice changed the life of Dante (1265-1321). Inspired by her he wrote a book of sonnets, songs, and stories describing each glimpse he had of her.

He called the book "The New Life" (1293) for his meeting with her had been really the beginning of a new life for him. His story of his love is charmingly simple, the diary of a youth kneeling at the shrine of his ideal woman. Beatrice shines forth in the pages as a gentle, modest, beautiful girl of flesh and blood, wholly good and womanly. For us to-day she is still the most charming woman of the Middle Ages.

While she lived, Beatrice was Dante's idol. He adored her from afar, happy if he could only gaze upon her beauty without ever daring to draw near her. She was still a distant goddess when she died at twenty-five. Dante was then filled with a sorrow too deep for words. Always a quiet, studious youth, he turned to his books to ease the pain of losing her. He became one of the most

DANTE

learned men of his illustrious century in Italy.

It was well for Dante that he was born in Florence, which was one of the first modern cities. It was the most beautiful, powerful, and wealthy of the trading centers of Italy. During Dante's lifetime his city was leading in the great movement of art and thought now called the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sôNs'), which was to free all Europe from the ignorance and superstition that had gone before. About the time of his birth the new movement began to stir in Northern Italy. Florence was then prospering in weaving the silks and wools which she traded for the wares of Asia. Travelers, merchants, and scholars from the East awoke the Florentines to morning freshness and energy, and the minds of men turned busily to the study of science and art.

Florence was like a gorgeous maiden—vain, quarrelsome, extravagant, fickle, and beautiful. In the streets and homes the old simplicity yielded to luxury and gayety. Life came to be an endless festival. The Florentines were cheerful, happy, and full of ambition. Painters, sculptors, architects, and engineers gave all their talent to make the city beautiful, building and decorating churches, chapels, palaces, and bridges.

The other strong cities of Italy envied Florence for her wealth and power. They

strove to conquer her and she had to fight constantly and bitterly for years to hold her leadership. By the time Dante was thirty-five, Florence had triumphed over her rivals, though she had not managed to make a lasting peace within her own walls.

In spite of the cheerful temper of the people, there was almost constant strife for leadership in the city government. When Dante was a child, there were two strong parties struggling for mastery in the city, but by the time he was a young man, the Florentines had set up a democratic government and elected six men to be their leaders.

During such times even a quiet scholar like Dante could scarcely keep free of politics. His fame for wisdom grew so great that he was chosen to be one of the governors of the city. He had been in office



Photo by Southwest Museum

Virgil, the greatest of Latin poets, is conducting the white-robed Dante through hell, where all the sinful souls of the world are shown in torment. The lowest and most terrible of all hell's places of torture is not a furnace of flames. It is a lake of ice, in which traitors, among them Judas, must stand frozen through all eternity—"Oh, ill-starred folk beyond all others wretched."

only two months when two noble families in Florence began to quarrel for the leadership. At length Dante and his fellow governors sent the heads of both families out of the city. The Pope tried to end the trouble, and Dante boldly hinted that the politics of Florence were no concern of Rome. The Pope then decided to humble proud Florence, so he sent for a French king to calm the disturbance. The Pope and the king together took control of the city and exiled Dante and his fellow officers

under a charge that they had been guilty of fraud.

Dante was only thirty-seven when he was banished, but during the remainder of his life he never returned to his beloved city. He became a wanderer. Often he was a guest in the palace of a friendly lord who welcomed and protected him in his poverty because of his great wisdom. Only once before his death was there a hope that he might return home. But even then he was offered pardon only on condition that he pay a fine and do public penance. Dante refused to admit that he had done wrong and said he would return only with honor. Not until many years after his death was the sentence of exile removed, and by that time all the world knew that Dante was the greatest son of Florence and the chief of all Italian poets.

During his long exile Dante spent much time writing his best poem, the "Divine Comedy." It is one of the three or four greatest poems in all the world, and is proof enough that the calm scholar refused to



This is the face of one of the world's three greatest poets, Dante Alighieri.

bow to poverty, sorrow, and exile. The Comedy is a long vision of the life after death. It is a perfect product of Dante's time in its deep religion and great learning. Only a poet-genius moved by faith in God and love for an ideal like Beatrice could have written it.

Dante's aim was not mainly to delight his readers. It was rather to warn them of the consequences after death of good and evil. He imagines that he is led by the Latin poet, Virgil, through Hell and Purgatory. He meets and talks with popes, emperors, poets, judges, warriors, living and dead. After leaving Purgatory he reaches the Earthly Paradise, where he meets Beatrice, who guides him through Heaven until he beholds God and comes in sight of all truth.

Dante was the first great Italian author to write in his own language rather than in the Latin which scholars before him had used. Thus he gave the world not only his own profound thinking but also his musical mother tongue, certainly one of the most beautiful in the world.

The FIRST MODERN MAN

That Is What We Called Petrarch, Because He Turned His Back on the Middle Ages and Looked Forward to Modern Times

IN THE French town of Avignon, where the Pope had just gone with his court, there was an Italian exile named Petracco. In Italy he had been an honored scholar until 1302; then the same quarrel in politics that made an exile of Dante drove Petracco too out of his native city of Florence. Two years later, just before the father moved to Avignon, his famous son was born—Francesco di Petracco, whom we now call Petrarch (pě'trärk).

The boy was meant to study law, but although he was a great reader he could find

no interest in the musty law books. He wanted to read poetry—Latin poetry, of course, for there was hardly any in his own tongue that seemed worth his time. So his father often caught him with his Virgil open and his legal volumes closed. Once the angry parent threw the poems in the fire, but the boy's tears persuaded him to rescue two of the volumes he loved most.

In due time the youth entered the University of Bologna, then the greatest law school in the world. He was glad to be back in Italy, at least, and to hear on every side

PETRARCH

the pure, musical tongue which in France he had mostly heard at home. The gentle Italian landscape also pleased him, and he often left his books to go into the country.

As soon as his father died, the young man put aside the law to be a poet. The best way to have a sure living and also to be free to study and write was to enter the

coldness cost him many a bitter hour, but he strove manfully to crush the passion which threatened to destroy his life. For years the monk and the man in Petrarch struggled to determine whether religion or love should rule him. Only when Laura died did he find peace, after twenty years of longing.

During the years when Laura haunted his



Here Petrarch is shown hovering over a portrait of the beautiful Laura, which is being painted at his

request. But no matter how faithful the portrait, we have a more enduring record of her in the poet's verse.

clergy. So he joined a religious order and became the lifelong friend of a bishop of great influence at the court of the Pope. Thus he won the aid and support of the church, which was by far the richest and strongest organization in the world.

In his early twenties Petrarch returned to Avignon. Early one morning as he heard mass in church he chanced to raise his eyes. They fell upon a beautiful woman devoutly praying. From that moment he was in love, and the lady was the center of his world. So jealously he loved her that he wanted no one even to know her name. He called her "Laura," but he kept her real name so well hidden that no one has ever found it out. Only by his tender sonnets to his Laura do we know her, but in these she lives forever.

Whatever her reason may have been, Laura did not return Petrarch's love. Her

thoughts, however, Petrarch was far from idle. He used his great gifts to win fame as the chief poet and scholar of Italy. In Naples he was crowned king of Italian poets and throughout Europe he came to be known as a great critic and scholar. Until his death in 1374 he worked hard to tell the men of his own time about the great poets of the ancient world. Those poets seemed so much greater than any since their day that he wanted all men to study them, to learn the secrets of their art, and then to try to create a new poetry that would rival the ancient. Because he was so eager for the new poetry, and for many other new things, Petrarch is known as the "first modern man"—which means that he is the first man in history who seems to turn his back on the Middle Ages and to start forward toward our own day.



Photo 13. Gramstorff Bros.

Here is the merry Boccaccio reciting some of his tales at the home of an Italian nobleman. He seems to be

delighting his host as much as he has delighted his readers in all the centuries since.

A FAMOUS TELLER of TALES

The Stories Boccaccio Left Us Have Been Told Over and Over by Writers Since His Day

WE KNOW that Boccaccio's mother was a Parisian girl named Jeanne, while his father was a merchant-banker in Florence, but we are not quite sure whether the boy was born in France or in Italy. At any rate he was altogether Italian. Brought up in Florence, he passed his life (1313-1375) in various parts of Italy; and turning out to be a great writer, he became one of the fathers of Italian prose, of the Italian novel, and of the vast movement in art and thought which we know as the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sôNs') in Italy.

As a boy, Giovanni Boccaccio (jô-vân'nĕ bôk-ka'chô) was not very happy in his home. His stepmother did not treat him very well, and his father wanted him to be nothing but a good business man, while the boy longed only to be a scholar and a poet. For several years his father put him to

work, and the boy felt that his time was simply being wasted. For several more years the father let him study law, but the boy thought his time was wasted at that too. Finally the father sent him off to the gay and illustrious city of Naples, and there a new life began to dawn for Boccaccio.

At Naples it was too much to expect him to go on as a business man. The famous court of King Robert was full of wits and poets, with the great Petrarch (pĕ'trark) at the head of them all; and though hardly belonging to the court, the young Boccaccio was fired as never before with literary zeal. He had been trying to write ever since he had learned how to read, and he now knew that no career would suit him but that of an author.

At Naples, too, he met and fell in love with the lady whom he made immortal under the name of Fiammetta (fyâm-mĕt'tâ).

BOCCACCIO



Here is a room in the old red brick house in which Boccaccio lived. It still stands in the little town of

Certaldo, near Florence in Italy. The beautiful, simple furniture too is all very old.

She was a daughter of King Robert himself. For many a year she was Boccaccio's main literary theme. As his great master Dante (dan'tā) had a Beatrice, as his greatest friend Petrarch had a Laura, to celebrate in their poetry, so Boccaccio had his Fiammetta; and wholly or partially around her name he wove various stories in prose and verse.

After some eight years Boccaccio had sorrowfully to leave Naples to go back to his father in Florence. He returned to Naples and to Fiammetta three years later; but some six years later still, after the death of Fiammetta and of his father, he went back to Florence once more. By this time he was famous for his stories and poems. But his greatest work was still to come.

In the year 1348 a terrible plague swept over Europe, taking off about a third of the population. In Florence nearly half the people died. Many fled to the country to escape the dread disease. In his most famous work Boccaccio imagines that ten of these people—seven ladies and three gentlemen—have met in a retreat and have decided to pass the time by telling stories to one another. In all, they tell a hundred stories, and the book of these tales, called the "Decameron" (dê-kăm'ēr-ŏn), is one of

the most famous collections of short stories in the world. Except that it is in prose, it is very much like Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," supposed to be told by a party of English pilgrims on their way to Canterbury.

Very often an author does not know which of his books is going to be famous. For Boccaccio the "Decameron" was not much more than a diversion, and some of his other work, in verse rather than prose, and in Latin rather than Italian, was far more ambitious. Indeed, as an old man he was rather ashamed of having written the "Decameron" at all. But for six centuries the world has found a sparkle and freshness in the work which have given it a place above all the other writings of Boccaccio. It is an important beginning both of Italian prose and of the modern novel in every language.

But Boccaccio is equally important, if not for his poetry, at least for his large place in the earlier part of that great revival of learning which we call the Renaissance. He did a great deal to reveal the treasures of poetry and thought in ancient Greece and Rome to the Italians of his day, and in so doing he became one of the creators of the modern world which was just awakening.

Here is Ariosto reciting from his own poems. Perhaps he is telling of how Orlando's friend journeyed clear to the moon in search of the hero's lost wits. So ab-

sorbed is he that he has forgotten those who listen. They too are lost in the story, even the lovers on the bench before him are hanging on his words.

***It Was Ariosto Who Gave Italy Her Most Romantic Tale
of the Days of Chivalry***

Lodovico Ariosto (ă'rê-ô's'tô), one of the greatest of Italian poets, was born at Reggio (rêd'jô), in the year 1474. Almost from the first he knew that he wanted to be a poet—and from the first everyone else seemed set against it. His father made him study

When at last the great cardinal, Ippolito d'Este (dës'tâ), offered to take him into his service, you may be sure the needy young poet was glad, thinking that now at last he would be allowed to write. But though the Cardinal posed as a generous patron of authors, he really cared nothing for poetry and was selfish and quite unimaginative. He wanted Ariosto only to serve him as companion—

ARIOSTO

almost as a personal servant—and as envoy on dangerous missions to the Pope. Ariosto had very little time for writing.

Yet it was during this time that he wrote his masterpiece, the "Orlando Furioso" (ôr-lân'dô fôô'rê-ô'sô), by which his name still lives. He made the whole story turn about the exploits of the legendary founder of the house of Este; it was a natural thing for poets in those days to honor a patron in some such way as this. But do you suppose Cardinal d'Este had any notion that centuries later he would be remembered mostly for Ariosto's having dedicated this poem to him? On the contrary, when the poet, half proud, half ashamed, showed him the work, the Cardinal said only, "Where in the world, Master Lodovico, did you pick up such a lot of rubbish?" It is said also that he gave Ariosto a golden chain. This was the reward for one of the greatest poems—and one of the most flattering compliments—in history!

Finally (1518) the Cardinal and the poet quarreled and separated. Ariosto hated to travel and the Cardinal was always on the road—and always demanding that his pleasant companion go along. This time he was going to Hungary, and Ariosto refused to go with him. He said his health was poor, and his mother very ill. D'Este insisted. Ariosto haughtily told him that he, Ariosto, was no serf or slave, and that he would not go. With that they parted.

The Poet and the Bandits

It was not long before the poet found another patron in the Cardinal's brother, Alphonso, duke of Ferrara (fêr-râ'râ). But luck was still against him. At this court he was not overworked—but he did not get his pay. At last he asked the stingy duke to pay or discharge him. Then it was that he

was sent to govern that turbulent mountain province where the bandits knew how to appreciate him better than did the great men in authority. The poet is said to have made a good governor.

His term ended, Ariosto returned to Ferrara. He set to work building himself a little house; and over its door he proudly set a Latin motto saying that no one had built it for him but that he had paid for it out of his own savings. Here the gentle, retiring, kindly man with his unbreakable spirit spent the rest of his days. His friend, the great artist Titian (tîsh'ân), painted his portrait. The people of Ferrara often sought him out.

Meanwhile he wrote more plays and sometimes saw them acted, and, above all, he polished and expanded his great poem. The final complete version of it appeared only a year before his death in 1533.

"Orlando Furioso" means "Orlando mad" or "the madness of Orlando"; and "Orlando" is the Italian form of the French "Roland," the name the hero bears in the famous French epic poem, "The Song of Roland." Orlando had gone mad, in good medieval style, because he was disappointed in love. In the original French poem, and in some of the early Italian poems, the story told of nothing but battles between the Christian warriors and the Saracens, who were Mohammedans. Then the element of love was introduced, and a long poem, shortly before Ariosto's time, was devoted to "Orlando in Love." Ariosto went a step further in making Orlando go mad when his love was not returned by the beautiful Angelica. In his frenzy the hero tears up trees by the roots and kills men and animals. It was believed by many people that things which are lost go to the moon; so Orlando's friend Astolfo flies to the moon, finds Orlando's



Photo by Anderson Rome
This is the portrait of Ariosto painted by his friend, the great Venetian artist Titian.

TASSO

lost wits in a jar, brings the jar back to earth, and restores Orlando to sanity.

And yet this poem tells of a great many other things and people besides Orlando and his madness. It is a long and fantastic tale, full of the wildest adventures of chivalry and magic. These became so popular that even to-day one may see interminable series of Italian puppet shows—much like our own

"Punch and Judy"—acting them out night after night for months on end. On the other hand, the poem is so full of gorgeous poetry that all sorts of poets and lovers of tales have found joy in it ever since it was written. Sir Walter Scott used to be called sometimes "the Ariosto of the North," because he too wrote of the great adventures of the knights of old.



Before the days of his evil fortune, Tasso used to read his great poetry to the beautiful and high-born ladies of the family of Este. We may imagine how they hung upon these tales of high adventure in Palestine,

where so many gallant knights had fallen in the attempt to deliver Jerusalem from the Saracens. And if, as is rumored, the princesses were in love with the poet, so much the more eagerly would they listen!

A POET of the CRUSADES

The Bright and Dark Days of the Romantic Tasso

ALL the first part of his life Tasso was lucky. Before he was ten the people in Naples used to treat him as a genius. When he went to Rome, to be with his father in exile, he was praised and petted by the great. Then in Urbino his days flew by as one long, happy holiday; and in Venice he was taken into the highest circles of art and poetry. So after such a childhood and youth, Torquato Tasso (tôr-kwâ'tô tâs'ô) might well expect to be a famous man. And all of Italy already liked his poetry.

The great Cardinal d'Este (dës'tâ) sought out the handsome young man and offered him a home at the court of Ferrara. The d'Este family was then in firm possession of the lovely city in the Po Valley, and ranked high among the nobles of Italy. In the d'Este castle Tasso made his home. He was soon a favorite at the court and a close friend of Lucretia and Leonora d'Este, who inherited the beauty of their famous grandmother, Lucretia Borgia (bôr'ja). People even whispered that the princesses were in love with Tasso

TASSO



For a number of years the Este family put up with Tasso's strange fancies as his mental illness grew. He was peevish and suspicious, exacting and over-sensitive, and must have been a sore trial to all the

For five happy years at the court the poet was busy writing. He produced a beautiful little play of shepherd life called "Aminta" (1573), which was full of grace and delicacy. The same grace, and a far higher power, mark his greatest poem, "Jerusalem Delivered" (1574). Its romantic stories of the adventures of Christian and Saracen leaders in the First Crusade made a strong appeal to the Italians of four hundred years ago, and also to readers in many other lands. It was one of the main models for "The Faerie Queene" of Edmund Spenser.

But as soon as his great work was done, his luck began to change. The friends to whom he read his poem found trifles to criticize in it. Tasso was worried even by his worshipers. He knew no peace. His health failed. He grew irritable. He suspected everyone of plotting against him. At length he drew a knife upon a servant. The Duke locked him in the castle and later bundled him off to a monastery. Tasso escaped in disguise. He grew a little better,

members of the Duke's court, with whom he is here shown. But most of all he must have been a sorrow to the sisters of the Duke, for they were fond of their charming poet, and greatly admired his genius.

but his peace of mind was gone. He came back to Ferrara to find the d'Estes celebrating a wedding and too busy to see him. Then he abused them so rudely that they sent him to a madhouse. While he was locked up, "Jerusalem Delivered" was published without his consent or correction. He never received a penny for it.

At the end of seven years, a kindly prince set Tasso free. At forty-two he started to write again, but his genius was gone. He was too restless to stay very long in any one place. Until his death he wandered ceaselessly through Italy. Just before he died, the Pope offered him a pension and promised to crown him king of poets. So the honors of his youth seemed to be coming back, but they came too late. Before he could wear his crown or touch his pension, he had gone to a monastery on the outskirts of Rome and begged the monks to take him in and let him die there. A few days later he was dead—at the age of fifty-one, in 1595. But his great poem lives on.

MACHIAVELLI



He had known the ups and downs of fortune. He had stood at the ear of one of the most powerful tyrants in Renaissance Italy, and he had been tortured and thrown into a dungeon by another of them. Now, in

poverty and retirement, Machiavelli is pondering on all he has seen and known of princes, and writing it down in one of the world's famous books, "The Prince"—a work that still puzzles us.

A PATRIOT *or* a FIEND?

Four Hundred Years Ago This Man Wrote a Book Which Still Keeps Us Wondering whether He Was Very Good or Very Bad

THE name of Machiavelli (ma'kya-vē'lē) is so veiled in legend that none may know the man. According to some stories he was a man of lofty mind with his head so high in the clouds that he could not see the dark trail his feet traveled. According to others he was a man of evil, rejoicing in cruelty, fraud, and faithlessness. Which was the real Niccolò Machiavelli? No one knows—probably he was neither very good nor very bad, but just the sort of character that was natural in those times.

In the day of Machiavelli (1469-1527), the man who was admired was the man who was successful. The Italy of that day was a land of strange contradictions. The greatest artists who ever lived were painting their

immortal pictures. Leonardo da Vinci was dividing his time between painting and scientific experiments with airplanes, engineering, and mathematics. Columbus was finding a New World across the ocean. The printing press was spreading the literature of Italy and of ancient Greece and Rome. Italian architects were building palaces and churches of exquisite beauty. All of Europe was basking in the light of the new art of Italy.

Yet with all her art and learning Italy was corrupt and weak. The liberty of her people was fast disappearing under tyrants who fought with poison and the dagger for the control of her cities. Bloody civil wars placed her at the mercy of other European

MACHIAVELLI

nations. Her sons grew shrewd, crafty, and knavish. They broke their word. They lost their deep religious feeling. The very churchmen forgot their sacred calling.

In such times a man who wants to be successful must have shrewd ability to judge men, unflinching courage, eyes ever watchful, ears always open, and a sleeping conscience. Such a one was Machiavelli.

As a young man in Florence he entered politics. He was a friend of the people's chosen governor, and he rose to the place of secretary to the Florentine republic. In that position he knew all the secrets of the politicians. He undertook many secret missions to rulers of Europe. In their courts he learned all of the crooked methods of diplomacy. He learned that the word of a king was easily broken, and that his own Florence refused to let her left hand know what her right hand did. He learned that brother might slay brother in order to seize or hold power. He even learned to admire the men and the methods of his times.

When he was thirty-three Machiavelli met Caesar Borgia (b'or'ja), a murderous tyrant who impressed him deeply. Borgia was plundering the provinces of Northern Italy, and Machiavelli was sent to his camp to spy upon him. But he soon came to admire Borgia, who was worse than all the other princes in his faithlessness and cruelty, but who was magnificent in his luck, his recklessness, and his ambition. Machiavelli saw that Borgia was cruel and crafty, but that he governed wisely and justly, even if only for his own selfish ends. So Machiavelli took Borgia as his ideal prince.

Machiavelli was a most adroit politician,

but his strength depended largely on the influence of his friend, the governor of Florence. When that friend was swept out of power, and a member of the powerful Medici (măd'ê-chê) family became the ruler, Machiavelli was ruined. He humbled himself before the Medici, begging for any task that they might give him. All was vain. The Medici exiled him from Florence.

Later they tortured him on the rack for a conspiracy of which he was innocent. They threw him into a dungeon, and when he was freed he was a crippled old man. Poor and bitter, he retired to a farm. To pass away his idle hours Machiavelli began to write. In several essays he reviewed the politics of his triumphal days.

Then he wrote the great book called "The Prince"

(1513) to show how a man with the cunning fraud of a Caesar Borgia might unite all of Italy and keep it under a firm government that would give the people justice. Because of the mixture of honesty and faithlessness in the book people have

puzzled ever since to know the true Machiavelli. Most of them have thought he was a sort of fiend. They give his last name to any crafty and evil politician, when they call him Machiavellian; and they have given his first name Niccolò, to the very devil himself, who has long been known as Old Nick. It is a fact, however, that Machiavelli was a patriotic Italian who longed for the freedom and union of his country. And because he thought her freedom and union were so greatly to be desired, he believed that any means were justified in the attaining those ends. You will hear many people advancing his arguments even to-day.



Photo by Alinari

This is a portrait of Machiavelli, the shrewd, scheming politician and flatterer of princes—the thoughtful patriot who some people think was deeply wise.

In this portrait-study of Gabriel d'Annunzio, the artist has tried to show us how the poet-adventurer of Italy looks to his admiring countrymen.



Though this is a portrait of d'Annunzio the poet, with his quill and his books and his absorbed face, it nevertheless is not hard to imagine those eyes suddenly flashing with the fire of action.

A NIGHTINGALE TURNED EAGLE

The Poet and Novelist d'Annunzio Found His Great Adventure in the World War

A BALD but dapper little Italian gentleman often strolled along the boulevards of Paris in 1914, sometimes pausing to chat with artists and writers sitting in front of the various cafés. In fashionable drawing-rooms he used to charm the ladies with his clever flattery. His name, d'Annunzio (dan-nōōn'tsē-ō), was often food for gossip, for in Italy his life had been shocking to many good people, and so had some of his poems, plays, and novels. He owed so many debts there that he preferred to live in exile in Paris. Yet he was one of the greatest writers of modern Italy, though many people thought him a mere dandy with a strong love for beauty, great talent, and keen imagination.

Then came the World War, and people forgot Gabriel d'Annunzio (1863-1938) in their new tasks. Soon, however, the little writer startled the world. He was fifty-one years old then, but he found his grand adventure in the war. By 1915, the singer was transformed into a soldier, patriot, and political leader. He toured Italy, rousing the people by his passionate eloquence. Not content with urging men to volunteer, he must risk his own life in the cavalry, the infantry, the navy, and in aviation. In the

air he courted death. Again and again his plane came down riddled with bullets. He narrowly escaped total blindness when an eye was injured. He made Italy gasp when he led a squadron of volunteer fliers over the Alps into Austria to drop pamphlets above Vienna. His comrades would follow him through fire. But even in the excitement, the danger and the adventure of the war, he found time to write several exquisite poems.

In 1918 came the Armistice, and the poet-hero played a new part. He protested bitterly against the Allies for refusing to grant Italy the seaport of Fiume. He was delighted when his government allowed him to occupy the city with troops. For fifteen months he defied the world there until his own government had to drive him out, in accordance with their treaty agreeing to make Fiume a free state.

Then d'Annunzio was able to retire to his quiet home beside a clear lake in Northern Italy. But he was soon excited again by the powerful Fascist movement that swept Italy under Mussolini. He ardently supported the dictator. To-day he is one of the heroes of the Italian people for his writings and his patriotic deeds.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit No. 8

Note For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index

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Things to Think About

What were some of the faults of the great dramatists of Calderón's day?
 Why did Camoëns write about Vasco da Gama?
 Why did Dostoyevsky roar with rage when he heard Turgeneff call to Western Europe for a leader to save Russia?
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Summary Statement

Literature reflects the joys and sorrows of nations as well as of individuals, and the greatest works are the most perfect expression of those feelings

CERVANTES



The absurd person who sits huddled up in his chair, surrounded by tome upon tome of romantic story, is the famous Don Quixote. Lean of shank and wild of

eye, this creature of Cervantes' imagination has delighted countless readers in the past three centuries and his "quixotic" deeds have become proverbial.

HE SET *the* WHOLE WORLD LAUGHING

Cervantes Went to Fight the Pirates and Came Back to Write the Funniest of All Stories about a Fighter

IF YOU had been strolling through the old Spanish town of Valladolid about three hundred years ago, you might have met a gray little man known as Cervantes (sér-văn'tēz). You could easily have gone on without noticing him, though you might well have seen that he had brilliant eyes, a military bearing, and one arm that hung useless in its wide velvet sleeve.

He had seen stirring times. Born about half a century after the discovery of America, he lived in a day when his country was strong and prosperous. King Philip II had

mounted the throne when Cervantes was a boy, and was ambitious to make Spain the most powerful kingdom in the world. Under his command, soldiers were fighting to hold many parts of Europe. Adventurers were sailing over the ocean, hoping to win riches and fame. Gold was pouring into the land from the mines of Peru and Mexico. From all over Europe people of genius were flocking to the Spanish court. Poets, painters, and scholars were offering the country gifts more precious than gold. Truly Spain was in her Golden Age.

CERVANTES



Whenever Don Quixote and Sancho Panza came to an inn, the Don would suppose that it was a castle. The innkeeper would become in his imagination the lord of the castle, his wife its lady, and Don Quixote would

treat their daughter as if she were some high-born damsel for whom he might break a lance in a tourney. Here, at an inn where he had many adventures, he is greeting the host's daughter with a sweeping bow.

In that land of wealth and power, however, only courtiers, churchmen, and returned explorers had money. Most of the people were poor, even in noble families like that of Cervantes. The father, who was a surgeon, could barely support his growing

family. So when the fourth child, Miguel (mē-gēl'), was born in 1547, the parents were concerned with feeding another mouth, and surely neither suspected that the boy would become the greatest writer of the land.

As Miguel grew older, his family traveled

CERVANTES



Toward the end of the story, certain people who are plotting to humor Don Quixote's madness actually pretend to install Sancho Panza as governor of a certain island named Baratania. They lay before the poor, deluded Sancho a noble feast, as is shown above. But

every time he starts to eat one of the tempting dishes, a physician touches it with a little wand and tells him he must on no account taste it, as it will ruin his digestion—a thing the physician holds much dearer, he says, than he does his own life.

a good deal, but they kept returning to the wealthy court, for in those days the courtiers fought many duels and surgeons were often needed to mend wounded bodies. The boy was fascinated by the swiftly moving life of the capital. He saw poets in taverns writing or reciting verses. In the courtyards of wealthy families he saw the plays of famous dramatists. In the bookshops he dipped into novels of chivalry and thin volumes of verse. No wonder he began to scribble and to dream of becoming a writer. While he was still in school he was writing a good deal of verse.



Photo by Giraudon Paris

This is Cervantes himself, in whose busy brain all the curious adventures of Don Quixote had their beginning.

Along with his dream of writing, Cervantes had a great longing to travel and to fight in foreign lands. When he was twenty-one, his chance came. He was hired by the pope's envoy to the Spanish king and he traveled all over Italy, stopping in famous old cities about which he had read, glorying in the smiling land of poetry and adventure. But when he reached Rome he had word that his employer had been made a cardinal at the pope's court. Cervantes did not want to settle down in Rome or anywhere else; he wanted to travel over the globe and to go soldiering.

CERVANTES



After Don Quixote had suffered many hardships and buffets in his mad adventures, some of the people he had met in his wanderings worked out a plot to lure him back home. The plot centered around fair Dorothea, to whom the courteous Don is making obeisance in this picture. Dorothea pretended that

she was an exiled princess, and made Don Quixote promise not to undertake any other adventures until he had restored her to her kingdom. It will help us to understand how popular this story has been to know that the original of our picture is an old tapestry, woven by patient hands.

Now there was a gallant Spanish "foreign legion" in Italy at the time. It was made up of poor nobles, adventurers, and rogues, to whom fighting was pure joy. Many times they fought like demons against the cruel Mohammedan pirates of the north coast of Africa. For years the Christian ports on the Mediterranean had lived in terror of pirate raids. Many a ship had been sunk and many a crew carried off to Africa and sold as slaves. Cervantes joined the dashing army sent against the pirates, and in the fierce battle of Lepanto he was wounded and his left arm was crippled for life.

Captured by Pirates

After five years of fighting, he was tired and wanted to go home. He set sail with his brother, but as their ship was nearing the port of Marseilles, it was overhauled

and captured by a pirate vessel. Among the prisoners taken to Africa were Miguel and his brother. Freedom could be had only at the price of a high ransom, and the family was too poor to free both sons, so for five terrible years Miguel was the slave of a pirate chief. At length his ransom was collected and he returned home—his early youth gone, his arm useless, and his pockets empty. And still he wanted to become a writer.

Now in those days it was not easy, even for a genius, to make a living with a pen. The authors would either grow thin upon their meager earnings or prosper with the help of wealthy noblemen. Cervantes had no wealthy friends, and the comedies and poems that he wrote earned him very little. Three years after his return to Spain his first long book appeared. It was good and it created a stir. The next year he married

and moved to Madrid, hoping to find helpful friends there. But even though he was already fairly well known, he met with little fortune and was soon forced to seek other work. He was employed in Seville collecting supplies for the famous Spanish fleet, the great Armada. The work was irksome and ill-paid, and Cervantes was no business man, but he found Seville rich in material for several entertaining novels of roguery.

While he was struggling for a living and for time to write, the unfortunate author had more ill luck. He trusted a banker with some government funds and both banker and money promptly disappeared. Of course Cervantes was called to account and of course he was too poor to raise the money, so he was thrown into jail. There he had time for thinking, and doubtless many ideas for future books flitted through his mind. Indeed, at the beginning of the great book that he was soon to write, he said it was born in a prison.

When Knighthood Went to Seed

Two very funny people were the leading characters of that book. One was a poor gentleman of fifty, tall and thin as a lath. He had read so many popular novels of knighthood that he had gone mad. He fancied he was a young knight obliged to travel through the world righting every

sort of wrong. His name was Don Quixote (dōn kwik'sōt). With him went his squire, Sancho (sāng'kō) Panza, who was short and fat, shrewd but slow-witted. Such a pair were made for trouble, and in Cervantes' book they were seldom out of it.

This great novel of "Don Quixote" came out in 1605, and was seen at once to be one of the world's masterpieces. It set the people of Spain roaring with laughter. It went through all the European countries and the Spanish-American colonies. There is a story that the king of Spain happened to look out of his window one day and saw a boy reading and laughing until his sides shook. "That boy is either crazy," said the king, "or he is reading 'Don Quixote.'"

Ten years later Cervantes published a second book about Don Quixote. In many ways it was better than the first, for by that time the author had learned a good deal more about people. He had retired to a quiet life in the town of Valladolid. He was very famous, but in spite of the large number of poems, plays, and novels he had written, he was far from wealthy. In the year after the second book of Don Quixote he died—on April 23, 1616. The very same day saw the death of the only author living who was his superior. That was our own incomparable Shakespeare. They had created the two funniest men in all literature—Don Quixote and Falstaff.

A MAN WHO WROTE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED PLAYS

It Is the Spaniard Lope de Vega Who Holds the Record of All Time for the Number of Dramas He Produced

NO ONE else ever wrote so many plays as Lope de Vega (lō'pē dā vā'gā). He is said to have written no less than eighteen hundred regular plays, besides four hundred or so pageants for religious festivals! He himself said that many a play passed from his brain to the boards of the theater within twenty-four hours. There is a story that he once made a bet that he could write a whole act for a comedy before breakfast. At five o'clock in the morning, Lope was quietly strolling in his garden after a

good night's sleep. At eight o'clock the act was finished. All these feats of swiftness are the more amazing since, like most of the dramatists of his time, Lope de Vega wrote his plays in verse.

All through his youth this clever poet seemed to be a darling of the gods. He was born in 1562, of good family, in Madrid, which had recently become the capital of Spain, then the proudest and most powerful empire in the world. Here at the gay court of Philip II any clever, well-born lad would

LOPE DE VEGA

find golden opportunity. And before he was five Lope was showing his talent, making up verses for his tutor to write down for him before he himself had even learned to write. At school he was the bright boy of his class. He could sing, dance, write poetry, and fence. By the time he was thirteen, he had written a play which was published.

On a Lark to See the World

But young Lope was as adventuresome as he was clever, and after the death of his father, who was himself a poet, Lope decided to run away and see the world. He had traveled over a hundred miles before his money gave out. Then he tried to sell a gold chain, but the jeweler was suspicious of the young tramp and turned him over to the police. Not long after that the boy found himself at home again.

At twenty Lope was a handsome fellow—tall and commanding in appearance, courtly in manner, as became a Spanish gentleman. People were charmed by his musical voice and graceful speech, his wit and gallantry. From nobles at the court to rogues in the streets, everyone loved him. The best families of Spain were willing to offer him protection; and that was lucky, for in those days artists and literary men had to depend for their living upon the generosity of wealthy nobles. A bishop took Lope under his wing and sent him to the university. Then Lope became secretary to the richest and most famous of the Spanish dukes.

Lope's Adventure with the Armada

Sometimes Lope's charming ways only got him into trouble. When the Invincible Armada, that proud Spanish fleet built in 1588 to conquer England, sailed away, young Lope was with it—fleeing from a certain lady whom he had courted and then quarreled with. Lope tells us cuttingly that the verses he had written to her served as wadding for his gun!

However that may be, the Invincible Armada, as everybody knows, was not invincible. What Drake and the storms left of it came limping back to Spain, with Lope on it. Soon he was back in Madrid, his heart as light as ever. Immediately he set to work

writing. But within a few months he startled everybody by eloping with the sister of the king's herald. He fought a duel over the lady and was banished from the capital; that did not worry him much, for he could return to his duke. Seven years later, his wife died, but he was still young and he married again.

There came a time, however, when Lope's heart was no longer light. His favorite child was drowned at sea. His second wife died. One of his daughters ran away. The man's heart was almost broken. Life seemed suddenly dark to him who had always been lucky, care-free, and gay. So at the age of fifty-two Lope sought comfort in religion, and became a priest. The rest of his life he spent in writing and in penance, until 1635, when he died.

At the Pinnacle of Fame

When he withdrew from the world, Lope de Vega was at the height of his great fame. People listened to his word on literary affairs as though he were almost more than human. He was famous beyond the borders of Spain, all over Europe and even in the New World. In Spain itself, his name had come to mean anything excellent. Thus a brilliant diamond was a "lope" diamond, a fine day was a "lope" day. Bishops, dukes, princes, and kings treated him as an equal.

Spain loved Lope because he wrote dramas that were altogether Spanish. It was he who made the Spanish theater great. When he first began to write, the drama was just becoming an important art in Spain. Two new theaters were built in Madrid and several others were scattered through the country. Strolling players wandered through every province in companies of four or five, playing in farmyards, inn courts, and town squares, making a scanty living by passing the hat.

By the time Lope was a grown man, the theater had become so popular that the demand for new plays was unending. Many other dramatists were writing, but most of them copied Italian verses and made their characters act like wooden dolls. Lope's characters spoke and acted like human beings. His servants talked like servants, his cavaliers like gentlemen. He knew all

types and could make his people laugh and cry, live and breathe, like human beings.

No wonder that people clamored for him to write plays and still more plays until he had turned out so amazing a number! He never had any trouble finding plots—an incident seen from his window, a story from the Bible or from Greek mythology, any tale that came handy he would turn into drama. He never had any trouble writing verse either—it was merely the work of putting

words on paper. And strangely enough, most of his plays are good plays, in spite of having been written so fast.

To-day Lope de Vega is not so well known to the world at large as he was during his lifetime. That is because his dramas have not pleased the people of all countries since his death. He was as Spanish as his native soil, and he belonged to his age. But he will always be remembered as the "father of the Spanish theater."

The GREATEST DRAMATIST of SPAIN

Supreme in His Own Land, Calderón Has Had a Large Influence Over the Drama in Many Other Countries

WHILE Pilgrims in Massachusetts were building the first New England homes, a handsome youth began a long reign as Philip IV of Spain. The boy was gifted with good taste. He wanted to spend all the money in the treasury in buying beautiful pictures and rewarding great artists, instead of in fighting wars or governing colonies. He chose men for government posts not so much for political ability as for artistic talent and places went to the most gifted poet, the wisest historian, the sharpest-tongued novelist, the most popular dramatist.

Young Pedro Calderón de la Barca (kal'dā-rōn' dā la bar'-ka) was lucky indeed to be brought up in such a court. He was born in 1600, and was educated by the Jesuit fathers at the Imperial College in Madrid. He later studied law at Salamanca. By the time he was twenty he was writing such good plays that the famous dramatist Lope de Vega (lō'pē dā vā'gā) praised them. And King Philip was the very man to encourage so promising a youth.

It was a good thing for the young poet that

Philip liked artists too much to be annoyed at one of them for a hot-tempered duel or a reckless love affair. For Calderón, like other young Spanish grandees, was soldier, poet, swordsman, and lover by turns. He was proud and reckless, quick to avenge an insult with sword or with pen. Once an actor

stabbed Calderón's brother and fled to a convent, knowing that age-old custom forbade anyone to attack an offender within those holy walls. But the imperious young

poet, with his friends, boldly broke into the sacred place to seize the man. When an outraged priest rebuked Calderón in a sermon before the King, the reckless youth mocked the holy man in his next play. Yet, though he was jailed for this offense, he was soon set free by the indulgent King.

So Calderón kept on writing plays. When the beloved Lope de Vega died, he stepped into the vacant place as foremost dramatist of Spain. It is true that he wrote much too fast, turning off plays at so prodigious a rate that he did not have time to do his best with most of them. It is true, too, that, like



Photo by Germain Paris

This is the aristocratic face of the Spaniard Calderón, still remembered, after two and a half centuries, as a great dramatist and poet.

others of his day, he did not take the trouble to think up his own plots and characters or always even his own speeches, but borrowed freely from earlier writers. Furthermore, his characters are all more or less alike, and none of them sparkle with life as Shakespeare's, for instance, do. People said that the poet was spoiled by the King's favor and cared so little for anyone that he would not stoop to study the joys and sorrows of real men and women.

A Poet of Magical Power

Yet in spite of all these faults, Calderón deserved the honor that was showered upon him. From time to time he would turn the old material he worked with into a glowing masterpiece, so that no one cares where he got his plot any more than we care where Shakespeare got the plot for "Hamlet" or "The Merchant of Venice." If he did not understand people, he certainly understood the theater brilliantly, and no one ever knew much better how to make a play go well upon the stage. And over everything he threw the magical beauty and power of his poetry; for above all else, Calderón was a great poet.

When Calderón was nearing fifty, a great change came over him. He was suffering from ill health, and shadowed by grief at the death of a lady whom he had loved many years. He gave up his military honors, gave up the life of the court; he meant even to give up the theater, though in the end he did not quite do that. He became a priest, and thereafter wrote almost nothing but religious plays. Philip made him royal chaplain and regularly attended the plays which

Calderón wrote to celebrate the festival of Corpus Christi (kór'pūs krīs'tī) in early summer.

These plays are perhaps the most splendid poetry which Calderón ever wrote. The chief characters are Sin, Vice, Pride, Penance, Understanding, and other similar figures. This does not sound very exciting to most moderns, but in Calderón's time the plays were immensely popular in Spain and Portugal. In truth the spectacle of Corpus Christi was a brilliant one. In the morning long processions wound through the streets of Madrid toward the cathedral. Kings and princes, highborn gentlemen and lowborn peasants, all took part. Some wore strange-looking costumes of bright colors, others wore huge masks. Musicians sounded pipes and drums, dancers swayed slowly, pasteboard devils and plaster saints rumbled along on carts. The procession entered the cathedral and all the people heard Mass. Then in the afternoon all Madrid gathered in the square fronting the cathedral to watch the play. The most distinguished spectators sat beneath a velvet canopy, rich merchants lined the balconies, and common people thronged the square.

When the play was by Calderón the people would sit enchanted, won by his exquisite religious feeling and his singing lines. Critics still think Calderón's seventy religious plays are the best of his dramas. But his fame rests also on the other plays he wrote—about a hundred—many of them still popular to-day, though it is more than two centuries and a half since 1681, when the great poet and dramatist died.

The MASTER GENIUS of PORTUGAL

In the Days of the Great Discoverers, Camoëns Made His Land Still More Illustrious by His Pen

LADIES of the court in Lisbon sometimes laughed at the "one-eyed devil," Camoëns (kām'ô-ëns). Men called him "swashbuckler"—yet they envied his reckless gayety and the superb love poems he wrote. No one seemed more care-free than he. But under his easy manner

was a very heavy heart; for he was hopelessly in love.

He had left his studies at the University of Coimbra, (kô-ëm'brä), the scholar's paradise in Camoëns' day (1524 to 1580), in order to follow his lady to Lisbon. There he had moved among the ladies and gentlemen

CAMOËNS

of culture who crowded the court. But perhaps the king and the girl's parents frowned upon his hopes; or perhaps one of the plays he wrote displeased the king. At any rate, the dreamy, love-sick boy was banished. To forget his misery he fought for two years with the Portuguese army in Africa--only to return blind in one eye, but as deeply in love as ever.

For a time it seemed that the influence of a cousin might help Camoëns to win his lady's heart. But then came a duel with a courtier, months in jail, and yet deeper despair. After his release, Camoëns enlisted as a common soldier for service in India. There and in Africa he visited lands claimed for Portugal by right of the discoveries of the great Vasco da Gama, who had first dared to sail around the southern tip of Africa fifty years earlier. Camoëns was related to da Gama, and in his exile the young man recalled proudly the gallant sailors who had made little Portugal one of the most powerful seafaring nations of the world. Now he himself was part of the band which was holding lands in India against the English, the Dutch, and the natives, all of whom longed for a chance to oust the Portuguese.

For over ten years Camoëns stayed in the Far East, now prospering, now despairing, but putting into noble verse the deeds of da Gama and his great countrymen. The work took shape as a long epic or narrative poem called "The Lusiads" (lō'si-ăds), a name which came from a Latin name for the Portuguese. Camoëns, though he wrote

somewhat as did the ancient Roman poet Virgil, was fired with the great intellectual enthusiasm which flamed up all over Europe at this time—we call it the Renaissance, or Rebirth. It was burning brightly in Portugal, where it had been kindled in part by the noble exploits of Portuguese sailors. Camoëns wrote of their proud, stubborn courage and fine achievement; but most of all his poetry reflected his own triumph over suffering.

When Camoëns was nearing middle age, his friend the Viceroy of India died. The poet decided to end his exile, for he was broken in health and so poor that he had to live on charity. After two years of delay and hardship, he reached Lisbon and showed the manuscript of "The Lusiads" to the king. As a reward he received a pension barely large enough to keep him alive!

Camoëns triumphed over harsh fortune. Misery seemed only to heighten his power as a poet. But he paid a high price for his triumph. When he returned home he was only forty-three, but he was already an old man. The swashbuckler's reckless fire was dead. He could no longer write with his old spirit. He could only warm his poor body and nurse memories of his youth. Then came the plague, ten years after his return. The great poet died "without even so much as a sheet to cover him," and was buried in a grave with other plague victims.

Since his death the fame of Camoëns has grown steadily, until Portugal now holds him her greatest poet, ranking him with the world's foremost writers of narrative verse.

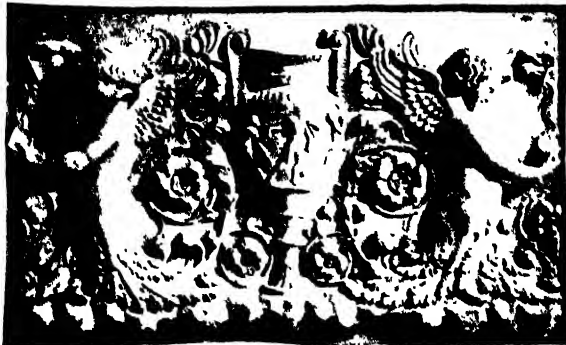




Photo by Ruehritz

When the emperor Charles V was a little lad he received a very careful education, and it is pleasant to imagine him listening seriously to so grave a scholar as Erasmus, as he is doing in this picture. Erasmus was

not the boy king's regular tutor, but he was made a counselor, or adviser, to Charles when Charles was about sixteen, and wrote for him a book of wise advice called "The Education of a Christian Prince."

ERASMUS, PEERLESS WIT *and* SCHOLAR

Standing on the Very Threshold of the Modern World, This Man Did Much to Open the Door to Our Day

ALMOST on the very day that Columbus set sail on his perilous voyage across the Atlantic, young Desiderius Erasmus (dē'sī-dē'rī-ūs ē-rāz'mūs) became a priest at Rotterdam, in Holland. Two mighty adventurers were these—Columbus boldly plowing uncharted seas, Erasmus venturing into realms of thought and knowledge strange to most men in his day. Each in his own way was a leader of the great quickening of life and interest in living which we call the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sōNs').

But when Erasmus, who was born about 1466, was young, the natural place for the adventurer in knowledge was still the Catholic church. Throughout the Middle Ages the church held within its walls nearly all the

learning of Europe, and all the arts had been thought of as handmaidens of religion. Even now that men's minds were turning away from the old ideas of theology, were questioning the old authorities, and finding a new interest in ancient Greek writers and in the good things of this world, the ferment and excitement were still within the Church. Except for the men of action, like Columbus, nearly all the leaders of the Renaissance were priests.

Erasmus had not much wanted to become a priest. In the school at Deventer, in Holland, he had learned a consuming love of letters, and he wanted to go on to the university; but he was sent to a monastery to school, and finally persuaded to enter the

ANDERSEN

church for life. Yet he was always a scholar and a man of letters before all else, and throughout his life he found many patrons to help him get the time to study and write. At other times he supported himself by teaching pupils, or by editing books for the new printing presses. He never performed the duties of a priest such as we know them to-day.

Though Erasmus was born in Holland, he belongs to all Europe. In those days all scholars wrote and spoke to each other in Latin; so he could pass easily from land to land and his books could be read by scholars everywhere. Some of his happiest years were spent in England, where he knew John Colet (kōl'ēt) and Sir Thomas More, and was himself counted one of the leaders of English thought.

It was probably on his first visit to England, in 1499, that he fully determined to devote his life to study. It was in England, on a later visit, that he wrote his most-read book, "The Praise of Folly." This is a witty satire which still makes excellent reading. It was in England, too, that he finished his edition of the New Testament, a very important piece of work. Erasmus also put some of the Bible into the language of the people. He said: "I long that the peasant should sing the Scriptures to himself as he follows the plow, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle."

After 1514 Erasmus spent the greater part of his time in Germany and Switzerland, mostly at Basel. Here he could superintend the publication of his books. Here for several

years he was connected with a famous printing press. Wherever he went throughout Germany, he was received with enthusiasm. Disciples flocked around him. He was fair and blue-eyed and charming, with sensitive feelings and an ever-busy brain. He

was tolerant and many-sided and reasonable, a man of the new

day, an adventurer into the future. The scholars and men of letters of the Renaissance looked to him as their leader, princes were eager to receive one of his wise and witty letters. The Pope himself let Erasmus dedicate a book

to him. So many presents were showered on Erasmus that he forgot how poor he had once been.

The Pope urged him to defend the church against the rebellious writings of Martin Luther, who was stirring up the trouble that led in

the end to the Protestant Reformation. But Erasmus would not do it. He did not like Luther, and indeed thought him a fanatic. But on the other hand he was not interested in quarrels over church doctrines. He himself, like many other scholars of the time, had read deeply in the early Christian fathers, and he believed that the church should be purified and simplified and made more like the early church. He thought Luther went too far; but he would not quarrel with him. He believed in patient argument rather than violent conflict.

So, till his death in 1536, he lived in honored retirement, poring over old Greek and Latin manuscripts and writing his Latin essays, which should make men's thinking freer and clearer.



Photo by the Louvre

This fine portrait of Erasmus is by the famous painter Hans Holbein.

"The UGLY DUCKLING"

How Hans Christian Andersen, the Odd, Lonely Child of a Poor Cobbler, Grew Up to Be One of the Great Tellers of Fairy Tales

IN THE old town of Odense, on one of the green Danish islands, a little boy was born in the year 1805. His young father was a cobbler, and he was so

poor that even if he had owned much more than a bed, a crib, and his bench, he could hardly have found a place for it in his tiny home. For the home was just one room.

ANDERSEN



Photo by Danish Consul N. Y. C.

It was in this humble cottage in Odense, Denmark, that Hans Christian Andersen spent his childhood.

Whether or not it was here that he was born, nobody even in his native Denmark seems to know.

Still the little room was bright and cheerful. There were some copper pans that twinkled on the hearth, and a cupboard that held some books and songs. A little ladder led to the roof, and up there the mother grew some vegetables in a large chest filled with soil. When the boy grew up he wrote a story about that tiny garden. For this boy was Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875), and the story is "The Snow Queen."

Hans Christian's Childhood

On Sundays the father used to tramp through the woods with little Hans. In spare moments he would read aloud or carve toys for him. For Hans was all his father's hope. He was the poor shoemaker's one great treasure.

Hans Christian had a very sweet old grandmother, who was so poor that she had to take care of the gardens at the home for the insane in Odense. When she burned the rubbish in the gardens twice a year, Hans Christian was always there. He used to stare in wonder at the harmless patients

roaming around the gardens. For hours he would listen to the tales of the old women who did the spinning for the asylum. They were all stories that Danish folk had known and told for hundreds of years. Once in a while little Hans would grow so excited over them that he could not sleep.

Then one day his father joined the army of the great Napoleon. When the war was over he came home ill and unhappy. He soon died, and left Hans alone with his poor mother. But the mother had to go out and do washing for a living, and the boy had nothing to amuse him but a toy theater that he had made.

"The Ugly Duckling" Grows Up

For plays of every kind were charming to Hans Christian. He used to scan the handbills of the theatrical companies that came to Odense, until he had learned the names of the characters by heart. He would make up his own plots to fit the characters. He even scrawled out some of his "plays," but the people only laughed at them. They

ANDERSEN

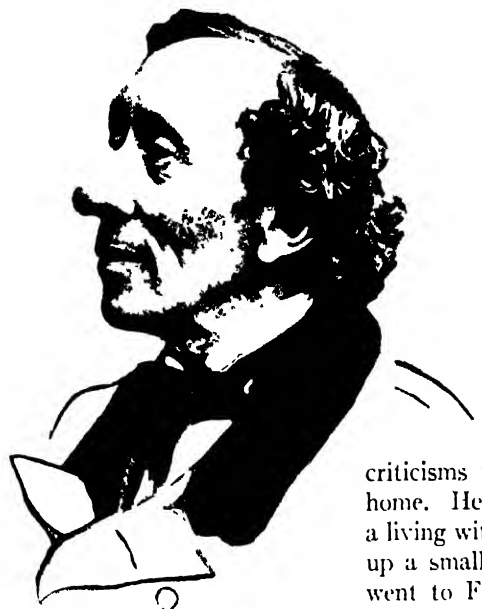
told his mother she ought to put Hans to work. So for a while she sent him to a factory. There the little boy amused the weavers by singing to them all day long in his sweet voice. But one day they frightened him so cruelly that he ran away and never came back.

The boy had a dream of growing up to be a famous actor and poet, although everybody was still laughing at his scribbles. The fact is that he was a very ugly boy, awkward, long-legged, thin, and stooped. When his mother sent him to a school again, he was a poor pupil because he was always dreaming about stories and plays. When the time came for him to join the church, he had his first pair of boots. He was so proud of them that he tucked his trousers inside the boot tops so that no one should fail to see his glory. During the services he could think only of his new shoes, even though he knew it was wrong. When he grew up he wrote the story of "Red Shoes" about those boots.

When his mother wanted to apprentice him to a tailor, he begged to go to Copenhagen instead. Off he started, at fourteen, with a few coins, no experience, and no friends. He tried to find work in a theater as a singer or a dancer. But the more the long-legged boy pranced and sang, the more people thought he must be mad. No manager would give the ugly, ignorant boy a chance.

At last he found some friends who offered to send him to school again and train his voice. But then his voice broke and once more his hopes went astray. He spent many days of terrible poverty, too proud to

ask for more help. Finally Jonas Collin, a prominent Danish official, sent the lad to school once more, and acted as a father to him. Then the boy published an amusing little book and had one of his plays acted in Copenhagen. So Hans Christian was very happy, and the people who had helped him felt that at last he was beginning to repay their kindness and faith in his talent.



Here is the pleasant, homely face of Hans Christian Andersen, one of the world's greatest writers of tales for children.

At the age of twenty-five he made his first trip away from Denmark. After that, he was seldom at home for a long time. In Germany he made friends with some of the famous poets. Their praise helped to restore

his spirits, which were still smarting from the criticisms that had hurt him at home. He now managed to earn a living with his pen, and to save up a small fund for travel. He went to France, to Switzerland, to Italy. He published charming stories of his travels and started a novel about his own struggles. Everywhere he made new friends.

He was welcomed in Sweden and Germany. Even the King of Denmark finally gave him a small pension. For the first time he was free from worry about money, and soon afterward he wrote his best romance, "Only a Fiddler." The ugly duckling was indeed turning into a swan; for of course it is his own tale that he told in his story of "The Ugly Duckling."

The "Ugly Duckling" Comes into Fame

Yet in Denmark the critics were still hostile to him, and he kept on traveling a great deal. In other lands he was more famous, and could work far better.

So the years passed as Andersen kept on traveling, writing, and winning higher fame. The German poet Heine (hī'nē), and the

French novelists Dumas (dü'mü') and Victor Hugo honored him. In England Dickens became a great friend. The lovely Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, owed a good deal of her success at the start to him. He was welcome in the homes of dukes and princes, and even of kings.

More important than the kings, he had made friends of many children. He could hold them spellbound with his gay stories. He wrote out the tales he told them—at first the same old tales that the spinning women used to tell him long ago. Then he began to make up his own wonderful stories, and these were better than the older tales. He found that the grown people liked them as much as the children. And at last Denmark hailed Hans Christian Andersen as a genius.

Fairy Tales That Will Live Forever

Authors are often a little blind about their own works, and do not know which ones are the best. Andersen was like that. He thought he might be famous for his poems, plays, and novels, and he looked on his fairy tales as simple trifles. But the

world has thought otherwise. The "great" works are all forgotten long ago, while the fairy tales will live forever. The little stories like "The Tinder Box," "Thumbelina," "The Princess and the Pea," "The Snow Queen," and "The Poor Little Match Girl" are Andersen's immortal works.

Andersen would often read his stories to the children of his friends. He had never married and he had no boys and girls of his own. He would also cut out very odd and pretty little figures in paper for the children. Any child was lucky if he found one of these on his Christmas tree. And in Denmark no Christmas tree was complete without a volume of his tales nestling in its boughs. All over the world the children loved him.

The new books of tales kept appearing until Andersen was an old man of sixty-seven. That year he fell out of bed and hurt himself. From that time he was ill until his death at seventy. Before he died, he said he would like to have a peephole cut in his coffin so that he could see who would be sorry. He would have seen all the world, with the children leading everywhere.

The CHIEF MASTER of MODERN DRAMA

It Is Probably the Norwegian Ibsen Who Has Had More to Do with the Plays of Our Day than Any Other Man

OUTSIDE his windows little Henrik Ibsen heard the "dull and droning sound of many waterfalls," and through it came a piercing noise "like the sharp screaming and moaning of women." From dawn to dusk, this screeching, made by hundreds of saws at work beside the waterfalls, was in the boy's ears.

When he looked out through his windows, the scene was as dull and dreary as the sounds. The home where he was born (1828) was a large wooden house. It faced a gray square in Skien, a sea town in Norway. As he pulled back the curtains in the morning, the little boy would first see the grammar school and the church; then if he pulled them farther apart and stared, wide-eyed, out to the right, he could see the town pillory.

Sometimes there was a man there, his arms and legs through the stocks. If he looked to the left, the sight was just as grim, for a great gray madhouse stood there, with the prison beside it.

This dark and barren scene, with the dull droning of the waterfalls and the sharp screaming of the saws, was the first thing the little boy remembered. Doubtless this memory was one thing which made it hard for Ibsen all his life not to see everything in the world as dull and gray and dreary.

Inside the house, to be sure, things were much pleasanter. Something exciting was always going on: visitors, dances, dinners, parties. Good times followed one after another, especially at Christmas and Fair time. But too soon there came a day—when

Henrik was only eight—that saw the end of all the fun. The boy's father failed in business, losing everything he had except a tumbledown farmhouse on the outskirts of the town.

Henrik was very bitter about the way people treated his family after they became poor. He could not understand it. From that time on he began to work and play all by himself. He became an unsociable child, out of touch even with the rest of his own family. In school his teachers thought him a dunce. The only thing he seemed to do well was to draw.

But his family was too poor to let him follow this talent as he wanted to do. So instead of studying to be an artist, the boy left school at fifteen to be apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad. Here, "with an apron round his middle," he pounded drugs for the next five years.

He was poor, with barely enough money for food and clothes and a few books. And the lonely boy was growing up into a lonely man, surly and somewhat savage in manners. "This young man Ibsen is not quite nice," people said. The girls did not like him—"because he is so *spectral*!" one of them explained. So young Ibsen "walked about Grimstad like a mystery sealed with seven seals."

But behind the "seven seals" the genius of Ibsen was already beginning to come into being. He read and studied in his hungry solitude, wrote poetry to comfort his unhappiness, even wrote his first play. Finally, in 1850, he decided he could bear Grimstad no longer, and set out for Christiania.

At the capital he first went to school for a

time. It was at this "student factory" that he met the joyous, self-confident Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (byûrn'sûn), who was to become his friend and literary rival—surely as oddly matched a pair as one could find!

Almost at once he had published the play he had written, and followed it by others.

He tried to live by writing, and at one time helped to publish a paper for a few months. But it was really the theater which drew him. Good luck finally came in the form of a modest position as a "sort of literary manager" in a small theater in Bergen.

Ibsen had been badly in need of money, and the place in Bergen was a piece of good fortune in more ways than one. To be sure, his salary was a tiny one, but it kept him going.

And in the next five years, as manager and play producer, Ibsen learned a great deal about the theater that was to stand him in good stead all his life. He continued to write plays.

Ibsen's Early Failures

In 1857 Ibsen married, and returned to Christiania. The darkest six years of his life began. He was made manager of a new theater. It failed. He wrote another play, his first masterpiece, "The Vikings of Helgeland." It was received with cold disapproval; though he tried and tried, he could not find a theater anywhere to produce it, not even his own. He wrote another play, "The Pretenders," for which he was even more bitterly abused by the critics, and blamed for his "want of taste."

Ibsen and his family were starving. He was crippled with debts. At length he asked



Strength of will and intellectual power are written in the countenance of Henrik Ibsen, master builder of the modern drama.

the government for a small pension. It was refused—while the request of his brilliant rival Björnson was granted! Ibsen became more and more bitter and sarcastic, lashing his enemies with words like whips. In despair he applied to the king himself—and was granted a beggarly \$360 a year. Life in Christiania, even in Norway, had become unbearable for Ibsen. Smarting with bitter anger, he set out for Italy (1864).

Two of Ibsen's Greatest Plays

The warmth and splendor of the south was balm to his spirit after the long northern winters. In his exile, he thought deeply of himself and the world, and, setting down what he had thought in magnificent poetry, he produced two of the greatest of his plays, "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" (pā'ēr günt). In "Brand" we see Ibsen the crusader, the strong spirit against the world. In "Peer Gynt" Ibsen let his fancy go and wrote a fantastic, swift-moving succession of wild adventures, which yet somehow have both poetry and meaning. After the appearance of "Brand," Ibsen was at last given a pension large enough to relieve him of financial worries.

The Slow Path to Fame

A few years after this Ibsen began to write in prose, and he continued to write in prose all the rest of his life. It was better suited, he felt, to the new sort of drama he was now writing—dramas about the life of to-day, though still made much more intense than ordinary life by the playwright's poetry and passion. Into these "social dramas" Ibsen poured all his hatred of the stupidity and meanness in the world. Always his heroes and heroines are strong, lonely spirits like himself, fighting a losing fight against the world, or else they are people twisted or broken by society. So many of these powerful plays are famous, so many of them still appear time after time on the stage to-day, that it is hard to know which ones to name. "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmers-

holm," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder"—these are a few of them. They are stern tragedies, one and all. They move so swiftly to their mark and carry such a feeling of grandeur that they are often compared with the tragedies of the ancient Greeks. As Ibsen grew older he grew more and more mystical and poetic, until some of his last plays are like poems in prose.

All this time Ibsen was living still a rather lonely life in spite of his fame. He did not return from his exile for twenty-seven years, living most of the time at different cities in Germany. Followers sprang up to defend him and imitate him, and he became truly the father of the modern drama. Yet this happened very slowly, and in the meantime he was more insulted and abused for the things he wrote than one would imagine to be possible. The things the critics said about "A Doll's House" when it first appeared in London—in their desire to convey the impression that it was not in good taste—were almost unfit to print!

Last Years of a Great Author

Finally, in 1891, Ibsen returned to his native land. The people who had driven him away now longed to have their celebrated poet and dramatist at home to gloat over him. When they had him at last, the citizens of Christiania pointed him out with pride. They showed him to visitors as he sat at his special table in the corner of a café, right next to a mirror where he could see everything that happened. Woe to the unfortunate who unknowingly took his place! Ibsen, still as of old a mystery sealed with seven seals, had merely to glare. The intruder vanished in a hurry.

So in his old age the lonely poet was lionized. On his seventieth birthday, his statue was erected in the public square, and his play, "An Enemy of the People," was produced in his honor. When he died, in 1906, the king attended the public funeral, and the whole world mourned the man it had so neglected and humiliated in his youth.

The GLORIOUS SINGER of OLD PERSIA

The Verses of Omar Have Been Put into Such Beautiful English that He Is Now as Much a Part of Our Literature as of His Own

ONE day in 1860 the poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti was browsing around some London bookstalls. He stopped before one of the penny boxes and picked up a little pamphlet. Carelessly he turned its pages. It was a book of verses in stanzas of four lines. He began to read casually. Then he bought the book and was off like a flash.

"I've got it cheap," he thought, "at a penny."

Rossetti (rô-sět'tê) took his "find" home and read it to his friends. They got excited, too.

"Who was this Persian poet, Omar Khayyam?" they asked; "and who is the man who has translated his poems so beautifully, without even signing his name?"

In this way Rossetti started the vogue of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The vogue grew and grew. People went about reciting their favorite four-line stanzas. They liked this one especially, and quoted it on all occasions:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!"

And still more people joined the ranks of Omar Khayyam's admirers. They were the admirers, too, of Edward FitzGerald; they had found out that it was this poet—a friend of Thackeray and Tennyson—who had translated the "Rubaiyat" (rôo-bî-yat'). For, encouraged by the praise, he had revised and published another edition, to which he signed his name.

"But who was Omar Khayyam?" the public wanted to know. "When did he live? What was he like?"

He was a great Persian mathematician and poet of the eleventh century. "Khayyam" (kî-yâm') means "tent maker," but

Omar was not a tent maker at all. He probably took the name from his father's occupation.

At school Omar had a dear friend, Nizam-ul-mulk, who later became vizier and a very powerful man at court. He wanted to make Omar a chamberlain, but Omar did not like the idea. He told his friend that what he really wanted was a flat sum of money each year—so that he might live as he pleased. And Omar's friend was generous and wise enough to let him have his way.

No one could have used such a gift better. Omar spent his time at his studies, as he loved to do. He became a great mathematician, developing a method of solving algebraic equations by the use of geometry, writing the best book on algebra that had ever been known up to that time. He became at the same time a great astronomer. After a while, the Sultan himself called the famous scholar to court and put him in charge of the observatory—something much more to Omar's taste than being court chamberlain. Besides this, he was set to revising the Persian calendar. He did everything well.

Yet with all this scientific work on his hands, Omar Khayyam, the tent maker's son, still found time to write the verses that make him so popular in far lands eight centuries after his death. He had thought a great deal about life and death and things in general, and had decided that he did not agree with most of the people in Persia in his day. He set himself to put his thoughts on these things into neat and beautiful little four-line stanzas in which the first, second, and fourth lines all rhyme.

Omar thought that no one of us is quite so important as we think we are, and the life of men seemed to him a brief and melancholy thing. But he thought, too, that we should make the most of life while it lasts.

TOLSTOY



So great an artist was Tolstoy, so vivid was his imagination, that while he wrote his novels and stories, it seemed to him that the characters came alive around him, as if they were actual men and women.

The GIANT among RUSSIAN AUTHORS

No Voice in Our Day Has Rung a Clearer Peal throughout the World than That of Leo Tolstoy, Whose Strange Life Reads Like the Story of Some Saint of Old

THIS is the story of a prince who became a peasant—of Count Leo Tolstoy (töl-stoi'), one of the greatest of Russia's writers, who, born rich, proud, and noble, at last in humbleness of spirit gave up his wealth to live simply among his peasants. But this change from pleasure-loving prince to humble tiller of the soil did not come about all at once. It took many years of intense struggle.

Leo Nicholaivitch was born in 1828, at Yasnaya Polyana, the country estate of the Tolstoys. His mother died soon afterward,

and six years later his father followed her. During these years the child used to roam the fields, he loved to explore the streams, to hunt for mushrooms, and to chase rabbits. He was an awkward little boy, shy and sensitive. He liked best to play alone.

When he was eleven, Leo Nicholaivitch went with his older brothers to live at Kazan (kâ-zän'y'), a university town. Even then, the conflict between his self-indulgence and his self-denial had begun. One day he suddenly asked himself, "Since we all have to die anyway, why not have a good time?"

With an impatient gesture he pushed aside his books, threw himself upon a couch and spent the afternoon munching candy and reading romances.

At seventeen, Tolstoy donned the uniform and sword of the university student. In college he failed miserably in half his subjects, for he spent night after night at dances and card parties, without a thought of the morrow's class work. Nor was he liked by the other students. He was moody and disagreeable. They thought him overbearing and conceited. At last, disgusted with his useless life, he decided to turn over a new leaf. So he left college, and returned to his estate at Yasnaya Polyana (yas' nã ya pól ya'na).

At Yasnaya, Tolstoy tried to become a model landowner, but it was not so easy as one might imagine. The peasants did not understand him. They thought his presence merely meant that their already unhappy lives were to become the more unbearable. They were afraid of their master; and when Tolstoy built new and clean houses for them to live in, they refused to budge from their old, ill-smelling shacks. His task was hopeless. He gave it up in disgust, and went to Moscow and returned to his carousing.

The Battle of Two Natures

And so was begun the inward struggle that was to tear the man apart all the years of his life. There were two natures battling in Tolstoy—as there are in many of us. On the one hand, he was eager to live simply and nobly; and on the other, he was pleasure-loving and proud. Because he was so great, his struggle was great. It was to have its effect not only on his own life on his character and his books—but on the world as well.

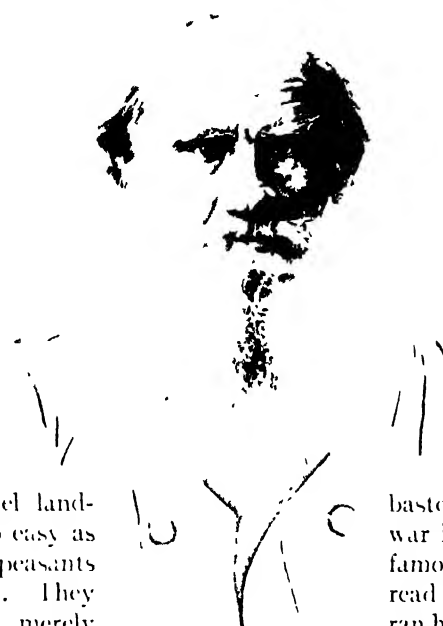
This time Tolstoy's selfish instincts did not have their way very long. Soon he was again despising himself for his idle and foppish life. To get away from the wild gayety of high society, he joined the army in the Caucasus, a mountainous region in the southeastern part of Russia. Here he learned

at last to understand the poor Russian soldiers and peasants as he had never understood them at home.

He began to write. First came "Childhood," a story about his early life. Then followed "Boyhood and Youth." But it was when he was transferred to Sebastopol (sê-bâs'tô-pôl), where the Crimean (krî-mê'ân) War was raging most fiercely, that he began to write in earnest. His "Tales from Sebastopol," a picture that showed war in all its ugliness, made him famous overnight. Everybody read the stories and discussion ran high. The Czar saw to it that so gifted a writer was immediately taken out of the army and sent out of harm's way. So Tolstoy returned to St. Petersburg, the present Leningrad, which at that time was capital of Russia.

At the capital Tolstoy joined the literary circles. He was his usual overbearing self, quarreling with the other writers, especially Turgeneff (tôor-gên'yěf), the foremost writer of the day. The great novelist, on the other hand, treated Tolstoy with the utmost kindness and respect.

In the midst of all his riotous living, the uneasy young man was in his diary reproaching himself for his weakness. In this secret book he set down the ideal that he was to bear like a flaming torch for the rest of his life—the ideal of a life lived for the happiness of mankind. The struggle between his two natures was now at its fiercest, and his soul was the battlefield on which the two forces,



The long years of battling with himself, as well as the final strength and peace he won, engraved deep lines in the face of Leo Tolstoy.

TURGENEFF

conscience and desire, struggled for victory.

During the next few years Tolstoy spent much of his time abroad. He traveled in France, Italy, Germany, and England, where he learned a great deal about the conditions of the poor. Then, in 1861, he returned to Yasnaya Polyana, and again set about to become a model landlord. This time he succeeded. First he freed his serfs— for Russian peasants until 1861 were still serfs, bound almost like slaves to stay on the soil and serve each his particular landlord. But Tolstoy did not stop there; he went on to win the love and trust of these people. He had learned to be patient and kind. He had become humble in spirit. Now he helped the peasants to help themselves. He built schools for them and taught their children himself. When he came into a classroom, the children crowded around him clamoring for a story, for he was a wonderful storyteller.

Thus two years passed. Then Tolstoy fell in love with a beautiful young girl, proposed to her, threatening suicide if she refused him— he was still hot-headed—and married her (1862).

It was in the early years of his married life that Tolstoy wrote his masterpieces,

classed among the greatest novels in literature. The first, which took five years to write, was "War and Peace," a story set in the time of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. It is the history of three noble families, but is so marvelously written that it gives a vivid picture of the whole of Russian society. The second book was "Anna Karenina" (kären'yĭ-nà), a tragic story of love and marriage among the aristocracy of Tolstoy's time.

When Tolstoy was fifty, conscience at last won the victory in the long struggle. He was now sure that all men were his brothers. He gave away his money and his property to live in simple poverty. His clothes were the rough clothes of the peasant, though his princely bearing, in spite of his humility, still betrayed his birth.

Because he had earned so great a name, all the world heard of this change in Tolstoy. His house became a shrine. He wrote and preached the brotherhood of man, and people came flocking to his doorstep as they might flock to an oracle. To everyone Tolstoy said, "The kingdom of God is within you." And in the same words he had used in his story "What Men Live By," he answered the old, old question of these pilgrims. "What men live by is Love," he said.

A MASTER NOVELIST of RUSSIA

Rich and Highborn, Turgeneff Wrote Many a Story about the Hard Lot of the Poor People in His Country

ONE day while he was listening to some poetry in his mother's beautiful garden at Orel, Russia, little Ivan Turgeneff (tōor-gĕn'yĕf) saw a fierce battle between a snake and a toad. He never forgot the fierceness of those combatants. Their fight was stamped on his memory. Many years later it strengthened his belief that the world is a bloody battlefield in which the strong trample on the weak.

Another thing that helped to give the rich and sheltered boy the same dismal idea of the world was the way his mother treated her serfs. These serfs were the servants and laborers on the estate, and in 1818, when Turgeneff was born, they were still prac-

tically slaves. His mother had a fierce temper that stopped at nothing. Once she had a serf who had displeased her sent to Siberia, like a common criminal. Another time she forced two people who hated each other to marry. She separated a serf from his family, leaving them broken-hearted. In fact, she treated her serfs as the overseers in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" treat their slaves. It made kind-hearted little Ivan utterly miserable.

Yet as men judge things, Ivan Turgeneff was born "with a silver spoon in his mouth." His mother's estate was wide and beautiful. He had everything a child could want. He did not have to go to school, as most children do, but had tutors to prepare him for college.

Many were the happy hours the little boy spent in the garden among the flowers and trees. Sometimes a friendly servant, Punin, would read poetry to him there, and that is how, while he was still very young, Ivan became interested in literature.

But in spite of all this, his mother's harsh acts made the boy very unhappy. Young as he was, he began to hate injustice, war, and serfdom—and he never left off hating them. Indeed, he spent the rest of his life trying to wipe them out. In this effort he used a pen and not a sword. To make his pen keener than a rapier he spent many years of preparation at the universities in Russia and abroad.

When he was twenty-nine, Turgeneff left the University of St. Petersburg and began to travel. He was intent on following a French opera singer whom he loved dearly. Most of his life after this was spent abroad, largely in Baden-Baden and in Paris.

Many patriots were angry at Turgeneff for quitting Russia at a time when she needed the strength of his pen so much. "That," they said, "is not the way to free your country." They called him a coward for running away and leaving Russia entangled in her misery.

But just as you stand off a little to throw a ball more swiftly, so Turgeneff felt he had to go away to hit serfdom harder. He was angry in his turn at the Russians who scolded him. They could talk beautifully, for days and nights on end, about how they would free Russia, he said, but when it came to doing anything about it, they seemed to have

exhausted all their force in talking. That is why Turgeneff looked to Western Europe for a leader to release Russia from her bondage.

Dostoyevsky (dás'tá-yěf'skê), another great Russian writer, roared with rage when he heard Turgeneff call for a savior from the West. He hated Turgeneff for praising another country above Russia. But the kindly Turgeneff, with his blue eyes blazing and his tall body trembling with emotion, kept on asking, "When will there come a man amongst you?"

He repeated the cry over and over in his books. In "Rudin," "Smoke," "Virgin Soil," and "Fathers and Sons," some of his most famous stories, his fervent question seeks an answer. But Turgeneff was not only an ardent patriot; he was above all else an artist. He was interested in Russians, but he was more interested in people as people. He knew men and women, their minds and souls, and he presents them so vividly that we too know them when we read their stories in his books.

When he grew older, Turgeneff was attacked by gout. At times he suffered terrible pain. When he was sixty-five (1883) the disease reached the spinal cord, and he died.

Rich, intelligent, and handsome, he had all a person could wish for—except peace of soul. Yet though his restlessness of spirit and his intense sympathy for the poor and downtrodden kept him unhappy all his life, it is these qualities that give his books strength, and make him the great novelist that he is.

A NOVELIST *from* SIBERIA

How Dostoyevsky Put the Gloom and Terror of Czarist Russia into His Powerful Works of Fiction

ONE minute separated Feodor Dostoyevsky (fâ-ô'dôr dás'tá-yěf'skê) from death. He had been arrested by the spies of the Russian government and unjustly branded as a conspirator. He had been thrown into the vilest and most evil-smelling dungeon of a St. Petersburg fortress, and for months had been waiting for the sentence of

the court-martial. Then, one day, he was taken with the other revolutionaries to one of the more important squares in the city. There a scaffold had been erected. Dostoyevsky himself tells what happened:

"To-day, the twenty-second of December (1840), we were all taken to Semyonovsky Square. There the death sentence was read

DOSTOYEVSKY

to us, we were given the cross to kiss, the dagger was broken over our heads, and our funeral toilet (white shirts) was made. Then three of us were put standing before the palisades for the execution of the death sentence. I was sixth in the row; we were called by groups of three, and so I was in the second group, and had not more than a minute to live. . . . I had time to embrace Plestcheiev and Durov, who stood near me, and to take my leave of them. Finally, retreat was sounded, those who were bound to the palisades were brought back, and it was read to us that His Imperial Majesty granted us our lives. . . ."

This last minute before the retreat was sounded was so dreadful that one of the condemned men went mad on the spot, and never recovered.

The prisoners, still in chains, were taken almost at once to Siberia. There Dostoyevsky spent eleven years, four in jail among thieves, murderers, and other criminals of every kind, the rest at enforced service in the army.

"But who is this man?" you perhaps are saying.

One of Russia's Greatest Writers

Feodor Michaelevitch Dostoyevsky is one of Russia's greatest writers. He wrote about suffering and miserable human beings. He dealt with the humblest types of people, with homeless orphans and starving clerks, with peasants, pickpockets, thieves, idiots, and murderers; and he wrote about ordinary people as well. Dostoyevsky's understanding of the working of men's minds and hearts was so sympathetic and so thorough that he pictured in detail all the thoughts and motives of his characters that led to their actions, good or bad, sane or insane. For he had discovered that men are not altogether good or altogether bad, and that sometimes

even criminals have deep, strong, beautiful natures.

Even before he was sent to Siberia, he had seen only too much of the lives of the unfortunate. He had been born (1821) into the misery of a large charity hospital where his father was chief doctor, and there he was

brought up face to face with the suffering of the poor. His home life, too, was severe, for his father was stern and stingy.

But the boy had a good education, though his school life was made unhappy by the lack of both friends and funds.

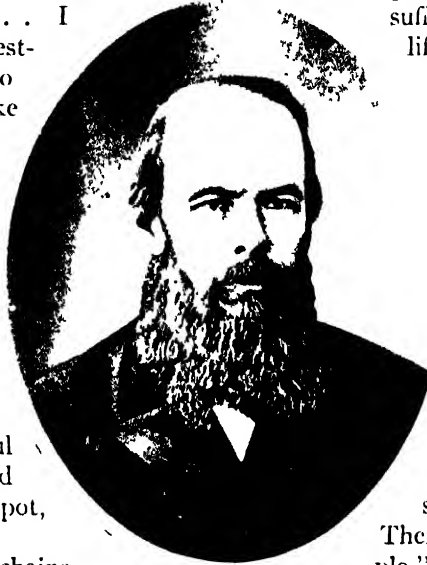
For a while after leaving school, Dostoyevsky served as an officer in the army. Then suddenly he decided to go to St. Petersburg the present Leningrad—to write. For a few years he starved in the vilest garrets.

Then his first novel, "Poor People," the sad story of a poor orphan and a half-starved clerk, was praised by the best critic of the time while it was still in manuscript. After that Dostoyevsky's luck changed, and he

was petted and admired till he became childishly boastful and conceited.

But because of his interest in the unfortunate he had been for some time a member of a group of eager young men who were looking for some way of improving society. That was a very dangerous thing to do in the days of the Russian czars—and it brought him to that terrible moment in which he said farewell to his friends and awaited his turn to die. Dostoyevsky never quite recovered from the shock of that experience. But in the long bitter years of exile and suffering in Siberia, he worked out for himself a deep and patient philosophy which later made his books more than mere novels. When he at last came back to St. Petersburg in 1859, he told of his experiences in a somber book, "The House of the Dead."

There followed many years of wasting



This is Feodor Dostoyevsky, who knew from his own experience only too much about the sufferings and tragedies of which he wrote so powerfully.

struggle with poverty. He went into journalism, but his paper failed and he was left in debt. Publishers cheated and took advantage of him, forcing him to write his greatest novels at breakneck speed. For a while he had to live abroad to escape his creditors. But, as he himself said, he had "the vitality of a cat," and so managed to survive his misfortunes. In the end he returned to Russia (1871), got out of debt, and grew to be well-known and honored both as a journalist and as a writer of novels. Before he died in 1881 he was hailed as a great modern prophet like Tolstoy (töl-stoi'), and for many years after his death not only Russians but many other writers were looking to him as to a master. More than one of his novels has been enrolled among the greatest stories of the world.

And what magnificent novels they are! The greatest of them were written during the last fifteen or twenty years of Dostoyevsky's life, when thought and suffering had had their way with him. They are huge books, and they do not make light or even pleasant reading. One could tell that from the titles of some of them—"Crime and Punishment," "The Idiot," "The Possessed." "The Brothers Karamazov" (kä'râ-ma'zôt) is no less somber than the rest, though it has a title that tells nothing. But gloomy as he is, no one can show us truer characters than Dostoyevsky, or make us better understand how people think and feel deep within themselves. There is a bigness about these novels which comes from something besides their length. They will live for many, many years to come.

The AUTHOR of "The CHERRY ORCHARD"

Son of a Serf, Trained for a Doctor, Chekhov Grew Famous as a Writer because He Could Write "as a Bird Sings"

ONE day Anton Chekhov's friend Kolenko came to visit him. The two laughed and joked together. Then the talk came around to Chekhov's stories, for, though he was still going to medical school, he had already begun to write for the humorous papers. The family needed all the money he could make in that way.

"Last week," he said, "I wrote a story squatting in a bathing tent. I didn't even read it. I just put it in an envelope and posted it. Do you know how I write my stories?" he went on. "Here—" He glanced at the table, and picked up the first thing that came his way. It was an ash tray. "To-morrow, if you like, I'll have a story called 'The Ash Tray.'" And he did.

Why should anyone who can write as easily as that—"as a bird sings," he later said—spend his time practicing medicine? Chekhov (chě'kôf) never did. In 1886 he published a collection of these amusing tales of his, and it made him famous. So he traveled a bit, and then settled down with his parents near Moscow to write.

But already he was threatened with tuber-

culosis. When he was thirty-seven (1897) he had to leave Moscow to live in the Crimea for the sake of his health. He felt like an exile, for he did not like the bright, barren land of the south. But he planted an orchard, which he loved dearly, thinking how he had turned the wilderness into a garden. If visitors came and bothered him with "clever" talk, he picked up his telescope and gazed into the distance until they let him alone. So he managed to keep reasonably contented. And he continued to write.

But a change had come over his writing. For one thing, he kept making his stories shorter and shorter, and spending more time and pains on them. There was no more writing "as a bird sings," and no more stretching out the tale with many unnecessary words. All was clipped and pruned and pointed to set forth some simple tale, some single mood.

His fame paved the way for later writers of short stories in Russia. "When in former days," he said, "one would take a short story to an editorial office, it was not even read. 'What? You call this a work? But it's

shorter than a sparrow's nose. No, we don't want such productions.' And I, you see, have managed to get my own way and have paved it for others."

Another change had come over the stories Chekhov was writing. They were no longer funny, but had become sad. They were full of a sort of weariness, a feeling that perhaps nothing is after all very much worth while.

Long before this Chekhov had written also his first play. In 1896 he wrote another one, since become famous. It was called "The Sea Gull." He went up to St. Petersburg, the present Leningrad, to see it produced. The production was very bad, the audience bored. The play was a flat failure. For hours after it was over, no one knew where Chekhov had gone. Then at two in the morning he came back.

"Where have you been?" his friend asked.

"I have been walking the streets," he answered. "If I were to live another seven hundred years, I should not write another play for the theater. I have failed as a playwright."

That from the man who was soon to be hailed as the greatest dramatist in Russia, and one of the greatest in the world! Two years later "The Sea Gull" was again produced, this time by the Moscow Art Theater—and with remarkable success. Chekhov became the chief playwright of this famous theater, which was experimenting in new ways of writing plays and of producing them. He followed "The Sea Gull" by three even more famous plays, "Uncle Vanya," "The Three Sisters," and "The Cherry Orchard." These plays have been translated into English and are still often produced with great success in America, especially the two last-named.

They are very sad plays, in much the same way that the stories are sad. There is about them, and the stories too, a note of hopelessness which does not appeal at all to the new Russia, and Chekhov is not so popular there as he used to be. Yet all agree that he was a great artist, and many have tried to write like him, especially in England, both before and since his death, in 1904.

The SOMBER SPELL of ANDREYEV

How a Man Who Had Known Hunger and Misery Gave Us a Picture of the Woes of His Country

Leonid ANDREYEV was all his life in revolt against the dark, unhappy things in the world. When he was a boy, his rebellion merely made him rather wild and unreasonable—a "bad boy," as people say. He would either be very silent and serious or else wild and boisterous. When the wild mood was on him he was sure to get into mischief—he stole apples, fought bloody battles, gambled with buttons and cards, skated on ice so thin that he was sure it could not hold him. In school he was always being sent out of the class for misbehaving; but he did not seem to care at all.

Like many another boy the world around, he dreamed of hair-breadth adventures among the red Indians—although he was born as late as 1871, when that sort of adventure was a little out-of-date. He had read all of

Cooper's stories that he could get his hands on, and neither the date nor the fact that he lived in far-off Russia troubled him. He ran away, fully intending to take ship for America, but he got only as far as St. Petersburg. There he was caught and brought home in disgrace.

When he was still very young, he had to turn his attention to more practical things than adventures among the Indians. His father had died, and the family was left very poor indeed. His ambition was to become a lawyer; so he went up to St. Petersburg to study at the university. There he almost starved. But he was so proud that he would go without food for days rather than ask for help. All the time he brooded more and more bitterly until he saw life through even darker glasses than might have been expected from his own sufferings. He tried—three

times to kill himself. But he only managed to give himself a weak heart.

It was only to be expected, then, that when he started to write, his stories would be bitter reading. First he wrote about hungry students, but these stories were always rejected. Meanwhile he had gone to Moscow to finish his law course, and had been given a scholarship which kept away the wolf from the door. Besides, he made some money painting portraits and writing for a newspaper. He really intended to earn his living by practicing law; but after his graduation he was offered work as a court reporter for a newspaper, and decided to accept. He was a remarkable reporter, and soon had people discussing his work all over Moscow. He also wrote a good deal for the papers under the pen name of James Lynch.

Andreyev's Only Happy Tale

Suddenly, in 1899, his first published story set the people talking excitedly about the appearance of a new genius. Oddly enough, this story, which is called "They Lived," is the only tale he ever wrote about happy lovers! It was as if he had written it to make people listen to him, and then dropped back into the gloom that was natural to him.

From this time on people listened to Andreyev (an'drā-yěf') whenever he wrote. Maxim Gorki, the great novelist, had been much impressed with that first story, and launched the young writer in the literary world. Andreyev wrote and wrote, and publishers vied with one another to buy his works. He became the highest-paid writer in Russia—attacked, abused, scorned, praised, misunderstood—but always read.

People called him Russia's "apostle of gloom." He doubted and questioned everything. He was gripped by an immense pity for the poor, the hungry, the oppressed. He lashed the foolishness and wickedness of those in authority with his scorn. He shows life empty and sorrowful in "The Life of Man"; he moves us by the horror of starvation in "King Hunger"; he questions everything in

earth and heaven in "Anathema." These are plays of great power. Of his prose writings the most famous are "The Red Laugh," which is a fantastic nightmare of war; "The Seven That Were Hanged," which is aimed against the death penalty in law; and "S.O.S.," which was written during the Red Terror after the Russian Revolution.

Some years before this Andreyev had moved to Finland, where he built for himself and his family a huge house with an enormous fireplace. Here he lived during the last ten years of his life, painting portraits with queer beastlike faces, dabbling in color photography, cruising the perilous waters along the Finnish coast in his yacht. He did his writing at night. He wrote at fever heat, swiftly, almost carelessly, never resting until he had come to the end. He lived in the characters he created. When he was writing "Anathema," he became the Jew who is the hero of it, and talked with a Biblical tone even at the tea table. When he was writing "The Seven That Were Hanged," he became the gypsy in it and gestured like a gypsy. He was a duke while he wrote "Black Maskers," a sailor while he wrote "The Ocean."

The Threefold Exile

Then the war came, and after that the revolution. Andreyev was sick at heart. He did not approve of the revolution; he refused the honors offered him, and let his fortune go. Again he was poor, even in want. His health was broken. He could no longer even find heart to write. "I am threefold an exile," he said; "from my home, from Russia, and from my art."

He turned to his boyhood dream of America. But this time there were no frontier adventures in his dream. He would go to America and tell the people about the misery of Russia.

"America will help my country," he said.

He was to have sailed on September 12, 1910. But three days before that, he suffered a hemorrhage of the brain, and died.

A MASTER VOICE of NORWAY

*'To Name the Name of Björnson,' Says One of His Critics,
"Is Like Hoisting the Norwegian Flag"*

LITTLE Bjørnstjerne Björnson found Romsdal fascinating. It was very different from the dull country place of Kvikne, also in Norway, where he had been born (1832), and had lived until he was six. Here there were hills and valleys, and not far away a fjord with the sunlight playing on its waters.

What a place for a boy to grow up in! The little lad played, and went to school at Molde, the next town, and read, and even wrote for by the time he was eleven he was already trying his hand at poetry.

When he was seventeen, young Björnson (byûrn'-sûn) went to Christiania, the capital of Norway, to study. In the school there, which sarcastic people called a "student factory," he made friends with Henrik Ibsen, who was to be forever afterward his great rival in literature; Björnson was to be much more popular, but Ibsen was to be more famous in the long run. Three years later Björnson started his career at the university. At the same time he became a journalist and a writer about the theater. After that it was not long before he began to write in earnest.

A Great Writer of Folk Dramas

First he wrote beautiful stories about peasants. He himself came of peasant stock—of which he was very proud—and so he loved and understood these people. The novels have such pleasant titles as "A Happy Boy" and "The Fisher Maiden"; they are in prose, naturally, but they have scattered through them charming bits of verse. Björnson followed the novels by heroic plays based on legends told among the peasants, stories of old kings and heroes, chief among whom was

Sigurd, about whom he wrote a famous series of three plays. With his stories and his dramas about the folk, Björnson wanted, as he said, "to create a new saga"—that is, a new hero-tale such as those told by the old bards.

The people of Norway liked the work immensely. The novels were greeted with great enthusiasm. As for the heroic drama, they raised Björnson to the front rank of the poets of Europe.

People liked Björnson himself too. The world seemed brighter when he was about, so gay he was, so full of ardor and self-confidence. He was a little like the hero of one of his novels, Arne, dreamy and poetic, a great lover of

beauty and comradeship. Yet he was strong as a viking; his name fitted him well—for "björn," which occurs in it twice, means "bear," one of the strongest of the beasts. And he was strong in spirit too.

In 1857 Björnson had become manager of the theater at Bergen, and had stayed there two years. Later he traveled a good deal in Europe, writing and enjoying his fame. Then in 1865 he became manager of another theater, this time at Christiania. Here he produced two plays of his own, a comedy called "The Newly Married," and a romantic drama about Mary Stuart. After a while he published a book of his poems.

Meanwhile his love of the plain people had led him deeper and deeper into the struggle for democracy and liberty. He became a lecturer, stirring the people by his splendid oratory. Big, powerful, brilliant, he was always in the thick of things; at mass meetings, at torch-light processions, everywhere



Dramatist, poet, and prophet

great men of modern Norway.

MAETERLINCK

he raised his voice for the coming of a better day. Norway was deeply moved and listened to him spellbound.

All this had taken so much time that he had not been writing novels or plays for some years. Then suddenly, in 1874, he published two plays at once, among his most famous works. They were called "The Editor" and "The Bankruptcy," and were about the things he had become so greatly interested in—not the romantic past or even the calm life of the peasants, but the comical ways of everyday people and the ugliness of modern life.

These "social dramas" brought Björnson a new kind of fame. He never went back to the old kind of writing, but continued to compose plays and novels that set forth his ideas about society. The theaters began refusing to put on his plays, disliking his new notions; even his mystical play called "Beyond Our Power," which is about religion rather than politics, had to wait sixteen years

for a producer. Several of these plays, when they did get a hearing, became very popular; and some of the novels also are rated among his best.

Meanwhile Björnson had had to flee from the country because of his political activities. But after a time it was safe for him to return, and he continued to live and write until 1910, when he died. He had been on the original committee for the award of the Nobel prize for literature; in 1903 he himself was given the prize. As for his old rivalry with Ibsen, when they were both old men, in 1899, it was safe to say that they were fairly abreast in the race for fame. Their statues were unveiled in front of the National Norwegian Theater in Christiania. At the opening of the new theater, they were honored together. They sat in state in the dress circle, all eyes upon them. "The King," it was said, "seemed never to have done smiling and bowing to the two most famous of his Norwegian subjects." Both of them are greatly honored still.

POET, DRAMATIST, DREAMER: MAETERLINCK

Of All Living Authors, He Is Possibly the Ablest in Holding His Reader or Listener under the Spell of a Magic Charm

CAN you imagine a better place to dream than a garden by a stately villa? When he was a boy, Maurice Maeterlinck (mä'tēr-līngk) dreamed in such a garden. Through it ran a broad, straight canal, and often great sea-bound ships glided by, "spreading their magic shadows." Bees hummed all day long in the rose bushes. Maurice watched them tirelessly. When he grew up, he was to write a story about the bees. He would call it "The Life of the Bee," and in it he would tell their habits, their customs, and even their morals, and show how men may learn from them. But no, he needed only to read—and dream.

Perhaps a little of that Belgian garden got into the dreamlike poems and essays and plays which Maurice Maeterlinck has written since he became a man.

Maeterlinck was born in Belgium in 1862. As a boy, when he was not at the villa he went to school in Ghent, not far away. In

this quaint, ancient city, its narrow streets shadowed by the overhanging second stories of the houses, the young poet may easily have imagined mysteries lurking in the gloom. But at the strict Jesuit college which he attended, he was not supposed to write any poetry, unless it was in Latin. That is not to say that he and his friends did not do the wicked thing—in secret.

For generations the eldest son of the Maeterlinck family had been a lawyer. So at the university the young Maurice wasted years carrying out the family tradition. He even started to practice, but it was of no use. For one thing, though he was a powerful, athletic youth, clean-cut and robust, he had too thin a voice for public speaking. Then too, he was so shy that to speak in public tortured him. So when, in 1887, he went up to Paris, it was not really to study some more law as he pretended it was, but to meet the great French writers.

MAETERLINCK



This is Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian writer whose best-known plays are like dreams that are somehow full of meaning.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

Maeterlinck writes largely in prose, but we often think of him as a poet, because his prose is so imaginative and so musical.

In Paris he joined a band of young poets gathered about Villiers de l'Isle-Adam (vē'lyā' dē lē' lā'dôN'), one of the leaders of the newest and most "modern" poetry. Here he wrote his first story. Its word pictures and colors reminded readers of an old Flemish painting. After a while, he returned to Ghent—and to his villa. Though he lamented that in Belgium the sturdy business men had little use for poets, he found hope for the future in the new interest in Belgian literature at the ancient University of Louvain. For himself, he continued to write.

The stuff of his dramas was lovely dreams and shadows. It is as though we saw his people through a twilight mist. They wander through dark forests and dwell in old, half-ruined castles. We never know where they come from or where they go. But when they speak, it is in prose that is like poetry. And we always feel, back of what they do and say, some mysterious deeper and more spiritual meaning. For Maeterlinck tries to delve into and lay bare the secret, unexplored depths of the soul. Some of the most famous of these melancholy and mysterious plays are in one act, like "The Intruder" and "The

Blind." The most famous of all, "Pelléas and Mélisande" (pě'lā'as' and ma'le'sôNd'), has been made into an opera, with exquisite music by Debussy that seems to express the story's very soul.

In his early thirties, Maeterlinck moved to Paris once more. He took as his wife a charming and intelligent young actress, and her influence helped to change his way of writing. He dwelt no more on darkness and mystery, but wrote simply and humanly. He created strong, powerfully intelligent women characters. Love is the savior of the soul, he preached. There is still something of mystery, though nothing of darkness, in that charmingly fantastic tale of animals and flowers and birds and odd adventure which we know as "The Blue Bird." This is a play beloved of children and grown people, too, all over the world.

Maeterlinck has written essays, too, many of them meant to explain what he was trying to do in those mystic plays. In 1911 he received the Nobel Prize for literature, and he has been honored by other awards in France. If they are beautiful enough, the world likes to be told of dreams.

FRENCH LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit No. 9

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Things to Think About

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Why was Blaise Pascal an important man?
Why did Alexander Pope try to follow the rules that Boileau worked out?

Who were La Fontaine's literary cronies?
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FRENCH LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

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Habits and Attitudes

Rabelais knew how to make people laugh, but while making fun he tried to point out evils and to make life better.

Molière was an actor who became famous through the comedies he wrote, which not only made people laugh but also, by means of clever ridicule, attacked foolish people and customs.

Racine was a courtier who won the approval of the King of France with his dramas, which were not only fine poetry but were also perfect in their form.

Blaise Pascal was a scientist and an inventor, but he is known

best for his beautifully written works on religion, in which he helped people to understand some of the great problems of life.

Because Madame de Staël had to leave France, she traveled to many lands and was able to describe in her books in a most interesting way the things she saw and the people she met.

Daudet's hard, poverty-stricken youth was his source of wealth, because he learned to know and understand the simple people whom he described with so much sympathy that his books became famous.

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Summary Statement

The literature of France gives a clear, true picture of French life

as seen through the eyes of many highly-gifted literary artists.

FROISSART



Photo by Nette J. from Medieval Art

In those "days of old when knights were bold," one of the most fascinating and important of all places was the armorer's shop. Knights were as particular about the looks of their armor as any eighteenth century gallant about the looks of his lace-trimmed coat, and on the soundness of his "iron clothing" depended

a knight's very life. You may see how absorbed little Jean Froissart is, watching the last steps in putting that suit of mail in perfect order! Though he will never be a knight himself, the romantic lad will grow up to spend all his genius setting down exciting tales of the men who did wear armor.

The GREAT AUTHOR of the KNIGHTS of OLD *It Was Jean Froissart Who Gave Us the Best Tales of the Days of Chivalry*

IN THE old days of Valenciennes (vā'lōN'cyēn'), in Flanders, the knights and their ladies, the soldiers and the priests, were thronging in the narrow streets. They were visiting in the castles round about, and flocking to mass in the beautiful cathedral in the town. Many of them dropped in at the house of a certain armorer to have him paint their coats of arms, and in that house their gay talk and their brave stories fired the fancy of the armorer's boy, Jean Froissart (zhōN frwā'sar'), who was born there about the year 1337.

It was not for any boy so humbly born to take up arms and be a knight himself. At the age of fourteen he could only go into

business. But that was tame sport for a boy whose head was crammed with tales of knightly glory, and Jean soon decided that "knowledge is better than money." So he left the shop and determined to become a learned priest. By the time he was eighteen he had read many books and grown into a poet; and then he set out to see the world.

Fortune was kind to him. In England he was received by Queen Philippa, and was made her secretary. The least that he could do in return was to reward her in glowing verses. He must have been a very likable fellow, for he had the gift of making friends with all sorts of people and of getting them

to tell him the stories of their lives. These he would weave into tales in rhyme. At the Queen's suggestion he traveled up into Scotland, that land of brave exploits, and then he went over to the Continent, always athirst for all the true tales of adventure he could hear.

His winning ways and his graceful poems made his path easy wherever he traveled. From court to court he went, always loosening the tongues of people and charming their stories out of them. And when he finally became priest of the village of Lestines (lēs'tēn'), he made some great works out of the stories he had gathered. For then he wrote his long romance of "Meliador," and began his great history, or "Chronicle," into which he poured so many treasures from his memory as to make it the best book we have about the doings of his century. Anyone who ever thinks history is dull need only read that book.

And what pains he took to tell the truth. He made long trips to talk with eyewitnesses who could give him all the facts as

they had seen them. At one time he bewitched a knightly stranger into talking to him at an inn for six whole days, telling over the story of his life. For it was a passion with Froissart to get at the real truth about any event, and his love of his subject was so deep that all the old wars and pageants he describes live in his pages as if they were romances.

Yet the loving historian of many another man's brave deeds was unknown in his own day, and grew famous only at a later time. He must have known the great English poet Chaucer and the great Italian scholar Petrarch (pe'trark), along with scores of other famous persons; but there is little record of his own life except what we can gather from his work. It is the work that lives. He tells us that he finally became canon of Chimay (shē'mé') and chaplain to the court at Blois (blwa), but he is said to have died in great poverty in 1410, at the age of seventy-two. And we are not even sure of the spot where he is buried.

The CHIEF SCOUNDREL among AUTHORS

That Is Certainly the Famous Villon, Common Criminal and Haunting Poet

FRANÇOIS VILLON (frôN'swā' vē'-yōN') was the sort of naughty boy who always comes to a bad end in stories. He was so bad that he was a criminal, and probably finished his life as criminals are likely to do. We do not know for certain when or how he died, but we know enough about his life to suppose that the end of it was no happier than the beginning. But why should anyone bother about a criminal who lived five hundred years ago? The reason is this: Villon was a poet, and a really great one. He was also a graduate of the University of Paris. Criminal, university graduate, and great poet--what other man has been all three?

Villon was born in Paris in 1431. His real name seems to have been François de Montcorbier (dē mōn'-

cōr'byā')—or perhaps it was François des Loges (dē lōzh'). He was the sort of person who liked to have many names. The name Villon, by which he is always called now, he adopted from that of Master Guillaume de Villon, a chaplain in Paris who befriended him and helped him in various ways when he was a student at the university. Villon received his final degree—Master of Arts—in 1452, when he was twenty-one years old.

We do not know exactly how François Villon looked, but this is the way one sculptor has conceived the young scamp who was so great a poet.



Photo by Olivier, Paris

He had not spent all his time studying; in fact, it is not at all certain that he was not the leader in some of the mad student escapades for which the University of Paris was noted in those days. These escapades were likely to be much

RABELAIS

worse than innocent pranks, for they would often end in fighting and bloodshed, and they sometimes began with theft.

Three years after his graduation Villon killed a priest—perhaps in self-defense—and fled from Paris until the next year,

when he was pardoned. But it was not long before he took part in a robbery at the university, and had to leave the city again. The next five years or so he spent wandering through the center and south of France. He was thrown into prison more than once for new crimes, was condemned to death but pardoned, and finally came back to Paris in 1462. He was no sooner there than he was arrested for theft once more, fined, and released. Then he got into another fight and was condemned to be hanged. The sentence was changed to banishment for ten years—and that is the

last we hear of the wayward but gifted poet.

But all this time he had been writing poetry. It was so good that for a while Charles, duke of Orleans himself a poet—was friendly with the rascally young genius.

It was so good that after five centuries, we still read and admire it. It still moves us by its beauty and its deep feeling, by its haunting melancholy, by its flashes of grim humor, its regret for his wasted life. Villon's greatest poem is his "Great

Testament," a mock will in which he tells what he is going to bequeath to his friends and his enemies when he dies. Of the many famous shorter poems contained in this, perhaps the best-known is the sad and lovely ballade which the English poet Swinburne translated with the haunting refrain, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"



This is the wise, humorous face of François Rabelais, who played jester and critic to France and to the world.

"The JESTER of FRANCE"

Underneath the Merriest and Coarsest Wit of Rabelais There Always Lies a Serious Purpose of Reform

IN THE days of chivalry, kings and princes always kept by them, to take their minds away from graver matters, a gay jester dressed in motley garb, with cap and jingling bells. But the need of merriment did not pass with chivalry, nor are kings the only people who enjoy a jest. People of every sort in every age need someone to make them laugh. A whole nation can scarcely have a jester in cap and bells, of course; but every now and then a writer comes along to set a whole nation giggling. Such a writer was François Rabelais (frôN'swâ' râ'b'-lě'). No less a person than Lord Bacon has called him the great jester of France.

But if Rabelais was the jester of France, he was the sort of jester that Shakespeare sometimes puts into his plays—one who hides much shrewd wisdom under his folly. Sometimes he said things just because they were funny or fanciful, but very often the jesting words cloaked a serious meaning. There are many wise remarks about men and things in his writings, if you take the trouble to uncover them. Many of his jokes are coarse—for in the sixteenth century people were not so polite in their language as they are to-day. But his works are full of learning, for Rabelais was a scholar. He was a monk, too, although he has a great deal to say against life in a monastery. Indeed, his

books are full of many things --of the crowding, colorful, boisterous life of the days in which he lived.

The book that made Rabelais famous is a long tale about the wildly fantastic adventures of two giants—Gargantua (gär-gän'-tû-â) and his son Pantagruel (pän-täg'röö-ël). It is a long book, divided into several parts, beginning with "The Very Horrific Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel," and continuing with "The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of Good Pantagruel." There had been stories about giants with these names before—but never before or since were there giants quite like those of Rabelais.

Rabelais tells a good tale of marvels, but he gets a good deal of his fun out of the sly digs he takes at things and people as he goes along. Two matters especially are the objects of his humor: the evil life of the monks in his day, and the poor education offered in the schools, which were just beginning to

be reformed. What he had to say on both these subjects earned him the enmity of many men connected with church and university. But Rabelais, being both a monk and a man of unusually fine education, knew what he was talking about.

Although Rabelais is one of the great humorists of the world, we know really very little about his life. It is not at all certain when he was born, although it was probably about 1494; the date of his death is thought to have been late in 1553 or early in 1554. When he was about thirty-six he studied medicine, and he practiced it successfully for a long time, principally in the city of Lyons. Before this he had spent years studying literature and philosophy, and especially Greek. No wonder his writings are so full of learning! Yet, in spite of the learning and his religious vocation, Rabelais will always remain, in the minds of most people, the great jester of France.

The FATHER of the MODERN ESSAY

In Raising and Debating So Many Questions about Man, the Great Montaigne Became One of the Most Influential Writers in the Modern World

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE (mē'-shēl' də mōN'-tēn'y') was what is called an egotist: he found himself very interesting to study. From thinking about himself he went on to musing about other people and life in general. The greater part of his life he spent in a tower of the château which he owned and in which he had been born (1533)—letting his thoughts wander all around the problem of himself and of the meaning of life. He wrote and rewrote one book about these questions. The answer at which he finally arrived was this: that there is no answer.



Though his sober countenance does not reveal the fact, Michel de Montaigne was a man who looked upon life with clear-eyed, quiet humor. That is one reason why his essays are still read to-day.

He found that you can argue yes and no about any problem. And he decided that life is scarcely worth while. This did not make him bitter. On the contrary, Montaigne saw things with mildly humorous eyes. He smiled at men and at life instead of getting tragic about them.

When a writer spends a large part of his life writing, and has only one book to show for his labor, it ought to be a great book—if the man who wrote it is capable of greatness. And Montaigne's "Essays" are indeed one of the great books of the world. It is true that the work has no plan; the separate essays are not arranged

in any set order, but wander from one thing to another just as if he had jotted down whatever came into his head at the moment. Taken all together, they are more like a diary than a connected piece of writing. But then, they are not supposed to have any plan. What Montaigne had done was to invent a new kind of writing—for nobody had ever before written brief, familiar, personal bits of prose like these. Montaigne invented the very name, "essay."

Not many writers could afford to live the sort of life Montaigne lived. He was one of those lucky persons who never have to worry about making a living. His father was a merchant of Bordeaux, and a politician; he was also a man with odd ideas about education—ideas which remind us of what some schools are trying nowadays. He had his aristocratic son play with peasant children,

though this was back in Shakespeare's century, when such an idea was much odder than it would be now. Montaigne's father tried the experiment, too, of having his son waked in the morning by soft music. He had some sort of mechanical apparatus which was supposed to teach his son Greek; but this did not work. In order to teach the boy Latin, he brought in a German who knew no French, had him tutor Michel, and arranged that even the servants should speak only Latin in the boy's presence. Then Michel was sent to a regular school. Later he studied law, and then spent some time at court. When he was twenty-five, his father died, leaving him heir to the family estate. It was not long after this that he retired to his tower, coming out of it only to fulfil such duties as fell upon him as mayor of Bordeaux, or to travel for his health. He died in 1592.

A PRINCE of POETS in OLD FRANCE

Ronsard Is One of the Most Charming of the Poets Who Stood at the Gateway into Modern Literature

YOU have seen, some clear night, the seven stars of the Pleiades (plē'yā-dēz)? Once, long ago in France, there were seven poets who worked together with common aims, and shone, in a manner of speaking, with the same sort of light; and they came to be called by the French name of those seven stars—the Pléiade (plā'yād'). Of these seven poets, the leader was Pierre de Ronsard (pyēr dē rōN'sār'). So bright was the star of his fame that he was also called the Prince of Poets.

This prince of poets moved easily with other princes. Kings and queens were his friends. His father held an important post at the court of King Francis I, and Pierre, who was born in 1524, was still but a little lad when he was made page to the King's eldest son. When the King's daughter married James V of Scotland, Ronsard was sent to that land in her train and spent three years there. When he came back he went on other missions, and seemed destined to become a great diplomat. But misfortune fell

suddenly upon him, for he became so deaf that he had to change his plans for a career.

Yet was it, after all, a misfortune? For Ronsard decided to study instead, and it was at college in Paris that he gathered round him the other members of the Pléiade. All educated people at that time were very much excited about Greek and Latin literature, and the members of the Pléiade were determined to show that French could be made as perfect a language for poetry as Latin or Greek. They wrote essays about their ideas. Better than that, they wrote beautiful poems in French themselves.

Ronsard's are the most famous of all. He had a sure ear for melody, and could think of startlingly beautiful words. He wrote a great deal, but the best of his poems are mostly about love or the out-of-doors. By these poems he won his title of Prince of Poets. Several French kings in succession were devoted to him; so were Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth of England.

Ronsard died in 1585.

PASCAL



Photo by Olivier Laro

The big, dark man at the right is the great mathematician and philosopher Descartes; he is talking to young Blaise Pascal, already a great mathematician himself and some day to be a religious leader besides. These two never agreed very well. Pascal was brought

up to believe that Descartes was altogether wrong, and Descartes refused at first to admit that the astonishing young Pascal had really made great mathematical discoveries at sixteen. Yet they met 1647 at Rouen, and had several long, friendly talks together.

ALL HIS SCIENCE ENDED *in* FAITH

*And All of Pascal's Scientific Books Have Long Been Neglected,
While His One Book of Religion Remains Classic*

THIS first barometer was made by an Italian named Torricelli. His teacher, the famous Galileo, had asked him to find out whether the air had any weight. He found it had, and the barometer, an instrument for measuring the pressure of the air, was the result. Then a Frenchman named Blaise Pascal (blāz' pas'kal') heard of the new device and thought it might show that the atmosphere weighs less and less as it is higher and higher above the earth. He carried a barometer up in the tower of a cathedral and had his brother-in-law take one to the summit of a mountain. In this way he proved that he was right.

But this was only one of his discoveries. Pascal (1623-1662) was also the inventor of an adding machine, though he could never perfect it because at that time there was no machinery exact enough to make the different parts. He was also a genius in mathematics; he made certain discoveries in geometry, and some valuable calculations of the laws of chance—the kind of laws that the insurance companies find useful when they take chances on a man's living a given number of years.

Yet Pascal is best known, not for any books of science or of mathematics, but for his thoughts about religion and all the prob-

lems that come up in trying to get along with the world. A great many other people in Pascal's time were trying to work out the same problems. In France there were Montaigne (mōn-tān'), who decided that life was hardly worth while, and Descartes (dē'kart'), who, after long thinking shut away from the world, felt that he had found a better faith. Pascal was not quite like either of these men. He found many things that he could not explain, as did Montaigne; and he was not, like Descartes, bent on making everything as clear and reasonable as a sum in arithmetic. Yet he did not give up the game and say that things were useless simply because he could not explain all of

them. He saw that there are some things we can know and prove—like mathematics, for instance—and others that we can believe even if we cannot prove them. So the scientist kept deeply religious, willing to stake all on his faith.

We no longer read his scientific works, though they were of great importance in their day; all they have to say has long since become common knowledge. But we still peruse his "Thoughts" (1670), because his ideas on religion and on morals are still so important for us, and remain so modern—and also because he put them into such beautiful words. For he wrote the most perfect prose in the French tongue.

The MOST HEROIC of FRENCH DRAMATISTS

The Men and Women in the Plays of Pierre Corneille Seem to Want to Speak like Gods

PIERRE CORNEILLE (pyēr kōr'-nē'y') did not have the knack of making a good impression upon people.

What is more, he did not try to make a good impression. He had a solemn face and a brusque, haughty manner. "I am Pierre Corneille—what more do you want?" he would say if anyone criticized his manners.

Perhaps this dour way had something to do with the fact that, although he was probably the greatest tragic dramatist who ever wrote in French, Corneille (1606-1684) never

as a poet had to do in those days, unless he did not mind staying poor. He did have a pension now and again, but never very regu-

larly. As for the profession of the law, for which he was trained, he never did much with it. Instead, he lived nearly all his long life of play writing at Rouen, where he was born. Tradition says that at times he was very poor.

But he had plenty of fame—more than falls to the lot of most great writers while they are alive. The great men of his time, including the other dramatists, Molière (mō'-

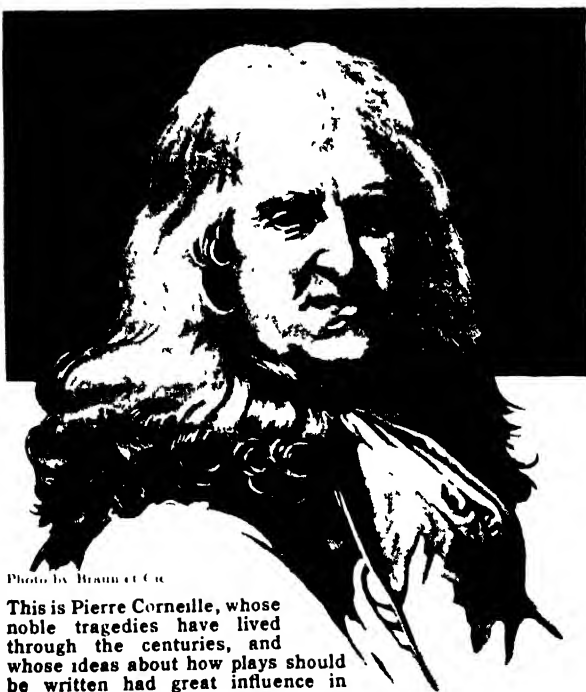


Photo by Braun et Cie

This is Pierre Corneille, whose noble tragedies have lived through the centuries, and whose ideas about how plays should be written had great influence in both France and England.

made much money from his plays. At least, it was hard for him to flatter rich patrons,

lyēt') and Racine (rā'sēn'), generously praised him, Racine insisting that Corneille's

MOLIÈRE

verses were "a hundred times more beautiful" than his own. He understood the people of his day, and they liked his plays immensely, whether they liked him or not. Yet the plays are not for his time only; there is a true nobility and rugged grandeur about some of them which keeps them famous to our day.

Something of the man's character shows through in these plays. He loves to paint the stern and rather cold virtues of honor and loyalty. Honor comes before love, before everything. The people he brings before us often seem hardly human in their greatness of soul. They are more like gods, and we think of them as being about twice the size of ordinary men and women. We feel as if we were standing on top of a bare mountain peak, breathing high, pure air.

Sometimes the poetry in which the plays are written is so glorious as to make it seem quite natural thus to walk among the gods. But at other times the poetry is not good at all; and sometimes the same play will have

passages of the best and the worst. In fact, Corneille was more "uneven" in his genius than most poets, though no poet ever writes at his best all the time. One of Corneille's constant worries was finding rhymes; for French poetic plays are not written in blank verse like Shakespeare's.

Corneille did not begin his career by writing the heroic tragedies for which he is now remembered. His earliest plays were light comedies. The play by which he won his greatest fame—"The Cid"

(1637)—is a heroic drama with a happy ending. This play raised a vast amount of excitement by its new form and manner, and has been called the most "epoch-making" play in modern history, because of its influence on later dramatists. But after "The Cid" (sîd) Corneille turned to pure tragedy. He took his plots from old plays and old stories, often of Roman times or Greek legend—"Horace," "Cinna," "Polyeucte," "Sertorius." By his genius and his poetry he made the old stories all his own.



Photo by Giraudon, Paris

This is Molière, whose wise and witty comedies we still chuckle over after nearly three hundred years.

The MASTER of MODERN COMEDY

That Title Must Surely Belong to the Frenchman Molière, Who Has Written the Wittiest Comedies since the Days of the Greeks

WE ALL like sometimes to pretend that we are somebody else. We make up stories about what we would do if we were that other person. We may even dress up and act as we imagine he would act. Boys like to play "Indians" and "pirates," girls like to borrow their mothers' clothes and "play house." Even grown-up people enjoy going to a masquerade ball. Nearly everyone, young and old, likes sometimes to act in amateur plays. It is the love of "make-believe" that lures to the theater or the

"movies," and because of it actors have a very special attraction for us.

Molière (mô'lyër') might be called the Prince of Make-Believe. Not only was he a very good actor, but he was also one of the best writers of plays that ever lived.

Even his name is make-believe—for he was christened Jean Baptiste Poquelin (zhôN bâ'těst' pô'klăN'). He was born in Paris in 1622, son of an upholsterer who had also a position at the court of the king of France. The boy had a good education, studying



There must have been many a scene like this when Molière read the manuscript of some new play to his troupe of actors. He is acting it out informally as he

reads and to what is clearly a most appreciative audience. Soon he will be giving out the parts, and they will all be rehearsing with a will.

Latin and philosophy, and even law. Philosophy interested him so much that later when a satirist wanted to show Molière being thoroughly punished for something, the punishment was that he must stop talking philosophy.

Molière Becomes an Actor

Nobody knows what made Molière choose the stage for his career—perhaps the plays given before holiday crowds at the fairs near his childhood home, perhaps just the still, small voice of his genius within him. At all events, after trying his father's business for about a year, he joined a troupe of actors—and spent the rest of his life on the stage. The night on which he died (1673) he had been acting in one of his own plays, which, oddly enough, was about a man who was always imagining himself to be sick.

Molière's company spent more than two years trying to establish themselves in Paris. But there were two other old and powerful theatrical companies in the city, and the new troupe was not able to rival them. They had to disband, but the main actors joined a strolling company of which Molière shortly became the head. They played in the smaller towns, principally in the south. On the

whole, they were very successful. They would sometimes spend long periods on the estate of a great noble who had taken a fancy to their playing and engaged them to stay with him. Several of the plays that they acted were written by Molière himself. These plays were farces or light comedies; for as an actor Molière was best in comic rôles, and all his great plays are comedies.

In 1658, when he was thirty-six years old, Molière came back to Paris to play before King Louis XIV. He acted first in a serious play by another author. This was not much applauded, but Molière saved the day by a king if he might bring on one of his own comedies. The King consented, and the audience was thrown into gales of laughter by the piece. From that day forward the King was Molière's staunch friend, standing up for him against the bitterest attacks of his enemies.

For Molière had many enemies. These were not merely other actors and playwrights who were jealous of his success. They were much more formidable enemies than that; they were the people that Molière made fun of. For his comedies contain very keen and clever ridicule of many sorts of persons. The people who were ridiculed were naturally

very angry with the writer who had seen through their characters. Worse still, if any one of them belonged to some group that Molière was making fun of, whether or not the man was like the rest of the group, he would take the writer's gibes amiss.

One of Molière's most famous plays, for instance, one called "Tartuffe" (tä'r'tüf'), has for its chief character a person who pretends to be very pious but who is actually a great hypocrite. All the clergy were up in arms when this play first appeared, in 1664, and it took five years to get the King's permission to play the piece regularly. Molière makes fun of the physicians in "The Doctor in Spite of Himself." In "George Dandin" (zhôrzh dôN'dän') he laughs at the uneducated farmer who makes some money and becomes a social climber; and in "The Middle-class Gentleman" he takes off the wealthy tradesman who tries to play the nobleman.

A great many ladies in Molière's time

and a great many gentlemen also—had a fad of wanting to be "intellectuals." They would use very long words and talk about matters above their heads, just as many people do nowadays. They acted and spoke in such a very affected and ridiculous way that it is no wonder if a writer like Molière tried to take them off. He did it very well, in two plays: "The Ridiculous Intellectuals" and "The Learned Ladies."

One of Molière's most famous plays, "The Hater of Mankind," is harder to describe than the others. In it he shows how even a man of noble nature who is soured by the wickedness and the foolishness in the world, may himself be ridiculous.

Although Molière devoted his life to making fun of people, he was himself a very lovable person, honest, friendly, and generous. One of the best proofs of his goodness is that few of his actors would ever consent to leave him under any circumstances. He kept his friends.

The PERFECT PLAYWRIGHT of FRANCE

The Plays of Racine Probably Come Nearer to Greek Beauty in Form than Any Others That Have Been Put on the Stage in the Modern World

JEAN RACINE (zhôn rä'sên') was one of the greatest of French dramatists—many people would say the greatest of them. Yet his family did not want him to write plays at all, and after he had been writing them for only thirteen years, he himself decided that they were rather wicked things, and stopped.

Racine, who was born in 1639, lost both his father and his mother when he was very small, and he and his little sister were brought up by their grandparents. He was sent away to school when he was ten, and after that went to college in Paris. He found plenty to amuse him in the great city, and in particular he grew fond of the theater. But his family, who were very religious, thought the theater wicked. And when they discovered that he had learned to know some actors and writers, and had actually begun to write

plays himself, they cried out that it would never do. They persuaded him to go to live with a clergyman uncle in the south. But he was twenty-two years old by this time, and was determined to have his own way. So it was not long before he was back in Paris.

A Born Courtier

Now began thirteen years filled with the thrill of success and the furor of combat. In those days it was not enough to have people in general like a play; it must first win the approval of the king or of some powerful noble; then it would be given in public. Racine was a born courtier; he knew how to use his charming manner in such a way as to make the right people like him. It was not long before his plays were as well received as those of the great Corneille (kôr'ně'y') himself, then at the height of his powers.

RACINE

Of course being a good courtier would never have made Racine so famous as he became if he had not written fine plays. He was indeed a master in the art of poetry—for his plays were all in verse. Besides, no one before or since has written plays quite so perfect in "classic" form. They are not like Shakespeare's plays—full of changing scenes and throngs of people and mingled laughter and tears. They are all of a piece—a single story about only a few characters, usually acted out all at the same place and time. Yet Racine could make a story of strong love or jealousy or hate so intensely dramatic and tragic that king and people alike were deeply moved.

Like the other dramatists of his day, Racine used old familiar plots instead of thinking up new ones. He would bring to life the strong heroes and heroines of history and legend, not trying to paint them as they might have been when they lived, but making them talk and think like French men and women of his own day. Among the greatest of the tragedies that he wrote at this time were "Andromaque" (ǎN'drô'mák') and "Phèdre" (fêd'r'), both tragic tales out of Greek legend.

Racine had plenty of enemies, and was often involved in the rivalries of the different theaters in Paris. While he was working on "Phèdre," a rival company persuaded another writer to do a play on the same subject. Then, though Racine's play was a masterpiece and the other only hack work, Racine's enemies managed to bring it about

that the other play was much more successful.

Perhaps it was partly because of his disgust at this sort of thing, perhaps it was really the religious teachings of his youth—and more probably it was because of several different reasons—at all events, just at this point Racine suddenly stopped writing plays, married a wife, settled down in well-to-do respectability, and became very pious. During all the rest of his life—and he lived twenty years more, till 1699—he wrote only two other plays, and they were of a dignified and rather religious cast. One of them, "Esther," was written by special request to be acted by the girls in a certain school. But both this and the other late play, "Athalie," are among his masterpieces.

Racine was a charming man to meet, but he was not a very good person to have for a friend. For a time, in Paris he was one of "the four,"—the others being Boileau (bwâ'lô'), the critic, La Fontaine (là fôN'tên'), the writer of fables; and Molière (mô'lyêr'), the great comic dramatist. But he soon quarreled with Molière, who was not an easy person to quarrel with. Racine had a way of forgetting the favors done him by people who had been his friends and had helped him to success, and of turning against them. He could write very witty, but very mean and brutal things against them when they were no longer useful to him or after they had died. Yet he seems to have lived a happy life with his family and to have been loved by his children, one of whom later wrote his life.

This exquisite bit of eighteenth century design pictures a classic story of the sort that Racine loved to put into his plays.



The group shows Priam, king of Troy, kneeling before the Greek Achilles, to beg for the body of his son Hector, the hero Achilles had slain.

Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art



Photo by Olivier Paris

The court of Louis XIV was thronged with brilliant writers and artists, for much of his reputation as the "Grand Monarch" the King gained by patronizing men

of genius. Here is a royal literary party at the glittering palace of Versailles. Boileau was there, as was also the great writer of comedies, Molière.

A MAN WHO MADE *the* LAWS for POETS

*In His Own Day and His Own Style, the Frenchman Boileau
Reigned as an Arbiter over the Poets' Work*

NICOLAS BOILLAU - DESPRÉAUX (ni'kô'la' bwâ'lo'-dê'pra'ô') had one passion: his "hatred of stupid books." He was a kindly enough man, and when he thought that a writer was really great he praised him generously and made him his friend, he had the good sense to praise and make friends of two of the greatest of French dramatists, Molière and Racine.

But for the poor or middling-good poets of his day—he was born in 1636 and died in 1711—he had the greatest contempt. And being as honest and frank as he was good-hearted, he was by no means afraid to say what he thought of them. So he raised a great tempest in the literary world by making fun of them in a series of satires in verse. Then, having finished with the bad poets, he began to make fun in his verse of nearly everybody else. Yet there was at least one time when Boileau was diplomatic. The

great king, Louis XIV, once asked him what were his best verses, and he chose and recited some he had written in praise of the Grand Monarch himself. That was a lucky stroke, for it brought him a fat pension.

But it is not for such verses that Boileau is chiefly remembered. It is rather for the theory on which he wrote them. He had been practicing at making them very correct and regular—a thing which was much needed in French verse just then. Finally, in 1674, he wrote down in a poem called "The Art of Poetry" all the rules he had worked out for the writing of poetry. This work, which was patterned after the famous poem of the same name by the Latin poet Horace, made a great impression on the French poets of Boileau's time, and in England, for a time, the effect of it was almost as great. The "correct" poets, like Pope, were trying to follow the rules of Boileau.

The FAVORITE SON of AESOP

Never in the World Have the Great Fables Been Put into Such Charming Verse as in the Work of La Fontaine

WE USUALLY think that a writer of stories must make up his plots out of his own head or else tell something that really happened. If he does not do this but simply tells over again somebody else's stories, we set him down as a cheat or a lazy person. Yet it sometimes happens that a writer retells other people's tales in so original and clever a way that we should be quite

wrong to judge him so. A very good proof of this is the French story-teller Jean de La Fontaine (zhōN də lā fōN).

The most famous of La Fontaine's books is as well known to French children as Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and "Mother Goose" are known to the children of England and America. In this book of "Fables" La Fontaine took the old animal stories of Aesop (ē'sop) and other writers and put them into French verse. He did this in a very unusual way: for grown people like them as well as children do and children like them as well as do grown people. Surely a man who could write so as to please people of every age must have been a real genius! This is the way he managed it. He made good stories out of the fables: that pleased the children. He also made the characters of the animals and their actions a sly take-off on the characters and the actions of men and women: that pleased older people, who had learned from experience that the take-off was a good one. And then he wrote very pretty verse.

La Fontaine wrote a great deal of other

verse, too. The most famous, next to the "Fables," was another set of retold stories, this time not moral tales of animals but sprightly tales of men and women, called simply "Contes" (kōNt), or "Tales." But nothing else he wrote is nearly so famous all over the world as the "Fables," which he began to publish in 1668 and brought out in installments over a long period of years.

The mention of that date has already told you that La Fontaine lived more than two hundred years ago. He was born at Château Thierry (sha'tō' tyē'rē'), in France, in 1621, and between Château Thierry and Paris he spent his time until his death in 1695. He must have been

born with a silver spoon in his mouth, for people were always taking care of him—he never had to struggle for a living as most people do. His father resigned from a good government position in order that the son might have it. His wife was well-to-do. He never

lacked for patrons, that is, people who would support him or give him money because of his talent for writing. At one time, when his luck seemed to have deserted him, a kind and wealthy lady invited him to be a permanent guest in her home—and he stayed there twenty years, until she died. After her death, another friend hastened to him to invite him to a new home; when on the way he met La Fontaine and extended his invitation, the poet said, as simply as a child, "I was coming."



This is La Fontaine.

This is La Fontaine, a lucky, easy-going, and delightful person, whose "Fables" are the favorite reading of many French children even to-day.

LE SAGE

Indeed, he never did grow up, so far as business matters were concerned. His wife had to hold her money in her own right or there would soon have been none of it left. After a while the two of them drifted apart, and for the last forty years of La Fontaine's life he lived for the most part in Paris and she at Château Thierry, although he some-

times paid her a friendly visit. But as we have seen, there were plenty of other people with whom the poet could get on better than with his wife. Among these were the dramatists Racine (rà'sēn') and Molière (mô'-lyēr'), and the critic Boileau (bwá'lō'), who with La Fontaine made a famous little group of literary cronies.

A FAMOUS WRITER of ROGUE STORIES

Le Sage Was One of the Many Novelists Who Have Tried to See What They Could Do with a Scoundrel for a Hero

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE (ā'lān' rē-nā' lē sāzh') was a lawyer whose practice was so small that he had to write for a living. Anyone who thinks that this is an easy and pleasant way to earn money has only to try it to see that he is wrong. In the first place, it is hard to get publishers or theater managers to buy your books or plays. In the second place, the people who read your books or see your plays may not like the sort of thing that you really want to write. That is why hack writers—people who write for a living—are so often bad writers: they get discouraged, and either write too hastily or write things they know are not good just because they imagine the things will sell. But some hack writers bring out good stories and plays; and Le Sage was one of these.

He was born in Brittany, in 1668. His father and mother died when he was small, and by the time he was grown up, the money they had left him was spent. He married a poor girl in Paris, and, with some help from friends, with his legal practice, and with writing, he managed somehow to make out.

He started his writing with translations—mainly from Spanish plays and novels. Then he began writing plays and novels of his own. He wrote wittily and well, and several of his plays were successful. But for some

reason the actors did not like him. His farce "Crispin" (krēs'pān') was very popular, but the actors would not take his next play. At the end of 1708, however, they did produce his best play, "Turcaret" (tūr'ká'rē').

His stories are not real novels but rather tales of adventure.

The first of them, "The Limping Devil" (1707), and the next and most famous of all, "Gil Blas" (zhīl blas), published between 1715 and 1733, are full of amusing and exciting adventures. They are sometimes called "rogue novels" because of the mischievous doings of the heroes. That sort of book had long been popular in Spain. Le Sage wrote so well and made his stories, especially "Gil Blas," so famous, that many other writers tried to imitate him.

He was especially popular in England, where even the great novelist Fielding learned a great deal from him.

The Fame of "Gil Blas"

But even this famous story did not make Le Sage rich. He kept on writing industriously until 1747, when he died. Like many another man he has been more famous since his death than during his life. He was one of the great masters of French prose. Yet his French style had little to do with the fame of "Gil Blas," which was better liked outside of France than in it.



Under the big white wig so fashionable in the eighteenth century is Alain Le Sage, author of "Gil Blas," the most famous rogue story in the world.



The little man who holds five of the others spellbound is the famous Voltaire; he is being entertained at the table of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Voltaire stayed with Frederick for three years, but they were

always quarreling, and both were glad when Voltaire finally went to Switzerland. Later they made it up and wrote many letters to each other; they could get on well enough, if only they stayed apart!

EXILED *for* HIS SHARP TONGUE

*The Most Famous Author of His Day Could Hardly
Keep a Single Friend*

TO THIS day the mere name of Voltaire (1694-1778) will often set people arguing, even though most of them have never read a word he wrote. For nearly everyone has strong ideas about him, and feels pretty sure that he was either one of the wickedest of men or else one of the wisest. Yet the name that has such magic power was not his own at all. His real name of François Marie Arouet (frôN'swâ' mârê' â-rôw'ê') showed that he had been born in the middle class; so he tacked on "de Voltaire" (dê vôle'têr') to make it sound more aristocratic. And as Voltaire he has ever since been known.

What sort of man was he—this most talked-of person in his century? By no means imposing in his looks! He was a

skinny little fellow with manners that could be very charming but were often highly disagreeable. The sharp little shriveled face with snapping eyes that peered out from under his great wig made him look more like a crafty fox than like a friend of kings and emperors, of writers and profound philosophers. And a crafty fox he was indeed—just about the craftiest ever known.

Yet he had a genius for getting into trouble. First he could not get along with his father. Later he wrote witty attacks on prominent people, and the government found him as hard to manage as his father had. He was exiled when he was twenty, and in 1717-1718 he spent several months in prison—for in his day a man could be sent to prison for unpleasant opinions. Such



Photo by Ruschgitz

Voltaire was eighty-four when he last entered Paris, from which he had been exiled twenty-eight years before. As the picture shows, people flocked about to welcome the old man who had set all Europe talking.

When his new play was produced they crowned him with laurel in the theater, and overwhelmed him with other honors. He loved it all, being even vainer than most people; but the excitement was the death of him.

troubles with the government lasted his whole life long.

For a time it did indeed look as if he might be a courtier. He wrote some plays that won him the notice of powerful friends. But he could never help insulting people. Finally a nobleman he had made fun of called him out from dinner at the house of the Duke of Sully and had him beaten in front of the door. The Duke himself burst out laughing at his guest's plight, and Voltaire was packed off to England for the next three years.

The Book That Made Voltaire an Exile

It turned out that he was very happy there. His fame had gone ahead of him and the English people made much of him. When he went back to France he published a book about his English visit in an attempt to prove that the English church and government were much better than the French. Of course the book landed him in hot water

once again and he had to flee to Lorraine, where a noble lady gave him hospitality. There he stayed for many years.

At the Court of Frederick the Great

Some time after her death, King Frederick the Great persuaded him to come to the Prussian court. But as usual Voltaire managed to quarrel, and after two years he was on his way out of Prussia. Finally he settled at the little French village of Ferney (fēr'ně'), conveniently near the Swiss frontier in case he should have to make another hurried escape.

Here he stayed for the rest of his life. His shrewd business sense had brought him a fortune, which he now used in building a magnificent establishment, with a private theater and a church, and in living a luxurious life, with a long line of servants. Men and women came from all over the world to visit the "Patriarch of Ferney," as he was called. Finally the French king

DIDEROT

died and Voltaire could go once more to Paris. There he was so overwhelmed with entertainment that he died under the strain.

What was it that made Voltaire the most famous man in Europe? It was not merely that he was witty, though the stab of his keen pen went mercilessly home. Wit alone cannot turn the world upside down. It was also that he said exactly what he thought, in a day when it took a great deal of courage to do so. He was not afraid to attack wickedness in high places. The French government of his day was corrupt, and Voltaire dared to say so. The French people were often very corrupt, and Voltaire did not fear to state the fact. He was sent

into exile, but he kept on writing—nearly a hundred volumes—in a way that made people listen.

Yet we do not read much of Voltaire now, even though his name is still so famous. The man who fought so hard against folly and evil could not manage to be either very wise or very good. One of the wittiest men who ever lived, he also had a bitter hatred of all that he considered wrong. So we owe him a great deal for the ridicule he hurled at many an evil practice, such as that of putting men to death for their beliefs. But he often made the ghastly error of using all his wit in ridicule of the most sacred things.

WHICH IS *the* MOST FAMOUS ENCYCLOPEDIA?

Not Any One of Our Own Days, but the One That Helped to Foment the French Revolution. Here Is the Story of Diderot, Its Main Author

ONCE in a while a man may live in a garret and yet make more history than many a king or many a great general. Denis Diderot (dē nē' dē' drō') was such a man. Most of his days were spent in the hardest kind of drudgery. But he managed to be one of the most interesting men of his day; and the great work at which he slaved for twenty years changed the history of France, and through France of the world.

Diderot was born in France, in 1713. His family wanted him to be a lawyer or a doctor, or to take up some other profession. But he was determined to go to Paris and seek his fortune as a writer and journalist. It was a rash enough decision, as he soon found out. For it is hard work to make your living by writing unless you have some little knack that takes people's fancy and makes you very popular; and

Diderot was not exactly "popular." In fact, he was hardly a highly gifted writer, so far as mere style goes. But his head was so rich in brilliant ideas that he filled twenty important volumes with them.



Photo by Olivier Paris

This is Denis Diderot, who gave twenty years of his life to brave and ceaseless labor on the greatest of all encyclopedias.

He was one of the great talkers of all time. People listened to him as they listened in England about the same time to the great Dr. Samuel Johnson. And he had one of the keenest minds in Europe. He was interested in everything, and curious about every new idea. He had no fear. New ideas were not very popular with the authorities of France in those days just before the Revolution, but Diderot would not keep silent. He even went to prison once for writing what he believed to be the truth.

As it turned out, his great life work was to be the gathering together and setting down of all sorts of new ideas. The air of France was full of them

DIDEROT

in those days--ideas about government and society, about religion and science. There were so many of them that we call this time the Age of the Enlightenment, that is to say, of new light in the minds of men. Diderot was so full of enthusiasm for the Enlightenment that when he was asked to translate an encyclopedia from the English, he talked the publisher into letting him make a new and larger work out of it in which he could set down all the new facts and theories of the day.

This was the famous French Encyclopedia, to which Diderot was to give the twenty best years of his life. When people talk about "the Encyclopedia" in France, this is the one they mean.

Another brilliant Frenchman, D'Alembert (dâ'lôN'bêr'), worked with him, and they gathered about them a group of learned and enthusiastic writers whom we call the Encyclopedists. They published the Encyclopedia volume by volume, as fast as they could get it ready; the first volume came out in 1751, the last in 1772. More and more people bought it as time went on.

But very soon the government and the church both grew alarmed at the things printed in these volumes. By 1759 they were so excited that they forbade the book, altogether. But that did not stop Diderot. He worked on in dead secrecy, always in danger of prison. Friend after friend deserted him in fear or discouragement--he only worked the harder. Even D'Alembert

wearied of the dangerous task at last. Diderot would not give up. At the very last, the publisher himself took fright, and, without telling Diderot anything about it, cut out everything from the work which he considered dangerous. Diderot discovered this when it was too late to do anything about it. It was the crowning misfortune of those long, hard years.

But the great work was done, just the same. And it helped to free France and the world from many an outworn notion, and was one of the things that gave birth to the modern world in which we live.

Of course this sort of writing was not going to make Diderot rich, however much honor it might bring him after he was dead. But his very poverty was the cause of the most exciting adventure this hard-working genius ever had. He was about to sell his beloved library in order to get some money to give to his daughter when she married and Catherine the Great, empress of Russia, heard of it. She bought the library for a large sum, and then left it with Diderot, making him her librarian. When he had finished his Encyclopedia, Diderot went to St. Petersburg to thank the Empress for her gracious help. The great Empress kept him there for months, listening to his extraordinary flow of talk and argument. It might be hard to say which had the better time.

For ten years after his return from this adventure Diderot kept on working and writing. He died in 1784.

Voltaire was the most brilliant and sensational writer of the eighteenth century "Enlightenment," which both he and Diderot served so well.



This statue of the amazing old philosopher is by Jean Antoine Houdon. It shows him in classic robes but with his own strange and rather malicious smile

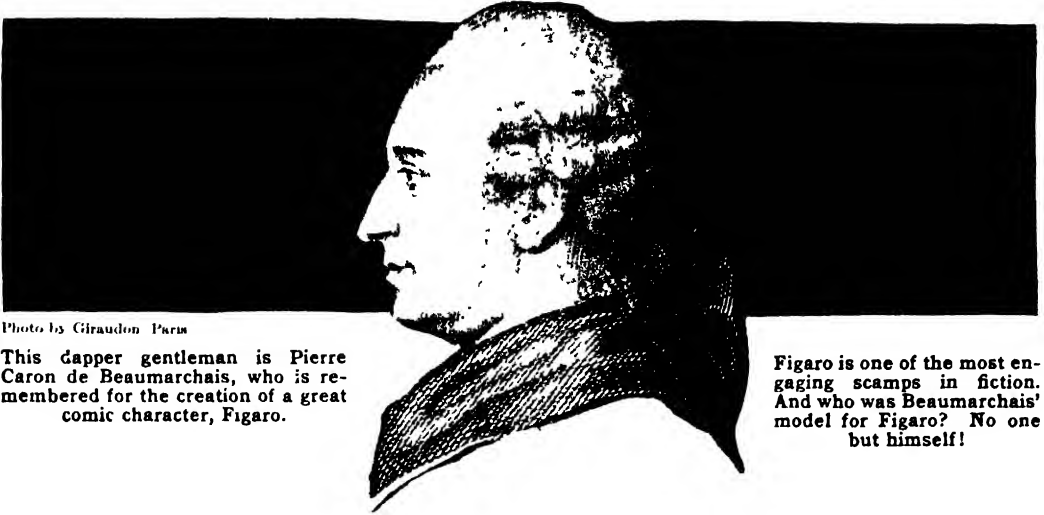


Photo by Giraudon Paris

This dapper gentleman is Pierre Caron de Beaumarchais, who is remembered for the creation of a great comic character, Figaro.

Figaro is one of the most engaging scamps in fiction. And who was Beaumarchais' model for Figaro? No one but himself!

The AUTHOR of the IMMORTAL "FIGARO"

The Story of a Sly Knave Who Wrote Some Deathless Plays

PIERRE CARON (pyër kâ'rōN') was a handsome, clever rascal who was always getting into scrapes which he usually managed to get out of through the help of some lady who had been captivated by his manners and his looks. Finally he bought his way to a title of nobility and since then has always been known as Pierre de Beaumarchais (dē bō'mar'shē').

His father was a watchmaker, who bred his son to the trade. At the age of twenty-one Pierre got into a lawsuit over an invention for watches which another man had stolen from him. The affair, in which he was successful, brought him into public notice and he became watchmaker to the King. At court his good looks and talent for he was very musical opened all doors for him.

But Beaumarchais (1732-1799) was a shrewd man of business, too. He knew how to do a favor to just the right person—one who could help him to make a great deal of money. And his conscience gave him no trouble when twice he married for money or social position—even though the lady in question might be much older than he. At times he could do things that seemed to be noble, but they always had a way of bringing

him money. During the American Revolution, for instance, he supplied the colonists with money and arms and got the French government to help them privately. He has sometimes been praised for this. But he expected to make a great deal of money out of the affair; and for long afterward he and his family tried unsuccessfully to collect it.

In the government secret service he had exciting adventures—as thrilling as one of his own plots. His double dealings of course won him enemies. He got into many scrapes. He was several times imprisoned. But he saw to it that nothing could ever be definitely proved against him.

Now Beaumarchais knew exactly what sort of person he was, and he delighted so much in his clever knavery that he drew a portrait of himself in his two most famous works. For he wrote plays, two of which are still very popular and have been made into operas, "The Barber of Seville" (1775) and "The Marriage of Figaro" (1784). Figaro (fē'gā'rō'), the clever, amusing knave, is Beaumarchais himself—an unforgettable character. It is for the creation of Figaro that Beaumarchais is now remembered.

The MOST FAMOUS WOMAN of HER DAY

Such Was Madame de Staël, Who Saw the French Revolution and Could Not Get Along with Napoleon

MADAME DE STAËL (də stäl) started life as a tomboy, with a plain face and a very quick mind. Her mother was beautiful and did not get along very well with the ugly duckling. But the little girl loved her father, a wealthy financier named Necker who had a high post in the French government.

In those days it was the fashion for society women to hold salons (să'lōNz')—gatherings in their homes where distinguished people met and talked. Madame Necker had such a salon in Paris, and the brilliant and witty daughter, Anne Louise Germaine, shone there in spite of her plainness. When she was still very young she began to write. At the age of twenty she was married to the Baron of Staël-Holstein, Swedish diplomat at the French court. It was not a marriage of love, but they seem not to have minded that.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing. The

French Revolution broke out, and Madame de Staël (1766-1817) was at last obliged to flee for her life to her father's estate on the lake of Geneva. She had already published a novel and a play. Now the ambitious young woman grew deeply interested in politics. Finally she went to England, where she made herself a leader in a group of French exiles.

When France grew calmer and Napoleon

began to work his way to power, Madame de Staël was able to go back to Paris. But she never liked Napoleon, nor did he like her. She believed in a moderate form of government, not in an empire such as Napoleon set up. France could not hold them both. So Madame de Staël was exiled, first from Paris and then from all France.

She went again to Switzerland, where she settled down to write among a circle of literary friends. There she was visited by famous people from all over Europe, among them the poet Byron. But she traveled a great deal, too, in Germany, Russia, Finland, Sweden, and Italy.

The plain little tomboy had now become the most famous woman of her time. Though she was vain and self-centered, people enjoyed her witty conversation and admired her books. To us, her novels, such as "Corinne" (1807), seem flowery and senti-

mental, but that was a literary fashion. If you are interested to know what people were like in those stirring years, Madame de Staël will give you a lively picture of them. Her best book is the one called "Concerning Germany" (1813). It is a remarkable account of the new poetry and the new philosophy which had recently come to birth in Germany and which were to make such a vast impression on the world.



Madame de Staël was a lively and witty person, as one might easily guess from this picture of her. By her wit and by her clever writings she made herself the most famous woman of her day in all Europe.



Photo by the Louvre

Lamartine, whose picture we have here, was one of the French poets we call "romanticists."

Lamartine's poems are still loved by many people for their singing melody and their quiet tenderness.

A DREAMY POET *of* FRANCE

Besides Writing Tender Verses, Lamartine Was Once a High Power in the French Government

THE life of Lamartine begins like an adventure story. His very name sounds like that of a hero of romance, for the whole of it was Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine (lâ'mar'tên'). He was born (1790) in the midst of the horrors of the French Revolution and his father was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror. After a time, when things straightened out, Lamartine was sent to school, and then he came home to read poetry and romantic tales. His family were on the side of the King, not of the revolutionists; so when a new king came back to take the throne, Lamartine joined the army. After that he went into the diplomatic service, and was sent first to Naples and afterwards to Florence.

During all these exciting happenings he had been writing poetry; it is said that the fame he won from the collection called "Poetical Meditations" (1820) secured him his post in the diplomatic service. His poems were not, as you would expect, adventure stories, but were instead sweet, sentimental verses—the sort you might like to read on a

lazy summer afternoon. You would never imagine that the man who wrote them once had to fight a duel because of something he had said in a poem.

In Lamartine's day it was almost impossible not to be interested in politics. Those were stirring times; the government was always changing. First there would be a republic, then the king would come back, then all at once Napoleon would appear, then Napoleon would be carried off to an island to die! One never knew what was going to happen next. Lamartine, who was first a follower of the king and later a believer in democracy, was for a long time very active in politics. He was so active, in fact, that during a few months in 1848 he was the most powerful man in France. But he did not have all the qualities that a great statesman needs. He was eloquent as a speaker but not practical enough or strong enough to be a true leader. So his power in politics came to a sudden end.

To-day it is by his poems that Lamartine is remembered. The most famous of these is "Le Lac"—"The Lake."



Alfred de Musset, whose face you see here, was a poet in the days when it was the fashion for poets to look romantic and wan and sad.

Musset's poetry is much like his face, mournful and beautiful. In his plays, however, he adds a lively dash of humor to the sadness.

A POET WHO LOOKED *the* PART

In the Days when It Was Fashionable for a Poet to Look Sad and Wan, Musset Seemed the Darling Child of the Muses

THERE was a time when people—especially poets—liked to look pale and delicately mournful. They seem to have thought that it made them more romantic. If you will look at a picture of the French poet Alfred de Musset (ălf'réd' dē mü'sē'), you will see just what people felt a poet ought to be—in 1830.

Musset was a lovable person and had many friends. Sometimes, to be sure, he was peevish if things went against him—like the child who says "I won't play" when he is beaten in a game. But when he had his way, he was gay and witty; and he had an original genius that made his writings different from those of other people.

Even as a child he had had a lively fancy. He was born in Paris in 1810 of a fine old family; his father was a public man and an author. Little Alfred and his brother Paul used to revel in reading old French romances and then acting them out together. When Alfred was seventeen he was taken to see Victor Hugo, who came to be the greatest writer of his day in France. There Alfred met other literary people, and his genius took fire. Later he fell in love with George Sand, a distinguished woman novelist; when

they quarreled Musset was almost broken hearted. He had been in Italy for a time, but soon he was back in Paris, where he continued to write until his death in 1857.

His poetry is like his picture—mournful and sweet. The poet revels in sadness. The poems are like soft music, so sweet that one sometimes longs for a bold strong chord to break the melody. Four of the most famous of them are called "The Nights"; they describe the poet's feelings on four different nights, one at each season of the year.

Musset was a good story-teller, too; many of his prose tales are still read. But he is perhaps at his best in his plays. Some of these plays—"The Caprices of Marianne" for example—are real works of genius, and so original that no one has ever succeeded in imitating them. They are a weird and fanciful mixture of sparkling wit and comedy with the most haunting sadness. A comic character that Dickens might have drawn will appear in a tragedy and yet not seem out of place—any more than Shakespeare's amusing gravediggers seem out of place in "Hamlet." Several of Musset's plays are still often acted to-day, and his poetry is still read.

VICTOR HUGO



This kindly, smiling old man is Victor Hugo, who, for all his white hair and beard, never really grew old.

Photo by Giraudon, Paris

All his life Hugo was pouring his youthful energy and genius into memorable poems, plays, and novels.

VICTOR HUGO, POET, PLAYWRIGHT, NOVELIST

Prince among French Authors All through His Life, He Was One of the Leading Writers of the World during His Century

VICTOR HUGO never grew old. He lived to be eighty-three—from 1802 to 1885—and one always thinks of him as an old gentleman with a full white beard, looking somewhat like Longfellow. Yet he was always a man of young ideas, who loved to play with his children and his grandchildren, and who wrote poems, plays, and stories that usually please young people better than they do older ones.

Hugo's father was a general who fought under Napoleon and took his family with him as he moved from place to place. So when Victor was a boy he lived in Spain and Italy as well as France. He began writing poetry when he was very young, and at seventeen won a prize in the contest called "The Floral Games," which has been held every year for centuries in the city of Toulouse. He afterwards came to be the most famous poet of his time in France, the leader of many other poets. And he enjoyed this glory to the full.

Indeed, the first thing that strangers no-

ticed on meeting Hugo was that he was very vain of his glory as a poet. He never forgave anyone who dared to say that he was not the very greatest of poets. This was stupid of him, of course, for not everybody likes the same sort of poetry, and a man may be a very great poet indeed and yet not seem the greatest to everyone. But Hugo wanted above all things to be admired.

And although most people to-day do not consider him the greatest of poets, as many admirers used to do, he was certainly a great one. He wrote an enormous amount of poetry on all sorts of subjects. "Autumn Leaves" and "Contemplations" tell of his family and of happenings in his own life. Napoleon, his great hero, inspired many other stirring verses, which tell of famous historical events—the terrible retreat of the French army from Moscow, when the soldiers died by thousands in the snow, and the Battle of Waterloo, when the Imperial Guard marched straight up to the enemy's fire, well knowing they would never come back alive.

VICTOR HUGO

Then, too, he wrote poems about politics and democracy and the misery of the poor, and other poems about nature. Some of his plays are in verse—thrillingly romantic dramas like “Hernani” (ěrnā’ně) and “Ruy Blas” (rūē blās), both of which are still acted to-day.

What moves us in Hugo’s poetry is not so much what he has to say as the way he says it. His thoughts are not very deep and they are not at all original. But he was a master of rhythm and of sound, and he knew how to paint strikingly beautiful pictures. You should always read Hugo’s poems aloud; otherwise you will not feel their full effect. That is what Hugo seems to have liked best—effect. It was part of his vanity. Some of the feelings he puts into such striking language are sincere, others are not. But the effect is nearly always moving.

Of course you cannot get the full beauty of this poetry unless you can read it in the original French. But the language does not make nearly so much difference in the novels, although of course it has considerable importance there, too. Probably that is why English-speaking readers are likely to think of Victor Hugo rather as a great novelist than as a great poet. “Les Misérables” (lē mē’zā-rāb’l’)—literally, “The Wretched People,” those who live in suffering and poverty—is read everywhere, even to-day. It is one of Hugo’s most famous works, and it well de-

serves to be. The book, which is very long, is a story of adventure laid in the France of Hugo’s day—it was published in 1862. But there is in it more than just adventure. Its people are very lifelike, and they are of all sorts—from the kind old priest to the gutter-snipe of Paris. Hugo must have had a real sympathy for people or he could not have painted them so true to life. Another famous

novel of his is “Notre Dame de Paris” (nō’tre dām dē pā’rē), usually called in English “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.” It is a rather fantastic tale of a hunchback who lived in the tower of the great cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. Parts of it are gruesome, but it is an exciting and absorbing tale.

Like most of the writers of his time, Hugo was interested in politics. In the years between Napoleon’s fall, in 1815, and 1870, when France became permanently a republic, the government

was constantly changing and people were trying to decide whether it was better to be ruled by kings and emperors or by the people themselves. Hugo held different opinions at different times; but he finally came out for democracy. Indeed, he had been living in exile on the island of Guernsey for nearly twenty years before 1870, while an emperor was on the throne. Then he came back to spend the rest of his life under the French Republic, and to enjoy the great fame he had so deservedly won.



Photo by Rischgitz

This evil-looking creature is none other than Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame, one of the most famous characters in Victor Hugo’s novels—or in any novels, for that matter.

A MAN WHO COULD WRITE *a* NOVEL *a* MONTH

Yet in Spite of All His Speed, the Stories of Balzac Were So True to Life that Their Author Was Sometimes Called the "Secretary of Society"

ONE day a very fat man walked with a friend into a pastry shop in Paris. He was talking violently, and when a girl brought a plate of pastries for the man to choose from, he absent-mindedly ate cake after cake until the plate was empty. Another plate was brought—and he emptied that. A third plate fared no better!

One evening the same fat man had a caller, the famous woman writer whose pen name was George Sand. The two got into a discussion and the host called his guest all sorts of names; for she was arguing that men are more good than bad and that the government ought to be in the hands of the people—and he believed staunchly in monarchy and thought that men were pretty brutal creatures. It was time for the lady to go home. But he was not through calling her names; so he saw her home, swinging his enormous cane with its hollowed-out head where precious stones might be carried, walking through the streets of Paris in his dressing gown—still calling the lady names.

These are only two of the amusing stories told of one of the world's greatest novelists—Honoré de Balzac (ô'nô'râ' dē bāl'zâk').

This strange genius was born in Tours (tōōr) in 1799, but while he was still a boy he came to live in Paris, and there he made his home until his death in 1850. He would have liked to be one of the great business men of the capital, and was always thinking up and trying to start new financial schemes. But he always failed, so that all his life long he was in debt. When the debts got too much for him he would take a journey till the clouds blew over. Then he would return to Paris and plunge into more schemes—and more debts.

But his unhappy business ventures were not altogether useless: they gave him material to put into his novels. And after all, writing novels was the main thing to which he devoted his life. He had many friends, men and women; he had his business ambitions; he was ambitious, too, to write plays, and never gave up trying, though the plays always failed. But above all, he wrote novels. The stories of his furious energy in

writing novels are hard to believe. Day after day—sometimes for weeks on end—he would write for sixteen hours at a stretch. In twenty years he wrote about a hundred books, impossible as it may sound. There is a tale



Photo by G. I.

Here is Balzac in the famous dressing gown, looking unkempt enough, to be sure, but as efficient and full of energy as he must have been to turn out such a vast amount of writing.

that once he wrote a whole novel in a single night!

No one who writes so fast as this can expect to have a perfectly polished style, and in spite of the fact that he was always re-writing and correcting, Balzac's style is by no means perfect. Even his ideas are often not thought out very carefully—sometimes, indeed, they were only "half baked." But Balzac uses more different words than almost any other French writer—although he never had much chance to learn them in school—and his style is always striking and vigorous. And in all his innumerable books we feel the power of a mighty personality.

The Keen Foresight of Balzac

He had set himself a mammoth task—a task which no one person, however unbelievable his industry, could possibly accomplish. He wanted to have his novels fit together so that all sides of human life would be truly pictured. The whole of his work would thus form what he called "The Human Comedy."

Of course he never finished the entire scheme. Of the many parts of it which he did finish, perhaps the most famous are the novels called "The Curate of Tours," "Papa Goriot," and "Eugénie Grandet."

These novels are peopled with the multitudes of everyday Frenchmen and Frenchwomen whom Balzac had studied in their homes and their shops about him. He believed—perhaps because he had seen so much that was dishonest and discouraging and brutal—that men are bad rather than good. A man who was not interested in money he thought a fool; and he admired the clever scoundrel who succeeded. So his novels often leave you with a feeling of uneasiness, even though, having started one, you cannot lay it aside.

People have said that Balzac gives a picture of his own times. That is not quite true. Like a prophet, he saw the business age that was coming. So his books are in some ways a better picture of our own times than of his.

The MOST EXCITING TALE in the WORLD

Can You Think of Any Other Story More Thrilling than "The Three Musketeers" of Dumas?

WHO has not heard of d'Artagnan (där'-tá'nyôN'), that gallant daredevil of romance, and his Three Musketeers, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis? Have they not swished their cloaks and flashed their ready swords all over Christendom, on stage and screen and in the imaginations of all of us who ever read romances?

Surely the man who told this tale was prince of story-tellers! He wrote "The Count of Monte Cristo," too, and "Chicot (shē'kō') the Jester," and "The Black Tulip"—but we must not go on, for he once boasted that he had written twelve hundred volumes all together! It was his ambition to tell the whole of French history in novels. He did not quite do that—it would be impossible to put all history into romances—but he did tell a great many stirring and famous stories.

His name? He was Alexandre Dumas (ä'lēk'sôN'dr' dü'mä'), and he was born in

France in 1802. He came of a noble family. His father was a general under Napoleon, but fell out with the great commander and retired. When Dumas was four years old, the father died, leaving his wife and small son with thirty acres of land and no money. So Madame Dumas had to go with her little boy to live with her own parents. Dumas did not have much education, for he had to stop studying when he was still young and work in a country lawyer's office. But he made friends with the son of a Swedish nobleman who was in exile in France, and the two boys began to write vaudeville together. Then Dumas's friend went to Paris, and after some time Dumas decided to follow him and try his luck in Paris, too.

He got work, after some trouble, and then began once more to write sketches and plays. As soon as there was a large demand for his writings, Dumas ceased doing all the work

himself, he hired other people to do a good deal of the planning and even of the writing. It was rather like a literary factory. Probably that is one reason why he was able to turn out such an enormous amount. Yet he himself was a hard and rapid worker.



Photo by Olivier Paris

D'Artagnan, the hero of "The Three Musketeers," has become so real that people find it quite natural to make paintings and even statues of him. Here he is seated carelessly on a pedestal—boots, cloak, plumed hat, drawn sword, and all. And in the oval at the right is the face of his creator, the great teller of tales, Alexandre Dumas.

After a time he began to write romantic plays about history, they caught the taste of the day and became very popular—indeed some of them are not altogether forgotten even yet. There came a sudden interruption in 1830, when serious troubles broke out in France, and Dumas, who was an ardent republican, was in the thick of it. For a time he had to flee to Switzerland for safety from the authorities. But it was not long before the little revolution was over and Dumas was back in Paris, writing as hard as ever. "The Three Musketeers" appeared in 1844, and was the first of a long series of historical novels and tales. It has always been the most widely read of all of them.

Their author might easily have become a

very rich man, for he earned a great deal of money with his plays and short stories and novels. But he was very extravagant, and piled up so many debts that he had to work doubly hard during the latter part of his life in order to pay his bills. Until almost the very end he was troubled by the visits of people to whom he owed money.

When Dumas was fifty-eight years old he went to Sicily, where he helped the patriot Garibaldi in the Italian wars and was rewarded with the position of keeper of the museums in Naples. He spent four years there, but finally lost the post and came back to France, where, in 1870, he died. His life had been almost as full of romance and adventure as one of his own novels.

A LITTLE GYPSY GROWS *into an* AUTHOR

She Could Turn Out Stories Faster than Any Other Woman Who Ever Lived

QVER a hundred years ago there was a little French girl who was very full of fun and mischief. She could ride and shoot like any boy, and she loved to dress up in boy's clothes and roam around the countryside as free as any peasant child. Once in a while her elders would shake their heads and wonder how such a little gypsy could ever grow up to be a lady. But what would they have said if they had known that one day the little maid would be famous all over the world as the great George Sand (1804-1876)?

Of course that was not her real name. She was *Aurore Dupin* (ô'rô'r'du'pā'N'). Her father traced his ancestry to a king of Poland, but her mother was of humbler birth and had no education. So it was a grandmother who brought up the child after her father had been killed when she was still very young. Later in life she was going to inherit the home at Nohant (nô'ô'N') where they lived, and a good deal of money, but she was to see trying times.

Her school days were happy, and her lessons very easy. She really learned more from reading at home, and from her many friends, than at school. She married very young, after her grandmother's death, and far from happily. For her husband turned out to be coarse and clownish, and insulted her beyond endurance. So she arranged with him that she and her little daughter should go and live in Paris.

Fame in a Garret

At first they had nothing but a garret for a home, but the clever mother soon

found that she could earn a good deal of money if she tried. She could be an author! Dressed as a college boy, she used to go around to theaters and operas and other public places where women did not go alone; and known only to a few as George Sand, she kept gathering materials for the

host of novels that soon began to flow from her pen. For she found that she could write just as fast as she could make her pen travel across the pages, and that even then she never had to change a single word. That is why she wrote more than any other woman who ever lived. And yet in beauty and simplicity her style has no superior in her language.

All the while her charm and brilliance won the admiration of many great men. Among the most famous of her admirers were the poet Alfred de Musset (dē mû'sê') and the musician Frédéric Chopin (shô'pā'N').

She always sympathized with the poorer people of her country. When her hope and effort for a better government for them came to nothing, she retired to Nohant to write her delightful stories of their lives in farm and village. Her best books are the ones in which she tells about these simple, kindly people and about the beauties of nature around them. "The Haunted Pool" (1846) is possibly the best known, but "Little Falette" (1848) and "The Master Bagpipers" (1853) are equally beautiful. She also wrote the story of her own interesting life and some pretty fairy tales. And then she ended her days happily in the home where she had been a child.



That famous name George Sand sounds decidedly masculine just as its owner meant it should, when she picked it out. But the real George Sand, whose picture we have here, was a woman named Aurore Dupin, author of many a notable tale.

The MAN WHO WROTE "CARMEN"

In This and Many Another Story, Prosper Mérimée Showed that He Was a Charming Teller of Tales

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE (prô'spër' mǎ'-rē'mā') had many enemies. Nearly everyone who knew him thought him a hard, cold man, with a sarcastic tongue and no kindly feelings. Yet he had warm friends, too, and was devoted to them. In fact, he once served a term in prison for defending a friend who had been accused of theft. He was a man of some importance in public life, and two of his dearest friends were no less personages than the emperor Napoleon III and the empress Eugénie. During their reign he served as senator and was always being urged to be a guest at the court and a friend and adviser to their majesties. They and the others who knew him best could see that under his calm, polished manner there was an affectionate heart.

Truth to tell, Mérimée (1803-1870) liked to mystify people. He did it not only by his misleading manner, but in his writings too. When he was only twenty-four, he published a little book called "La Guzla," which he said was a translation of some Illyrian folk poetry. Now Mérimée knew only a few words of the language of Illyria, and all he knew of the country he had learned by reading books of travel and geography. Yet he fooled a great many scholars; and the Russian writer Pushkin even translated the book into Russian!

Mérimée was not a dishonest man; he was just having a little fun. He was, on the contrary, the most careful of writers. He was careful in choosing his words and making

his sentences, and became one of the finest of French prose writers. He did not go back and polish things when he had once written them so often as most fine writers do; but that was because he had written them carefully in the first place instead of dashing them off in a hurry. He was just as careful with

the details of his stories. He learned to know a great deal about history, art, and architecture, and wrote many essays on these subjects; then when he came to write a story about a certain place or time, he knew what he was talking about.

Yet even in his stories he finds ways to mystify his readers. Sometimes he leaves a story hanging

in the air, and the reader has to take his pick of two or three different endings. If one of his stories starts out happily you may be fairly sure it will end sadly; if it begins gloomily it is almost certain to have a cheerful ending. His tales are full of horrible happenings, for Mérimée seems to have delighted in horror; at least he liked to put his readers' nerves on edge.

These stories are most of them fairly short—"Colomba," perhaps the most famous of all, fills about a hundred and fifty pages, and the famous little sketch called "The Taking of the Redoubt" fills scarcely six. Of medium length is the Spanish gypsy tale, "Carmen," which was made into a very popular opera; and many another little masterpiece, like the powerful Corsican story of "Mateo Falcone," is fairly short. Perhaps you may not care for these tales, but no one has ever written better stories of their kind.



Photo by Ollivier. Paris
This is Prosper Mérimée, one of the most gifted writers of modern France.

The MOST PAINSTAKING NOVELIST

*One of the Reasons Why Flaubert Wrote So Little but So Well
Was that He Would Take Whole Hours to Find Just
the Word He Wanted*

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (gu'stāv' flō'-bēr') looked like a viking: he was big, with a healthy complexion and the build of an athlete. To see him, one would never have thought that he had a weak constitution and would die at middle age. He was nervous and shy and sensitive; but all this he tried to cover with a haughty manner. He hated Paris, to which he had come as a student from Rouen, where he had been born (1821); so as soon as he could he settled down at a little place in the country near his native city. And there he lived with his mother until she died, and after that alone—for he never married. He had devoted friends, and wrote many letters, notably a famous series to George Sand, the great woman writer with the masculine pen name; in these letters they discussed art and literature without end. But Flaubert was not fond of people in general, and clung to his solitude until, in 1880, he died.

It does not sound like an exciting life, does it? Yet it was the life best suited to Flaubert. It gave him time and quiet to work at his novels. We usually think of novelists, to be sure, as people who live in cities, where life whirls round them and where there are all sorts of men and women to watch and to put into books. But Flaubert

did not turn out a "best seller" every year. Far from it! The most famous of his novels, "Madame Bovary" (1857), took him six years to write; another, "Salammbô" (1862), took him four; a third took him seven.



Photo by Giraudou Paris

Gustave Flaubert may sometimes have seemed a little haughty as he looks here but it was only a way to cover his shyness. He hid himself away in the country during many years, to wrestle with words. And great was his victory!

For Flaubert worked over his novels as a carver does over wood or ivory slowly and painfully. It might take him a week to finish a single page, but he would not leave the page until he had made it perfect. He set himself to do two things: first, to make his characters absolutely true to life; second, to find words that would say exactly what he had in mind. He was never satisfied with a word that was nearly right; he would

search and search until he found the one word that would carry his idea better than any other. He is the best of models for anyone who is trying to learn to write really well.

He was just as careful with the characters in his novels. What he wanted to do was to

describe real people. He wanted to show not only what they do but what makes them do it. He was not content with saying: "This man—or that woman—is selfish." He studied his man or woman until he found out just what—in the person's mind or heart, or in the life he led—was the secret of his selfishness. Flaubert was so skillful that his novels are among the greatest ever written.

The FAMOUS ROGUE of TARASCON

*If You Have Not Yet Read Daudet's Tale of the Mighty Tartarin
You Still Have a Great Deal to Live For*

IF YOU do not know the story of "The Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon," or of the pope's mule that saved its kick for seven years, or of the little goat of Monsieur Seguin that was determined to go to the mountain even though the wolf was sure to eat it— if you do not know these famous tales you had better get hold of the works of Alphonse Daudet (âl'fōNs' dō'dě') and make their acquaintance at once. For you are missing a great deal of fun which you really ought to have.

Daudet (1840–1897) was born in one of the most magical parts of France—Provence (prô'vôNs')—a gray countryside of heath and vineyards, dotted with ruins from the time of the Romans and from the age of chivalry. His birthplace was Nîmes (nēm), where you may still see a Roman amphitheater and other ancient monuments.

Daudet wrote about the things and the people he knew best, and many of his finest stories and plays—such as the three books about the funny old braggart Tartarin (târ'-tâ'-răN') of Tarascon (tâ'răs'kōN'), and "Letters from My Windmill"—are about Provence or its people.

Daudet's childhood was not happy. His father, a silk manufacturer, was always in financial trouble, and the family at times

suffered the poverty that Daudet later described in a pathetic story of his own childhood in Nîmes and Lyon, "The Little What you - may - call - him"—"Le Petit Chose" (1868). When he was sixteen, Daudet had to shift for himself. After a few months of misery as a teacher in a poor school, he went

to Paris, where his elder brother was trying to make a living as a journalist. Alphonse joined him and took up the same career. He began to write plays and novels and short stories, and had little trouble in winning success. This was because he knew how to make his characters both interesting and true to life, and because he had an unusually charming way of writing. Like Dickens, he knew the joys and sorrows of simple people and can be amusing and pathetic in the same breath. But, though he drew inspiration from Dickens, the fire and beauty are his own.



Here is Alphonse Daudet, who is remembered for many delightful tales, and for none more than those that tell of that amusing old buffoon, Tartarin of Tarascon.

It would take too long to name all his books here. The first to make a stir in the world was "Fromont the Younger and Risler the Elder" (1874). Then there are the three about the immortal Tartarin, and many short stories and novels, a few of which we have already mentioned. Among the stories he wrote for children, one of the best is "La Belle Nivernaise," (nē'vēr'něž'), the tale of an old boat and her crew.

A PRINCE of SHORT-STORY WRITERS

Nobody in the World Has Written Cleverer Tales than the Frenchman Maupassant, Whom Thousands of Other Authors Have Imitated

WHEN young Guy de Maupassant (gē dē mō'pā'sōn') went to the literary parties which used to gather at the home of the great novelist Flaubert (flō'bēr'), he scarcely ever had anything to say. The others thought of him merely as a young athlete, who doubtless came to Flaubert's house because Flaubert had been a great friend of his mother's. And it was true that Maupassant was immensely fond of rowing, and for it neglected the government job he held. How were his friends to guess that some day he would write stories that would take the world by storm?

Even Flaubert himself, at first, had not suspected his young friend's genius; but after a while he saw it, and then for seven years he put the young man through a strenuous course of writing. Maupassant tried poetry first, but found that he did not have the sense of melody which a poet must possess. But when he turned to short stories, the very first one he produced was a masterpiece! He wrote several novels later, one of them a masterpiece too—the somber tale called simply "A Life." But it was almost always in the short story that he was at his best.

Indeed he was one of the first masters of the modern short story, and still remains one of the greatest. Any book of famous stories is sure to include at least one of his tales—

"The Necklace," perhaps, or "A Piece of String." The finest of them are told in the simple, clear, and exquisitely exact language which their author must have learned partly from his teacher, Flaubert.



Guy de Maupassant, whose picture this is, was not a happy man, and his tales are nearly always sad. Yet they are so powerful and so perfectly written that everyone hails their author as one of the greatest of all writers of short stories.

Maupassant was a "naturalist," and believed that the writer's task is to set down things exactly as he sees them in nature—especially human nature—all about him. Whether he was describing a peasant or a business man, a politician, a society woman, or a scoundrel, he always had in mind people whom he actually knew. He had seen a great many kinds of people—peasants in the countryside where he was born (1850), literary people at Rouen, high and low society at Paris, soldiers and politicians whom he had met while he served in the Franco-Prussian War. Nothing escaped his keen eye and skillful pen.

But he was naturally a melancholy, troubled man; indeed, before he died (1893), he went insane. He saw always the darker side of any picture—ugliness, suffering, wickedness. A good many of his books were censored by the government because they were about such bad people. Even the best of them often leave the reader with a feeling of gloom—as if everything in life were wicked or horrible. Yet they are so exact and so real that they grip you to the end.

WHAT DO WE MEAN *by* "REALISM"?

One of the Ways to Find Out Is to Read the Best Work of the French Novelist Zola, Leading Realist of His Day

HAVE you ever worked in a scientific laboratory, trying to find out, for instance, just what happens when certain chemicals are put together in a certain way? How hard it is to see exactly what happens! How easy, if the experiment does not come out just as you hoped it would, to imagine that things happened a trifle differently from the way they seemed to happen! And if it is hard to observe all the facts and put them down correctly when they have to do with chemicals and electricity, how much harder if they have to do with human beings!

Yet this last is the task which Émile Zola (*ā'mēl' zō'lā'*) set for himself. He wanted to study men and women under a sort of psychological microscope, and to put down in his novels exactly what he saw. He worked prodigiously at it. He conceived the idea of writing the history of a whole large family during the time of the second empire in France, and he actually wrote twenty novels in the series. For thirty years he made himself write a given number of pages every morning, because he had so much to say. He put in all the little details that most people leave out, or perhaps never notice at all. And he made his best books very powerful and moving.

But it seems to be impossible for us to study human beings as we study insects or acids; we are always seeing some facts and not noticing others that are just as impor-

tant. Zola's trouble was that he saw the dark side of things so much more clearly than the bright. He saw poor people, and forgot that not everyone is poor. He saw criminals, and decided that everyone is wicked. He saw ugliness, and did not really look at beauty. And he had a way of piling

up his pictures of ugliness and suffering till the reader could almost believe that there was nothing else in the world!

Zola had had only too much chance to see the seamy side of things himself. He was born in Paris in 1840, and while still a little lad was left fatherless and very poor. There were many years of hard work and bitter poverty, before at last, when he was twenty-eight, one of his novels made his name and his fortune. After that he was not so poor, but he continued to work very hard until his death in 1902.

Now the more clearly Zola saw the ugliness

and suffering in the world, the more energetically he tried to make things better. And he was as brave as he was energetic. Once he deliberately wrote something which he knew would bring on him a suit for libel and involve him in all sorts of difficulties—just because he could not bear to see injustice without doing what he could to stop it. But it was through his novels that he hoped to open people's eyes to the evils of the world and stir people to reform. His two greatest works are "The Bludgeon" and "Germinal."



Émile Zola, whose picture we have here, was a thoughtful man who tried to tell the exact truth as he saw it. His novels, which we call "realistic," were read and admired and imitated by writers all over the world.



This is the wise and kindly face of Anatole France, who learned to laugh at human beings and at the same time to pity them.

Laughter and pity alike Anatole France put into the most exquisite prose, salted with bits of out-of-the-way learning.

ANATOLE FRANCE, MASTER *of* STYLE

*No Other Man in Our Day Has Written Prose More Lucid or
More Flowing than Is Found in the Books of This
Great French Author*

THE river Seine flows through the heart of the city of Paris, and on either bank are stone quays leading up to a wide parapeted promenade shaded by sycamore trees. It is delightful to stroll there, not only because of the busy river and the historic buildings beyond, but because, on the left bank, the walk is lined with little stands and boxlike stalls filled with books. You may stop as long as you like to look at the books, whether or not you decide to buy any. The child who has grown up by the quays of Paris is lucky indeed; and Anatole France (á'ná'tól' frôNs) was such a child.

But even if this child, whose real name was Jacques Anatole Thibault (zhák á'ná'tól' tē'bō'), had never seen the little bookstalls by the river, he would still have grown up among books. For his father was a bookseller, though not on the quays. He kept a charming, old-fashioned shop, where you could sit down and smoke and chat with never a thought of buying. All sorts of men

dropped in to talk about literature and writers and topics of the day. Little Anatole, who was born in 1844, would sit by the hour and listen to this talk. No wonder he became a writer himself when he grew up! Long after, when he was forty-one, he wrote a book called "The Book of My Friend," which gives a vivid picture of his childhood in his father's bookshop and along the quays of Paris.

Anatole France was a bright boy. To be sure, his teachers thought him lazy, for he never got good marks in his examinations. Yet he was always reading—though he read and learned what he liked, not what he was supposed to be reading and learning. He loved history, but it was usually strange, out-of-the-way facts that he remembered. Later these queer bits of learning would crop up in his books.

The best things that he wrote are his stories—snort stories and novels. They are not at all the usual sort of tale. What you

remember about them is not what happened but what the people were like and especially what their ideas were. In one, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" (1881), the hero is a funny old scholar with a huge cat and a very kind heart. Another gives a picture of the life of a boy whose father keeps an old-fashioned inn in Paris. In this and others of France's books there is a priest named the Abbé Coingnard (kwá'nyár') kind and charming and very bad who has a way of showing people how silly many of their ideas are.

Anatole France wrote about many things. Some of his books discuss what governments ought to be, for after 1900 his political views grew very advanced. The most famous of the political books is "Penguin Island" (1908), in which he uses the funny way in which penguins resemble men and women to make us laugh at our

own foolishness. That same year he published a life of Joan of Arc. In all his books he makes fun of the silly things people do and the foolishness of their ideas. But he never does it meanly. He laughs at you in

the kindest way imaginable. for he was very fond of human beings, in spite of all their absurdities. As he grew old he won more and more admirers, and when he died in 1924, he was known and read all over the world.

He is still widely read and admired. Some like the very human characters in his books, or are fascinated by his way of looking at life, or by his wit and curious learning, or by his ideas. But perhaps his writing is most admired for its style. For he was a great master of French prose. Even in a good

translation we can feel something of the clear sparkle and easy flow of his words and something of his irresistible charm.



Is it not easy to imagine this man, Edmond Rostand, in a big plumed hat and splendid cloak, with rattling sword? But since he was born in our own times, he had to dress like everyone else, and could only put the sword and plumes into his plays.

The ROMANTIC PLAYS of ROSTAND

The Author of "Chantecler" and "Cyrano" Had a Poetic Charm That Set Him Apart among the Writers of His Day

SOMETIMES we look about and think that the world is a very humdrum place. We wish we had lived in the days when knights rode at adventure or when cavaliers swaggered along in their big boots and flopping plumes. All that we can do for excitement is to get into the car and go for a picnic with the family! Life seems very dull. When we feel that way, the best thing to do is to read a good adventure story or go to a play or a moving picture that will carry us into a more exciting world.

Edmond Rostand (ěd'mōN' rōs'tōN') wrote such plays. He lived not very long ago (1869-1918); so he knew all about life to-day. But he knew also what fun it is to pretend you lived long ago. One of his plays, "The Faraway Princess," tells the story of a troubadour of the days of chivalry who fell in love with a princess whom he had heard

of but never seen, and of how he went in search of her. His most famous play, "Cyrano de Bergerac" (sē'rā'nō' dē bër'zhē-rāk'), is about a real person who lived three centuries ago and had all kinds of adventures—not always happy ones, for poor Cyrano was afflicted with an enormous nose and was not so popular with the ladies as he would have liked to be. "L'Aiglon," "The Eaglet," is the sad story of Napoleon's unfortunate son. In "Chantecler," the hero is a rooster and all the characters are birds or animals who act like human beings.

Rostand wrote his plays in verse—and very charming verse it is. Sometimes it is witty and sometimes it is sad, but it trips along easily and is pleasant to read or to hear. Even when we have to read or hear Rostand's plays in translation, they carry us off to a delightful world of romance.

ENGLISH LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit No. 10

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For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index

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Things to Think About

Why is Chaucer counted among England's greatest poets?
What interest would there be in visiting Shakespeare's home at Stratford on Avon?
How well did Addison and Steele

get along together?
What caused letter writing to become a lost art?
How many well-known authors belonged to Johnson's Literary Club?

ENGLISH LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Things to Think About

In what way did Robert Burns differ from other Scottish writers?

Name the romantic poets who died while they were still young men.

Is there among your acquaintances a person whom Charles Dickens would have liked to use as one of his colorful characters?

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Habits and Attitudes

Chaucer was often sent abroad by the King and so he was able not only to learn of the new poetry in France and Italy but also to meet many people, some of whom he described in the "Canterbury Tales."

Not only did Shakespeare love the drama, but he also knew how to make his characters real and, by his gifts as a poet, to make them talk in beautiful and expressive language.

Because of his faithful work as Latin secretary for the Puritan government, John Milton lost his sight and much of his prop-

erty, but in his poverty and blindness he wrote "Paradise Lost" in order to explain the ways of God in human history.

All his life Wordsworth loved nature and simple people and in his poetry he told how by thinking deeply about nature we could learn great truths about life and could also find peace.

Charles Lamb devoted his life to caring for his sister Mary; during their quiet, happy life he wrote charming essays, and together they wrote "Tales from Shakespeare" for children.

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Read one of the stories from the Canterbury Tales, 14-329

PROJECT NO. 2: Read Lamb's

"Tales from Shakespeare."

PROJECT NO. 3: Read "Pilgrim's Progress."

Summary Statement

Not only does English literature include the works of the greatest poet the world has yet seen, but it also has much noble

prose and poetry which show the genius of the English people at its finest and best.

BEDE



Photo by Autotype Company

"There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master," the little scribe said.

"Write it quickly," said Bede, giving him the words

"It is finished now," at last the boy announced
"True," said the master, "all is finished now"
And chanting the Gloria, he breathed his last.

The FATHER of ENGLISH LEARNING

As Simple as a Child, the Venerable Bede Was One of the Wisest Men of His Day, and the Old Monastery at Jarrow Is Still Famous because of Him

AN OLD man lay dying. His bed was only a mat on the stone floor of an English monastery. Outside, it was springtime. Easter had come and gone since the man had fallen ill. But it was the scenes inside that the old monk loved. On one side of the room was the place where he had offered up his prayers year after year, and near it was a chest where he kept the few little things he owned. Around his bed were the possessions he loved most — his little stock of books.

Bede (bed) was the old man's name — and because of his saintly life we often speak of him to-day as "the venerable Bede." He lived so long ago — twelve hundred years — that English people had not yet found it necessary to have more than one name. His parents had been born heathens, but they had been so glad to see the land turn Christian that they had brought their boy at the age of seven to live in the beautiful new monastery. Here he had been happy for the rest of his life (672-735). At an early

age he had become a teacher, and people had come to the monastery from far and near to learn from the gentle scholar. He had been a good monk and a good teacher, but every spare moment he could get he had spent in studying and in writing books.

The greatest book that Bede wrote was a history of the English race—not of its great kings and warriors, but of its leaders and teachers in the church. Bede was very careful to put down nothing except what he knew to be a fact, and his history has therefore been very valuable to people of later times who have been curious to know how the early people lived in England.

At last Bede had grown too old and too feeble to handle a pen. But even so he had dictated his works to one of his pupils. Now, as he lay on his deathbed, there remained still to be finished his translation into English of the Gospel of St. John.

The boy scribe said, "There is still a chap-

ter wanting, and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer."

"It is easily done," said Bede. "Take thy pen and write quickly."

So the work went on until Bede remembered that he had a few little things in his chest that he wanted to give to his fellow priests. While they wept, he gave out his simple treasures—pepper, napkins, and incense—and asked his friends to pray for him.

Then the little scribe said, "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master."

"Write it quickly," said Bede, giving him the words.

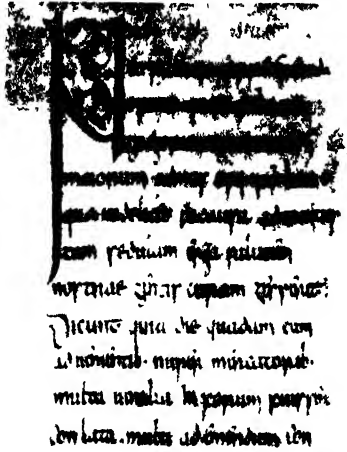
"It is finished now," the boy announced at last.

"True," said the master, "all is finished now."

Then he asked to be held up on the floor with his face turned toward the spot where he had been used to pray. There he chanted,

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost."

As he uttered the well-known words he breathed his last and fell back dead.



By British Mu

This is a page from Bede's famous history of England. The copy is upon vellum, and was made within a century after Bede's death, it is now in the British Museum. The particular passage shown here relates, in Latin, the story of how Pope Gregory came to send Augustine to England to convert the people there to Christianity.

The WITTIEST and WISEST of OUR POETS

Old Chaucer Is the Man; and How It Pays to Spend a Little Time Learning How to Read His Language!

NEARLY six hundred years ago (1350) an English boy of nineteen joined the army to fight for his king over in France. He had already been a page to one of the King's sons, and he had surely heard many a story of the glorious things that Englishmen were doing overseas. Only a little while before, the famous Black Prince had won a victory for his father and had come to be the model of bravery and chivalry for every English boy. And of course our young warrior must have hoped to be a hero too. But he only met the cruel fate—

or such it must have seemed—of falling captive to the French. Yet even in his bad luck there was a little touch of romance. For when the ransom came to set our boy free, a large part of it had been paid by no less a person than the King himself!

This boy grew up to be the famous Geoffrey Chaucer, the greatest of our poets before Shakespeare. All through his life he stayed in the service of the king, and that is how we find out most of what we know about him. But he was always busy also on the

CHAUCER



Photo by the National Gallery

This painting by the artist Ford Madox Brown shows the poet Chaucer reading before King Edward III and his court. The picture is modern, but it is full of the colorful splendor of the Middle Ages. In those days

when there were no theaters or moving-picture shows, no phonographs or radios, no newspapers or books or magazines, the skillful teller of tales could hold the proudest audience in the hollow of his hand.



Photo by Ruchgitz

This is the gay company that under an April sky set out from the Tabard Inn to go to Canterbury. Here poems that have remained a delight for all the world to our day.

Chaucer was born about 1340, and his father was a well-to-do wine merchant who had a certain influence in his day. To fit the boy for a career, the father placed him in the court of King Edward III. For some time after the adventure in France, the young man lived on in the king's own household. King Edward called him his "beloved servant" and gave him a pension for life.

The Book of the Duchess

But Chaucer's special friend at court was the famous son of Edward whom we know as John of Gaunt. One of the earlier poems from Chaucer's pen was written on the death of this prince's wife. The good and beautiful young lady had been a victim of the terrible plague that once carried off a third of the people of Europe in a single year. She was the Duchess Blanche, and the poem was called "The Book of the Duchess."

It must have been at the court that Chaucer met and married his wife Philippa, one of the Queen's Ladies of the Chamber. For their services to him, both Geoffrey and Philippa received pensions for life from John of Gaunt.

Chaucer often went abroad on secret business for the King. In this way he traveled in France, in Flanders, and in Italy. On the journeys he kept his ears open for the new poetry that was being written in these lands. Through the middle of his life he was mainly interested in the poetry of the French, but in the last period he

is nearly every type living in England in the Middle Ages; you may meet them in "The Canterbury Tales."

turned largely to that of the great Italians. To their influence we owe one of his greatest poems, the long story of "Troilus and Cressida."

But his love of poetry never made him neglect the business of the King. Chaucer was the kind of poet who was also a good business man; no poet anywhere ever kept a more level head. And after every trip the King would give him a reward. Once he granted him a pitcher of wine every day—which Chaucer probably turned into a convenient money payment.

He also served his king at home. For more than ten years he helped to keep the accounts straight in the customs offices. In one of his poems he has a little complaint because his days are so full of these accounts that he has to do all of his studying and writing in the night. So it must have been a great relief when he was given a helper in the office work.

Chaucer and the Boy King

By this time King Edward was already dead, and King Richard II, son of the Black Prince, had come to the throne at the age of eleven, under the guidance of John of Gaunt. Richard grew up to be a wayward ruler. In one of his poems Chaucer was bold enough to urge the boy king to show a stronger hand. But the King seems to have taken no offence, for he too gave the poet a life pension. In the very last years of Chaucer's life there was still another king—Henry IV, the son of John of Gaunt. Our poet at once addressed him in the amusing verses called "The Complaint of Chaucer to His Empty Purse." Four days later the



If you had been living in England in the decades following Chaucer's death, you would have had to read his poetry from this beautiful manuscript, or from one much like it. The passage above is taken from what is known as the Lansdowne Manuscript of "The Can-

terbury Tales," a copy made, it is thought, at about the middle of the fifteenth century. When Caxton brought the first printing press to England, one of the first books he printed upon it was this much-loved poem, which probably appeared in 1478.

King filled the purse by increasing some of the poet's pensions.

Thus Chaucer prospered, and he always had a good time. To the very end he was busy with his offices and with his poems. He was Knight of the Shire of Kent, and he served as clerk of the works, a sort of engineering office—and as a royal forester. In all this he came to know a great many kinds of people, and that had a great deal to do with his poetry. For into his greatest work he put nearly all the kinds of people that he knew, and the result is not only a great and most amusing poem but also a matchless picture gallery of the people all over England in the days of long ago.

That work is the famous "Canterbury Tales." A whole troop of people, queerly mixed, are riding on a pilgrimage from London to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. There is a famous knight, and also a common innkeeper. There is a great monk, and also a rascally miller. There is a worldly woman from Bath, and a dainty prioress, and a devout nun. There are a doctor and a merchant, a parson and a plowman, and many more of many kinds.

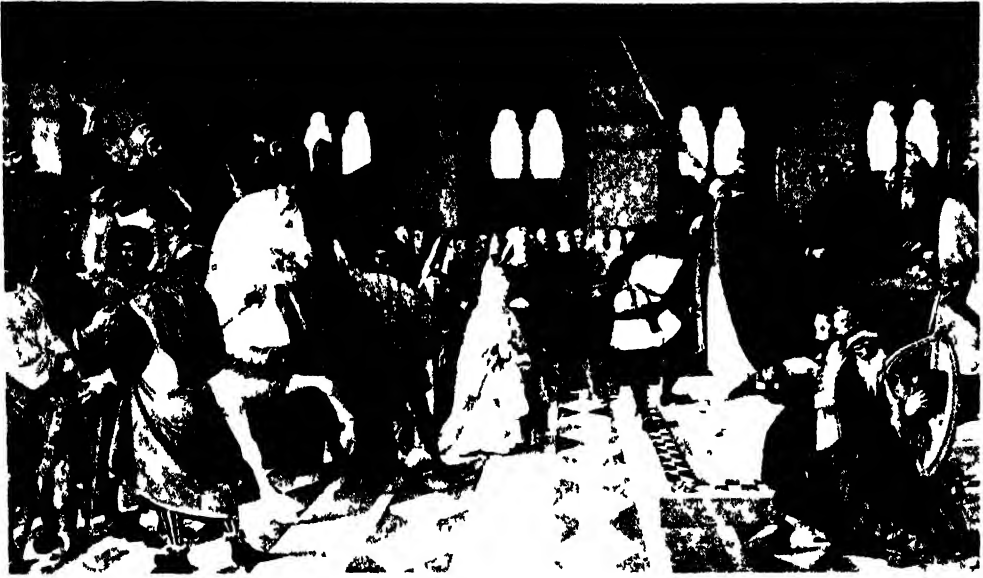
Above all, there is Chaucer himself. As he rides along on his nag he keeps quiet and seems always to be looking down at the ground. But his keen eye is wide open to every little thing these people do, and his ear is catching every word they drop. So

he fills up his stories with their quaint words and ways and leaves us a set of pictures that will be forever amusing and delightful.

All of the pilgrims are to tell stories as they ride along, to pass away the time. When it is Chaucer's turn to tell a story, he plays a trick on them. He, the one great story-teller in the whole troop, starts out on such a ridiculous yarn that nobody will listen to him. They cut him short and tell him to give them something better. Then he puts them to sleep with the dullest story that was ever heard in the world! And that is just like Chaucer.

For, one of the five greatest English poets, he is the most comical of them all. He has an abounding sense of humor. He is also about the wisest of them all, if by wisdom we mean plain common sense and a vast lot of it. That will tell his place among the poets. When he died in 1400, it was very fitting for him to be the first poet ever buried in the famous nook of Westminster Abbey that we now call the "Poets' Corner."

Once the writer of these words was stranded for a night out in the wilds with a set of rough woodsmen. They were all telling stories around a big campfire until the time came to go to sleep on the ground. When the writer's turn came for a story, he gave them one straight out of Chaucer. They had never heard of Chaucer, so they voted the writer the best story-teller in the world!



Sir Tristram is being admitted to the fellowship of the Round Table. He was never a regular member of King Arthur's court, for he served his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall. But he visited the court of Arthur from time to time, and became a rival of Sir Lancelot.

Of all the knights of romance he was the most perfect in knightly accomplishment. Besides being a master of horsemanship and swordplay, he excelled at chess, knew all the lore of the chase, spoke many languages, and was a skilled musician.

The HISTORIAN of the ROUND TABLE

Sir Thomas Malory Would Have Been at Home in King Arthur's Court, and He Gave Us Some of Our Most Famous Stories of the Knights of Old

WHEN Sir Thomas Malory was a young man he served in the French wars in the retinue of Richard Beauchamp (be'chum) earl of Warwick—a knight so gallant and dashing that he was called the Father of Chivalry. Many were the brave deeds that this chivalrous warrior and noble man had to his credit. One day in 1411, when it appeared that the Frenchmen were not going to attack the English at Calus as they had been expected to do, Warwick determined to have a joust or tourney 'to put in practice some new point of chivalry.' So he challenged three French knights to combat, sending each challenge under a different name. And coming to each fight in a separate disguise, he won them all. Then he feasted all the people, gave presents to the knights he had unhorsed, and returned to the city with much honor.

Sir Thomas Malory never forgot the lessons of chivalry he had learned from his lord and commander, and many years later he worked them into his great book, the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Between the tales he borrowed from other books he even slipped in the story of that triple combat.

We do not know much about what Malory did in the later campaigns of the Hundred Years' War—indeed we do not know much about what he did at any time. He must have seen a good deal of fighting. He must have seen Joan of Arc perhaps have been at hand when she was burned as a witch. We know that when he came back to England about 1445 he went to parliament, as representative from Warwickshire. He came from a very old Warwickshire family, whose seat was Newbold Revel, not far from modern Rugby and Coventry.

MALORY

But when we catch another glimpse of our knight, he has just escaped from prison by scaling the walls and swimming the wide deep moat of a grim medieval fortress, and is now arrested on the most bristling array of charges for all sorts of disorderly conduct, including breaking into and robbing a monastery. The truth is that England in those days of the mid-fifteenth century was fairly bubbling over with quarrels and discontents—the people against the knights, the knights against the barons, the monks against outsiders or one another, the followers of one claimant for the throne of England against the followers of another. It was, as a man of that day remarked, a “right wild” time. So we need not be surprised or shocked to find our student of honor and chivalry mixed up in some kind of local brawl.

Some say that later Malory put on the red rose and fought for the house of Lancaster in the Wars of the Roses, which began about this time. We know that twice in the year 1468 he was excepted by name from a pardon granted to many Lancastrians and other political prisoners. For whatever reason, the unfortunate knight seems to have been always in trouble, and frequently in prison. It is probable that, before his death in 1471, he had been continually in prison for something like twenty years. If so, small wonder that at the end of his great romance he begs the reader to pray “that God send me good deliverance”!

Opposite Newgate Prison, where Malory spent these bitter years, was the great library of the Gray Friars. Doubtless his wife Elizabeth—for whose honor he changed the name of a lovely lady in his romance—or some of his other friends could bring him books from there. At least he had what he calls a

“Frensshe Booke,” made up, it seems, of many long French tales about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Out of these, translating and cutting and condensing and changing to suit his taste, Malory made his book.

He called it the “Morte d’Arthur”—the “Death of Arthur”—but it is really the whole fascinating story of Arthur and his knights from first to last—of Merlin, the great magician; of Lancelot, the flower of chivalry, and his great love for Guinevere, the queen; of Gawain and Gareth and their doings, and of the lovers, Tristan and Iseult; of the quest for the Holy Grail, and Galahad’s finding of it; and last of all, of the black treason of Modred, and the King’s sailing to the Isles of the Dead. It is all there, written down for the first time in English prose. It is told so simply and charmingly that it is still very good indeed to read; it is the earliest of all masterpieces of English prose.

And as for the way Malory tells these age-old stories—nearly all the poets who have told them after him have used him as a guide.

As he wrote his great book, the old knight must have looked back across the years to the days of his youth, when the old-time chivalry which he imagines to have flowered in Arthur’s court was still alive in the gallant Warwick. Then he must have looked about him at the four walls of his prison, and through them with his mind’s eye to quarreling England, and longed for the “good old days.” For even while he was writing his perfect story of the days “when knighthood was in flower,” the Middle Ages were dying around him. His book was one of the very first, for example, to be *printed* in England. And nothing is more modern and less medieval than a printing press!



Photo by Anderson

This painting shows us Malory as a dashing knight when he followed his noble lord to France and learned of the famous exploits which he later told us of in his tales of Arthur and the Round Table.



Plot by Ruel gets

From a window in the Tower of London, where he has been imprisoned, Sir Thomas More and his daughter Margaret are watching four monks on their way to

execution for having refused to swear that Henry VIII was the sole head of the church. It was for a similar refusal that More was thrown into the Tower.

The MAN WHO WROTE "UTOPIA"

A Great Statesman, Sir Thomas More Was Also a Scholar and a Wit, Even in the Last Moments before His Death as the Chief Victim of Henry VIII

HAVL you ever sat and dreamed for a while of some green island in the sea where you and a few of your good friends could live an ideal life, far from the pressing cares and troubles of this confusing world? Nearly every man who is worth his salt has had a few brief dreams of this kind. A good many men have kept on dreaming until they have thought out a whole new scheme of life for the little group on their imaginary island. A hundred or more of these dreamers have made the dream into a book—to tell about the ideal commonwealth they would build up if they could have their own way freely in constructing it. And probably the most famous of all the books of this kind is the one written by Sir Thomas More

(1478-1535). It is called 'Utopia'; and how well Sir Thomas knew it was a dream is shown by the fact that "utopia" (û-tô'pî-a) is just a Greek word for 'nowhere.'

To-day, after four hundred years, the immortal 'Utopia' is the main thing that everybody mentions in connection with Sir Thomas More. But in his own day this product of his wit and fancy, though widely read, was only one of the many diversions in a very important life; for More was one of the weightiest men in England in the troublous times of Henry VIII, and in the end the most glorious martyr to that cruel king's greed and passion.

Even as a boy, More had shown that he was going to make a high mark in the world

After a little schooling he was placed in the house of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who said at once that More would "prove a marvelous man." The Archbishop sent him to Oxford, and his father made him study law; so at twenty-two More was admitted to practice. He soon had a large number of clients, and gained a high renown for his legal skill and wisdom.

Then he entered public life for a time, as a member of parliament. But he soon found himself in disagreement with the old king Henry VII, and in those days it was dangerous indeed to disagree with a king, and usually even more futile than dangerous. So More retired to his legal and literary studies, and to a stern and pure religious life. Indeed he came very near becoming a monk. He spent a great deal of time in prayer and fasting, and always wore a hair shirt next his body as a penance. He had given up all idea of a public career, and desired only to be a retired scholar, like his famous friend Erasmus.

But now Henry VIII came to the throne, and More's retirement was over. More did not want to leave his quiet life, but the new king dragged him by main force back into politics, into diplomacy, and into all the cares of high office in the state. More now rose rapidly in glory, and in due time to the post of chancellor. He had all the trust and affection of the King, who used to walk up and down the garden with his arm around More's neck. But More well knew how deceptive glory is, and how fickle the favor of a tyrant.

"Master More," the Duke of Norfolk said one day, "it is perilous striving with princes; the revenge of princes is death." "Is that all, my lord?" More answered with a smile; "then, in good faith, the difference between your Grace and me is that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow."

The strife with Henry VIII came over various things, but two were much the most important. The King had put away his wife, Catherine of Aragon, and married the pretty Anne Boleyn (bōl'in); and neither by entreaty nor by force could he get More to say that the act was right or legal. The King had also broken with the Pope, and set himself up as the head of the church in

England; but nothing could persuade More to accept the King as head of the church. Then the doom of More was sealed. He was tried for treason, and his head was cut off. His death has been called "the blackest crime that ever has been perpetrated in England under the form of law."

It would be hard to find a nobler example of the way a man ought to behave than in the conduct of Sir Thomas More during his trial and while he was waiting for the axe to fall. For a parallel men have often gone back through all the centuries to the story of Socrates during his trial and death in Athens, and More has often been called the English Socrates.

If he was very much like Socrates in his heroism and even in his gayety under persecution, he was a little like him also in his way of thought. For More was a scholar and a philosopher, and the ideas that circulated in his brain are more important to us now than his actions as a statesman. He came at a time when the old world of the Middle Ages was breaking up, and when the great movement known as the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sōns') was opening the door to the modern world in which we live. If in his heart More was a man of the older world, in his mind he was decidedly a herald of the modern one. He was a chief leader of the Renaissance as it began to dawn in England.

Like a good scholar of the Renaissance, like a good disciple of the philosophers of old, More was also a wit. When he had given his fervent blessing to his weeping children and his servants just before his death beneath the axe, he turned to his fate with the smile of a gentleman and a philosopher. As he mounted the scaffold to his death, he said to one of the officers, "I pray thee, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." When the man with the axe hesitated a moment, More did what he could to give him courage. "Pluck up thy spirits, man," he said, "and be not afraid to do thine office." And then, with his head on the block, he pushed his beard away to bare his throat, saying, "Stay till I have moved my beard; that at least has not committed treason."



Edmund Spenser, the great poet of Queen Elizabeth, is reading his poem of the "Fairy Queen" to his friend

Sir Walter Raleigh, who is paying him a visit at Spenser's home in Ireland

WHO IS "THE POET'S POET"?

That Is What We Call Edmund Spenser, Because So Many Other Poets Have Loved Him and Have Tried to Write as He Did

EDMUND SPENSER lived through the glorious days of England when the great Elizabeth was queen. The land was full of great men. The victory over the terrible Armada from Spain had made heroes of the soldiers and sailors. The New World opened paths for bold explorers. The Queen herself set a high mark in statecraft. Above all, the land was full of poets giving voice to the brave deeds of the day. There were more great English poets then than there have ever been before or since, and next to Shakespeare, Spenser was the greatest of them all.

He was born in London in 1552 in a good family that was still by no means rich. But he did so well at school that some wealthy men helped him to go to college, though he had to earn his way in part by waiting on the table and by doing other work. After

he had taken two degrees at the university in Cambridge, he came back to London in the hope of winning fame and fortune with his pen and in the service of his Queen.

He was a member of a club of poets and scholars who were full of high ambition for English literature. The eyes of the world had been opened after the Middle Ages to the glories of the poetry of ancient Greece and Rome. In every land the poets were trying now to do in their own tongues what Homer and Virgil (vir'jil) had done so long ago. The Italians had begun it, and the English were following bravely on. Spenser's club was busy in that effort, and Spenser more than any other member.

In that spirit he wrote all his work. He began with the "Shepherd's Calendar" (1579), a group of poems, one for each

month of the year, of the kind that we call "pastoral." In such poems, coming down from ancient times, the poet and his friends make out that they are simple shepherds and tell us the stories of their love and other tales.

In the service of his Queen, Spenser started as a secretary to the governor in Ireland—and that, unluckily, is about as far as he ever got. There was already plenty of trouble between the Irish and the English. The English overlords were very cruel to the Irish people, and the Irish were full of hate for them. So Spenser never had a very happy time in Ireland.

But all the time he was at work on his great poem. It was a work meant to rival the old epics of Greece and Rome, and the new ones of Italy. It was to unite all the art and thought of the ancients and all the bravery of the days of chivalry in singing the glory of the great Queen of England. So the poem is called "The Fairy Queen," and the queen is of course Elizabeth—or "Gloriana," as the poet calls her. For her and the knights in the poem do their brave deeds, and at her feet they lay down all their triumphs.

When part of the poem was done, Spenser had a famous visitor in Ireland. It was no other man than Sir Walter Raleigh. He was a poet too; and he was so charmed with Spenser's poem that he told the author to

bring it over to England and present it to the Queen.

The Queen and all her court admired the poem, and Spenser may well have thought his fortune was now made. But all that came to him was a small pension. The Queen was old, and she was after all a stingy woman. Spenser went back to Ireland a sadder and a wiser man—especially wiser about queens.

But he was no man to stop his poem. For the rest of his life he was busy with it, though he died before he finished it. It was to be in twelve long books, and we have only six of them. In the meanwhile he wrote several other poems, and a beautiful series of sonnets—the "Amoretti Sonnets"—to the lady who became his wife.

But he had rather a hard time in Ireland. In 1598 the Irish rebels burned his home, and he and his wife barely escaped out of the country with their lives. Early in the next year he died in London, in poverty and sadness.

Spenser may well have felt that his life was a failure. How could he know that his fragment of "The Fairy Queen" was going to rank as one of the four or five greatest poems in his language? But that is the rank it holds. The poets themselves always love and cherish Spenser, and try to write as he did so much so that he is always known as "the poet's poet."

"WISEST, BRIGHTEST, MEANEST of MANKIND"

***In Taking All Knowledge for His Field of Interest, Lord Bacon
Came to Be the Father of a Great Part of the World's
Thinking from His Day to Ours***

IN THE days when not quite so much history was known to us as now—and not nearly so much science—men sometimes thought that they could learn practically everything there was to know, and even put everything down in one book. And of course if one could learn everything, one could also be all sorts of things at once! Sir Francis Bacon was one of the last of the great men who could say, "I take all knowledge to be my province." He succeeded in

being a great statesman and jurist, a famous philosopher and scientist, and a very important writer. So, whether you are reading a history of literature, of science, of philosophy, or of the English people, you are sure to come upon his name.

Before he was sixteen, Bacon had decided that he would form a philosophy of living and of government to take the place of that of Aristotle, the ruling philosopher of all the world. Also, Queen Elizabeth was calling

FRANCIS BACON



Bacon did an amazing amount of work in the course of his lifetime. His clear mind was always active, and

wherever he went he took a secretary whose duty it was to take down whatever Bacon had to say.

him her "little lord keeper," and he must have dreamed of a time when he would be lord keeper of the great seal in fact as well as in play.

He came of a distinguished family, his father had himself been lord keeper, and an uncle had been lord treasurer. Born in 1561, Bacon went to Cambridge at twelve, and at fifteen was studying law at Gray's Inn in London. He spent three years in France, attached to the British embassy, but had to return home when his father died. He went on studying law, and was admitted to the bar in 1582.

But Bacon had no intention of being an ordinary lawyer. In 1584 he entered parliament. Almost at once he sent a wise "Letter of Advice" to the Queen. His long and brilliant public life had begun.

Bacon had all sorts of plans for reforming the government of England and solving the knotty problems which later led to civil war. Some say that if he had

been listened to, there might not have been any war at all. At all

events, Bacon knew from the first that his only chance of getting the Queen to listen to him, things being as they then were, was to flatter her and "use" her favorites, and in general to play the courtier. He

did these things very coolly and cannily, and was quite heartless as to who might be hurt in the process.

That is why, long after his death, the poet Pope called him "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

There was, in particular, the story of his friendship with that brilliant, passionate, and impractical young favorite of Elizabeth's, the Earl of Essex. Bacon gave Essex



Sir Francis Bacon, philosopher, statesman, and man of letters.

FRANCIS BACON

reams of good advice, and Essex tried enthusiastically to get Bacon the promotion he wanted. Failing in that, Essex cried, "I die if I do not somewhat towards your fortune!" and offered Bacon a tract of land. Yet later, when Essex fell out of favor with the Queen, Bacon's efforts to save him seemed to the Earl's friends half-hearted; and, as one of the Queen's learned counsel, or official lawyers, he actually consented to be the principal mover against Essex when Essex was tried for treason.

Bacon's Rapid Rise to Fame

When James I came to the throne, in 1603, Bacon had high hopes of gaining great power for himself and a hearing for his plans of reform. And he was not disappointed. James soon knighted him, and then other advancements followed in rapid succession. He became solicitor-general of England, attorney-general, lord keeper of the great seal in earnest now, no longer in play. In 1618 he was appointed lord chancellor, the greatest honor of all, and created Baron Verulam; and in 1621 he was made Viscount St. Albans.

But even now, neither the King nor the Commons would listen to his advice. In spite of all his efforts, they were drifting farther and farther apart on the road to the war that was to come a few years after Bacon's death. When he had to choose between King and parliament, Bacon chose the King. Then parliament began to distrust him. And in the very year in which he was raised to the peerage, all the pillars of his castle in Spain came tumbling down.

He was accused of having taken bribes during the judgment of cases at law that came before him as lord chancellor. Though he admitted that he had accepted "presents," he said they had had no effect on the way in which he decided the cases involved. Yet his accusers could hardly be expected to believe that, and Bacon gave up his case. The great seal was taken from him, a huge fine was imposed, he was forbidden to come within twelve miles of the court, and he was to be imprisoned at the King's pleasure.

The King kept him in the Tower only a

few days, and set aside the fine for Bacon's own use; even the banishment from court was finally removed. But Bacon's political career was over.

Even during the tense and busy years at court, Bacon had found time to write, and now in his retirement he polished and completed his work. He wrote on law, government, science, and philosophy. The great book in which he tried to put down all learning and all science he wrote in Latin, supposing that it would be surer to last if in that scholarly language. He did not live to write all of this book, but he did write several shorter works which were to be sections of it. The most famous of these is the "Novum Organum" -the "New Method."

What Is the "Scientific Method"

Now the heart of the "new method" is "inductive reasoning"; that is, argument based on the observation of many individual cases, as, for instance, when we say, "All the unripe apples I have ever tasted were sour; all the unripe apples anyone else ever tasted, so far as I can discover, were sour; so probably all unripe apples are sour." This sort of reasoning, based on the process of actually watching how things go on, developed later into what we now call "the scientific method."

As literature, Bacon's "Essays" are his most famous work. These were the first essays written in English, and are still among the best. They are brief, pithy pronouncements on many things that Bacon had observed and thought about, love and friendship and marriage, truth, high position, studies, "wisdom for a man's self." They are so neatly expressed that they are as easy to quote from as poetry.

It was his devotion to science which killed him in the end. One winter day in 1626 he insisted on getting out of his coach to gather some snow. He needed it to stuff a fowl with, for the experiment he was making to discover whether its flesh would keep sweet longer if it was kept cold. Already broken in health, the eager old man was seized with a chill, and a few days later died—an early and distinguished martyr to science.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Photo by F. M. A. S. Ry. Co. and Evans and Allen Museum

Under this quiet tower great William Shakespeare has slept for over three centuries. And every year tens of thousands of people flock to the little church beside

the river Avon to stand by the grave of the man who put their own thoughts and feelings into more perfect words than anyone has ever done before or since.

The GREATEST POET of ALL

The Mighty Shakespeare Had a Matchless Gift of Words to Tell His Matchless Vision of the Heart of Man

ON THE banks of a sleepy river about eighty miles northwest of London lies a village that is probably more fascinating to travelers than any other town of its size in the world. It is Stratford on Avon. Thousands of tourists wander up and down its crooked streets every year. They try to forget its noisy bustle and to see the place as it used to be in the heroic days when great Elizabeth was queen. For here in 1564 their glorious poet, William Shakespeare, was born. Here he lived until he was old enough to go out into the world and seek his fortune. Hither he came back, rich and famous, in his last days. Here he died, in 1616, and here he lies to-day in the old white-steepled church beside the gentle Avon.

Even when Shakespeare was a boy, Stratford was a busy town. Although there were no newspapers in those days, and no trains,

he could learn many things about the great world. Striders and singers, acrobats and actors often came tramping over the highway from London. Of course they brought all sorts of stories about the great men in the city and the heroes who were fighting bravely on the sea for England's honor or were claiming new lands in far countries for the British flag. Sometimes a group of actors stopped on the village green to give one of the very plays that had lately been acted before the Queen.

Now and then the great Queen herself, with all her lords and ladies in gay costumes, passed by on a visit to a favorite nobleman. Once she was brilliantly entertained by the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle, near Stratford. Shakespeare was just twelve years old at the time. Who can doubt that the eager boy was in the throng that came out from the village to see the splendor of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Photos by American Museum of Natural History and Gramstorff Bros

In this dignified old house at Stratford on Avon William Shakespeare was born. To-day we may walk through the rooms he played in as a child, and look upon many of his possessions. We have no picture of him

in those early years, but the artist who painted the portrait above has imagined what the boy may well have been like at the age of twelve. Certainly he must have been a lively, wide-awake lad.

the fireworks at night? But of course plain people like the Shakespeares could not join in the sports and feasting or behold the gorgeous pageants and plays given within the castle walls.

William's parents lived simply enough. The father kept a little shop next door to their house even after he became the mayor of Stratford. Here he sold leather, grain, and wool from the farm, while his thrifty wife spun warm clothing for William and his five brothers and sisters, or watched the juicy roast of meat that turned on the iron spit of the great fireplace. Some day you may go and see the charming old house where they lived in Henley Street at Stratford.

The Poet's School Days

Of course William was not troubled by any cares heavier than the books he carried to the little grammar school where Stratford boys still go every day. It was a good school, and surely the bright-eyed lad was

quick to learn. But perhaps during tiresome hours indoors his feet tapped restlessly under his hard, narrow bench, and he longed for the freedom of shadowy forests, wide meadows, and pretty lanes leading across the English countryside.

The Romance of Ann Hathaway

Certainly he must have been fond of hunting, fishing, and swimming in the summer pools. We can tell that from the poetry he wrote when he grew up. His eye never missed the delicate coloring of the evening cloud or the loveliness of the wayside flower; nor did his ear fail to catch the sweet note of the lark on the wing. From childhood he loved the beauties of nature—and that is as important in a poet as the gift of fine words.

As he grew older the youth's rambles often led him across the meadows to the pretty village of Shottery. For here in a thatched cottage lived Ann Hathaway,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



No one is sure that Shakespeare was ever caught poaching on Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, but if he

was, something like this must have happened when he was brought red-handed before the knight.



Photos by G. W. R. Ry and H. Schmitt

To this charming little cottage, set in its old-world garden, the young William Shakespeare came to woo

Ann Hathaway, who later became his wife. We may be sure that the centuries have not changed it greatly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

whose heart the eighteen-year-old Shakespeare quickly won. When they were married, the young husband brought his wife to Stratford, where within a few years their three children were born.

At first the young father may not have taken his new cares very seriously. There is a story that he joined some other mischievous fellows in a wild frolic of hunting deer by moonlight on a rich neighbor's property and got into trouble with the law. The story is always amusing, and may very well be true.

But Shakespeare soon found nobler ways to show his daring spirit. The needs of his wife and children were increasing. To make a fortune for them in a little place like Stratford was impossible. Yet

fame and fortune the young man must have. So off he went to London, where there were high rewards for a few of those who ran the risk of poverty and misery in order to win them.

Shakespeare Loved Jolly Plays

It is no wonder that he first looked for work at a theater. From his boyhood he had loved the jolly plays that he had seen performed in the open. Now he found the playhouses of London doing a thriving business. On every fine day in the summer or in the winter, the flags showing that the plays were on fluttered from the roofs of five or six of the new theaters that had sprung up by the river Thames. Rich and poor,

well-bred and vulgar, men were thronging to the theaters. Good seats on the covered balconies, or even on the stage itself, were costly, but for a few pennies anyone could stand up on the sanded floor at the foot of the stage.

From Errand Boy to Actor

So Shakespeare found some sort of work to do at one of the busy theaters. At first

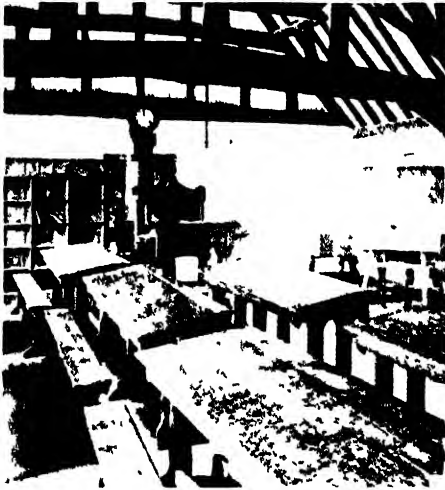
he may have been nothing but an errand boy, or perhaps he may have only held horses for the rich men who came to the plays. One must start somehow. If he is a genius he will soon show it.

Then Shakespeare grew to be an actor. At first he must have acted in small parts in plays by other men. There were many brilliant and witty gentlemen who had come down to the city from the universities to write plays for the London people, gay comedies and gruesome tragedies

such as the people liked. Some of the plays

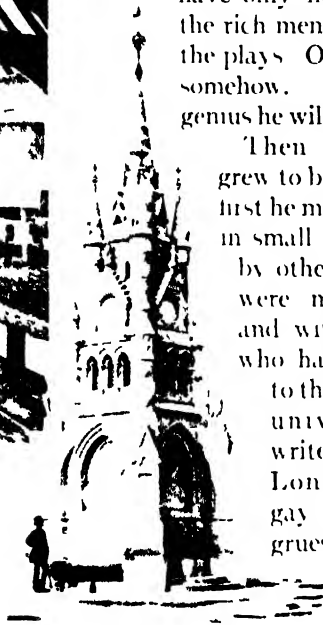
were so fine and spirited that the actors were often invited to act them before the Queen at her palace. The authors and the actors strove with one another for the chance of pleasing their fair ruler. And Shakespeare soon had the honor of acting more than once before the great Queen. Though his lines were few, how proud the Stratford boy must have been to win the Queen's applause!

But he was no man to stop with acting. In fact, he was not a very good actor, it would seem; he was the world's greatest poet and playwright. And very soon he was writing plays. Even in boyhood he had had an extraordinary gift of words. Now, more than ever before, he began to know his own power over them, for the great natural gift



Even in Shakespeare's day Stratford had a "grammar school" to which Shakespeare probably went to study the Latin that was the principal thing the school taught. Above is a room there, with its old furniture.

At the right is a memorial to Shakespeare erected at Stratford by contributions from America.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



THE DUKE OF VENICE AND SHYLOCK

Everyone who has read "The Merchant of Venice" will remember this scene in which Shylock, bereft of his daughter, accuses Salanio and Salarnio of having

helped her to elope, and then pronounces that famous speech in which he recounts the wrongs of his unhappy and persecuted race "Let him look to his bond!"

grew at an amazing pace when he came into the fine world of wits and poets. There had never been such a man to do brave things in new phrases.

The Greatest Dramas Ever Written

So Shakespeare turned all his genius for words into the making of plays for the theater. There were many books from which he could get plots and stories—novels, histories, romances—and he dipped into nearly all of them. There were many kinds of plays that the people around him liked—funny farces with country clowns, romantic comedies with lovelorn heroines, and the gloomy tragedies of revenge and murder. He tried every kind of play that was then popular, and he soon wrote the best of every sort.

He learned his craft from every poet and playwright around him, and it took him three or four years to master his art for writing plays is no easy thing to learn. In the meanwhile he had been bettering all

the dramatists who had come before him—even the great Marlowe from whom he had learned the most. And then he started to give the playgoers in the next twenty years or so, a set of thirty-six plays such as England had never seen before, written in poetry such as Englishmen had never heard. More than that, all things considered, the plays of Shakespeare are the greatest dramas ever seen in the world before or since his time, and his poetry is the summit peak of that art since the world began.

Master of Comedy and Tragedy

In only one art have the English-speaking peoples been supreme—the art of poetry. In that art Shakespeare has no rival.

Now let us say a word about some of these plays, taking them in about the order in which he wrote them. His "Richard III" is the greatest picture of a hero-villain any Englishman had seen. His "Comedy of Errors" was and is the best farce in English.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

His history plays—"King John," "Richard II," "Henry IV," "Henry V," and others—give a pageant of English history such as we can find in no other dramas; and into "Henry IV" he has put an imaginary character, the fat knight Falstaff, who is probably the most comical man in any book. His "Romeo and Juliet" is the supreme play of star-crossed lovers.

His "Midsummer-Night's Dream" is the daintiest and most delicate comedy we know. His "Merchant of Venice," his "Much Ado About Nothing," his "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" are the world's masterpieces in what we call romantic comedy—the kind of comedy in which the winsome heroine and her brave hero go through all manner of strange trials in strange lands until they are happily united in the end.

His "Julius Caesar" is our greatest piece of Roman history, unless his somewhat later plays of "Antony and Cleopatra" and of "Coriolanus" (kō'rī-ō-lā'nūs) in some ways eclipse it. And his very greatest plays are beyond all praise. These are the four great tragedies, written in middle life—"Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," and "Macbeth." Never had the world been shaken by such tragedy, never had it been uplifted to such poetry.

Why Shakespeare Rules Supreme

But Shakespeare did not close upon the tragic note. The very last plays are brilliant comedies again—the dramatic romances, as we call them, of "Cymbeline" (sīm'bê-līn),

"The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest."

Such is the record, except for a few plays we have left out, usually because Shakespeare only wrote a part of them. Every single play that we have named will stand without a rival of its kind in all the literature of the world. What a thing to say of one man!

And now what is it that makes Shakespeare supreme? What is the secret that gave him power beyond all other writers to delight us or to overwhelm us?

It does not lie in being merely a good dramatist. He was as good a dramatist as ever lived. But there may have been several others as good as he in simply putting a story on the stage. In the mere craft of the playwright he stands as high as any one, but he is not supreme above all others.

His supreme secret is a double one.

First, he knew how to make the people in his plays more real than any other people we can find in books. Second, by his gift of words and poetry, he knew how to make them say things that are more beautiful, more moving, more terrible, and

more overwhelming than any other men or women have ever said, in books or in the actual world. Those are the two secrets, the two matchless gifts of Shakespeare—to show us character and to give us poetry.

Shakespeare can bring a man on the stage for two minutes, give him twenty lines to speak, and then send him off forever—and you know all about the kind of man he is, you know him as well as you know your best friend. That is what we mean when



This is the merry old knight who was boon companion to Prince Hal in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Falstaff is one of the greatest comic characters in all literature, and is as fresh for us to-day as he was to the crowds who flocked to the Globe Theater in London when Elizabeth was queen.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Here are the principal characters in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in their center that prince of clowns, the fat and rascally Sir John Falstaff, who has made people roar with laughter for over three centuries.



Photos by Victoria and Albert Museum

The handsome but angry lady is Katherine, in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." She is delighted with the gown her husband has bought her, but to tame her proud spirit he is sending it back by the tailor.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



The faithful Cordelia, though disowned by her father, King Lear, has followed the heart-broken, insane old

man to Dover, after he is turned out by his other daughters. She is shown in to him as he sleeps



Photos by Victoria and Albert Museum and National Gallery

This merry rogue from "The Winter's Tale" is selling ballads and trinkets to all the country folk and picking

their pockets to boot. For they are all so absorbed that he could "have filed keys off that hung in chains."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

we say his characters are real—we *know* them as we know our brothers and sisters and there are hundreds of them in the plays whose very names have therefore become household words. Call a man a Falstaff or a Polonius (pō-lō'nī-ūs), and everybody knows at once exactly what kind of man he is. Shakespeare's people are so real that he actually helps us to understand our best friends by giving them names out of his plays.

In his other gift, the gift of words, Shakespeare may be even greater. Hardly any thought of the human mind, hardly any yearning of the human heart, hardly any half-hidden craving of the soul of man, but Shakespeare has put it into the best words, the most beautiful phrases, of all time. So we despair of saying what we mean so well as he has said it—if we can, we go back and get the words out of our Shakespeare, to tell all our meaning. Such a gift is beyond all description. It can only be illustrated, but the illustrations could be given in thousands. A single one of them all must do:

The great soldier has waded through blood to the throne. The blood has clung to his garments and to his soul. His throne is tottering. Every man's hand is clutching for his throat. The very ghosts from the grave have risen to his eyes, the very fiends and demons of the air have made a league against him. And the great soldier has gone

coward—what else could he be, in the decay of every moral fiber? He is weary; he wants to die. Even his queen, the partner of his murders, has failed to understand him, and gone mad. There is a scream, and he learns that she is dead first. What will he say?

She should have died hereafter.

There would have been a time for such a word

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

What other man has found such words for the despair of a mighty spirit, rotting through the heart, loathing the whole world and longing to leave it all forever? It is literally true that any trained reader who happened to find those words on a bit of paper at the North Pole ought to know that they were Shakespeare's—even though they were new to the world. No other man we know could have written them.





Dr. Faustus, hero of Marlowe's famous play, is sitting in the chamber where he carries on his experiments for turning base metals into gold. Suddenly Satan, or Mephistopheles, appears before him and offers to give

him back his youth again in exchange for his immortal soul, which must be surrendered to Satan forever. The story of Faustus' decision, and of the results that follow upon it, make up the action of the play.

HE GAVE SHAKESPEARE SOME GOOD LESSONS

Christopher Marlowe Was the Genius Who Showed Our Greatest Playwright Many of the Secrets of His Art

WHEN the English drama was getting born, it had to go through all the awkward stages that we have seen the "movies" live through in our day. In fact, it went through a good many more, and it took a great deal longer doing it—at least two hundred years went by before there was really a good play.

In the meantime there had been many kinds of plays, mostly pretty bad. For one thing there had been many popular plays of a rude sort, in which some great hero like Cambyzes (kām-bi'sēz) would be all mixed up with a lot of common clowns in a general jumble of tragedy and farce. For another

thing there had been many a learned play, built up like those of ancient Rome, but so dull and dry and long-winded that it must have been very hard to listen to, and is certainly very hard to read to-day. Not until about 1587 did the genius come who was to show how the great popular stories could be made into plays as well built as those of old Rome and at the same time far more interesting than they had ever been before.

That genius was Christopher Marlowe. He was a born poet and a born playwright, and he had more to do with starting the Elizabethan drama than had any other man.

BEN JONSON

He was just the same age as Shakespeare, for he was born in 1564, and when he died, at the age of twenty-nine, he was a more famous man than Shakespeare; though of course he never could have grown to be what Shakespeare finally became.

Marlowe was only a shoemaker's son, but he went to the university at Cambridge and took two degrees before he came to London as a poet and playwright. Then he astonished the people with a tragedy about the great Scythian hero Tamburlaine (tām'-bēr-lān), a shepherd who conquered a large part of the world. The play of "Tamburlaine" (1587) left the previous English tragedies far out of sight behind it. Marlowe loved to write plays about men who were eager for some prize too high for them

ever to reach. His Tamburlaine had wanted to master all the earth, and his "Jew of Malta" (1592) shows a man who wanted to gain all the wealth in the world, while his "Dr. Faustus" (1588) shows one striving for all the knowledge in the universe. He wrote one other play, an English history called "Edward II" (1593).

Soon after this he died, just as he was really getting started. He was killed in a tavern brawl. Like all the great men in his plays, the author himself came to grief. No knife ever robbed us of a brighter genius than did the one of his assassin. Many a man learned how to write plays from Marlowe, and at the start Shakespeare owed far more to his example than to that of any other man.

A BRICKLAYER BECOMES POET LAUREATE

A Great Bully of a Poet Who Used to Laugh and Quarrel with Shakespeare

16 BEN JONSON of the curly hair saw light in the great days of Queen Elizabeth. England was growing rich and strong. The minds of men were moving with a vigor they had not felt for many a century. Imagination was overflowing and ambition knew no bounds. One of the results was the richest age of poetry and drama that England had ever seen; and one of the greatest of the poets and dramatists was the blustering Ben Jonson (1573-1637).

Though he was only a bricklayer's stepchild, a boy like Ben may well have wondered whether he too could not win fame in such an age. He lived near Westminster Abbey, and through the kindness of William Camden, a great schoolmaster, he went to the famous Westminster School. Here the charity pupil developed one of the richest minds of his day, though his education ended in his teens. He went to work laying bricks, like his stepfather; but he hated the trade so much that

he joined the army sent to help the revolt of the Netherlands against England's deadliest enemy, Spain.

When he returned, he married and soon started in to be a dramatist. He found his wife's tongue pretty sharp, for he would often read late into the night or wander off for an evening with his literary friends at the famous Mermaid tavern. There he passed many a merry hour, and the best of all his hours must have been spent with a dramatist from Stratford named William Shakespeare. So nimble-witted was the company that the tavern rang with mirth. And of course Shakespeare and Jonson soon bested all the others and became fast friends.

During these happy years Jonson was fairly busy writing. At twenty-five he was the author of a rich comedy called "Every Man in His Humour" (1598), in which Shakespeare himself acted a part.

Jonson's comedies were written better and were more amusing than those that had



This keen, humorous face belonged to "rare Ben Jonson," a great dramatist of the days of Queen Elizabeth and warm friend to Shakespeare.

BEN JONSON



Photo by Mfu

Budape

The old alchemists, like the one shown here, have always captured men's imaginations. For centuries they handed down their lore, one to another, and carried on their strange experiments in an effort to turn less valuable metals into gold. Their efforts were

in vain, but nevertheless they laid the foundation of our modern chemistry. For their discoveries have since led men on to deeper and deeper investigations. No wonder they have frequently made their appearance in literature, as in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist."

been seen before him. He set out to show a true picture of his times and this started him poking fun at various literary leaders. So since people do not like to be laughed at, he was constantly getting into quarrels. At length he killed an actor in self-defense and was sent to prison. Only by good luck did he escape hanging.

As soon as he was free again he joined a famous group of players. He had decided to write no more comedies, for he was disgusted with his former quarrels. But after an attempt at tragedy, he found his best vein in another series of comedies, of which the two best examples are "The Alchemist" (1610) and "Bartholomew Fair" (1614).

Ben began to be successful. King James I, who succeeded Elizabeth in 1603, ranked

him second only to Shakespeare. Two distinguished noblemen contributed to his income. Sir Walter Raleigh engaged him as a tutor for his son. But success went to Ben's head. He loved to talk about himself rather too much. As he grew older, praise was ever sweeter in his ears.

In 1616 one of his plays failed and he left the stage to write only for the court. For the court he produced a number of beautiful plays called masques, and at his death he left unfinished a great pastoral play called "The Sad Shepherd" (1641). As a reward for his labors, he was made the first English poet laureate. In his old age he was happy with the homage of many young writers who were called the "Sons of Ben."



Photo by Granstaff Bow

Good Izaak Walton was willing to share his skill with all who loved the art of fishing, so in his book he set

it all down. Here he is showing a pupil how to make a fly that should lure the wariest trout.

The MOST FAMOUS of ALL FISHERMEN

Old Izaak Walton's Book on Fishing Is So Dear to the Fisherman's Heart That It Has Been Printed at Least a Hundred Times

WHAT boy does not know the joys of fishing—or long to know them? If he can have a long jointed pole and a cool mountain stream to wriggle his toes in, well and good; if all he can get is a bent pin on a string and a minnow-haunted mud puddle, that will do. The thing is the water and the sunny air and the slippery fish themselves.

Here is a boy who, grown to be a man and getting old, still loved the noble old sport of fishing—loved it so well that he wrote the most famous book ever written about it. The book is quaintly labeled “The Compleat Angler”—“complete” was spelled like that three hundred years ago. The man’s name was Izaak Walton. He and his book became so famous that even to-day you will hear a man who dearly loves to fish called “a regular Izaak Walton” or “one of old Izaak’s followers.”

This betwixt an angler was born in England in 1593, whilst the splendid Elizabeth still sat on the English throne. We really know very little about his earlier years. It is not even quite certain who his parents were, though they were probably farmer folk of Staffordshire. He seems to have gone to school for a while at Stafford, and then to have gone up to London and apprenticed himself to an iron dealer. Later he had a shop of his own in Fleet Street.

The most interesting thing about the quiet life of Walton—outside his fishing—is his friends. He seems to have known the poet Drayton and “rare Ben Jonson,” poet and dramatist and friend of Shakespeare. But his dearest friends were among the famous clergymen of the day. Indeed, much of his later life was spent in the homes of these men of the church, who seem always to have loved him for his gentle, charming ways. Of

them all, much the most famous was John Donne, who besides being dean of St. Paul's Cathedral and a notable preacher, was a poet whose work is still read and loved. Next to his book about angling, the finest of Walton's writings are a few short "Lives" of poets and clergymen, most of them his friends—of John Donne himself, for example, and of another well-known parson-poet, George Herbert. The stories of these men's lives he tells with a simplicity and charm that is rare indeed.

Like most of his friends Walton was a Royalist, and when King Charles I was beheaded by the Puritans, Walton thought it best to slip out of London and go where he might perhaps be

But it was not very long before the dead king's son was called to the throne as Charles II, and then the Royalists, with Walton among them, thronged again into London. Walton went to live with one of his clergyman friends. But that does not mean that he gave up his favorite sport. From then on

he spent his time in writing and in visiting, in traveling—and in fishing.

"The Compleat Angler" was first published when Walton was sixty, in 1653. It is said that the book has appeared in a new edition at least once every three years since. For almost three hundred years!

Of course most of the scientific information about fishing in Walton's book was out of date long ago. People do not read it now as a treatise, but as a rambling day's talk with a simple, charming gentleman—a kindly man, who loves the age-old sport and loves woods and waters and the world out of doors; who has pleasant, wise thoughts, and can write about all these things in easy and exquisite prose.

Izaak Walton died at the home of his son-in-law at Winchester in 1683, and was buried in the cathedral of that quaint old English town. In his will he

left most of his money to the poor of his native city. Many of the books that were in his library may still be seen in the library of the cathedral where he lies buried.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Though much of Izaak Walton's lore has long been discarded, the gentle old man, whose picture is shown here, still gives the world as much pleasure as he did when "rare Ben Jonson" wrote his tales. For men who have exchanged quiet streams for the rush of city traffic still love to read themselves to sleep with his immortal work.

ENGLAND'S GREAT BLIND POET

In His Own Day a Leader in a Great National Crisis, Milton Is Known in Our Day as England's Greatest Poet Next to Shakespeare

THERE was never any doubt in John Milton's mind that he was destined for great things. As he himself hints in "Lycidas," one of his greatest poems, Fame was always spurring him on "to scorn delights and live laborious days." If he had turned out to be a little man, the people of his own day would just have laughed at his confident ambition—and you and I would never have heard of him. But he did not

turn out to be a little man. He turned out to be one of the two or three greatest poets who ever wrote English, and among the few really great men in history.

He lived in a stirring time in England. When he was born, in 1608, Shakespeare was still alive, and "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" were only just over. He lived to see and take part in the great religious uprising of the Puritans—to help execute a



Photo by Gramscott Bros

Among Milton's friends was Andrew Marvel, a Puritan poet who finally became assistant to Milton in Cromwell's government. Later Marvel, who had been

elected to parliament, was able to intercede for Milton when the Puritans were forced from power. The picture above shows a meeting between the two men.

king for treason—to be a leader in a revolutionary government—to go into hiding when the revolutionary government fell, and live in fear of losing his very head. It was a time of bold acts and bold thinking. Milton's own work is its grandest monument.

The Boy Milton

Milton was a vastly learned man. His father, who was a London scrivener, or notary, as well as a gifted organist, set him under a tutor when he was ten. Two years later he was studying eagerly at St. Paul's School. He had even begun to try his hand at verse, writing poetic versions of two of his favorite psalms. At sixteen he went up to Cambridge, and stayed there most of the time for seven years. He was a handsome and talented lad, and a great student. He was a little stiff and aloof, with much stricter ideas of morals than most of the students, and no doubt they called him a prig. They certainly nicknamed him "the lady," though that may have been because he was slender and his features were delicate. They need not have despised him, though, as he knew.

None of them could have written his Latin elegies, or the sonnet "On Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three," or the religious rhapsody "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

But to Milton, seven years at Cambridge did not seem nearly enough time for study. He must be thoroughly prepared for the great work he was to do. So he studied for six years more at his father's house at Horton, some twenty miles from London, reading Shakespeare and Spenser and the ancient classics, mastering Greek and Italian, history and literature. Once in a while he would write an exquisite poem, stately and delicately polished, full of a grave music and adorned with pleasant names and legends out of his prodigious reading. There are the charming companion poems, "L'Allegro" (lal-lā'grō) and "Il Penseroso" (ēl pēn'sā-rō'sō)—"the gay man" and "the pensive man." There is the masque, "Comus," which was written especially to be acted at a great festival in 1634. It must have been a marvelous thing to see this lovely masque, with music and color and dancing to add to

its glorious poetry, when it was acted in that old baronial castle set among the green hills on the edge of Wales. Yet beautiful as it is, "Comus" is less read nowadays than the shorter "Lycidas," one of the most famous dirges ever sung by any poet. All of these, with the other short poems Milton wrote, are often referred to as his "minor poems," not because they are unimportant, but just because they are briefer than the great epics he later wrote.

In 1638 Milton broke away from Horton at last, and went on a tour of the Continent. There he found himself already famous among men of letters. He saw much and thought much, and met celebrated people—Grotius (grō'shī-ŭs), the Hollander who founded the science of international law, and Galileo

(gāl'i-lē'ō), one of the most famous of all astronomers. He wrote beautiful poetry on his trip, but it was in Latin and Italian. When he had been away about fifteen months, bad news from England called him home

A Poet Helps to Behead a King

The news was not of any trouble in his family, but of the political and religious quarrels which were soon to lead to civil war. Milton was heart and soul on the side of the Puritans and parliament, and against the King and his followers. He saw from the first that he could help his cause most by staying at home and writing. But the writing would have to be prose. For a while there would be no more masques and lyrics, no more plans for a mighty epic that should live after him. So we come to the close of what the scholars call Milton's "first period," the time of the Minor Poems, and to the beginning of his "second period," when he was writing about public affairs in prose.

Meanwhile he was keeping a small school for the children of well-to-do friends. So when he wrote about "Education" he knew what he was writing. About this time, also, he married. In a short time, however,

Milton's young wife left him for two years or so, though she finally returned. Milton was a great man, but he must have been a very hard person to be married to. He was reserved and stern and proud, and, furthermore, he had a very low opinion of women. He could hardly have made a wife happy. Yet he was married three times, and the only children who grew up to him were three daughters!



This is the face of John Milton, the greatest poet since Shakespeare.

In 1642 the quarrel between the King and the Puritan parliament broke into civil war. Though Milton did not fight in the army, he was very active on the Puritan side. He kept on pouring out pamphlets. The most famous of them all is "Areopagitica" (ār'ē-ōp'ā-jīt'ī-kā), which is not nearly so hard to read as its name sounds; it is an eloquent plea that people should be allowed to say

and write what they believe to be true. When the victorious Puritans beheaded the King in 1649, Milton wrote another pamphlet on "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," to show that the Puritans were acting within their rights.

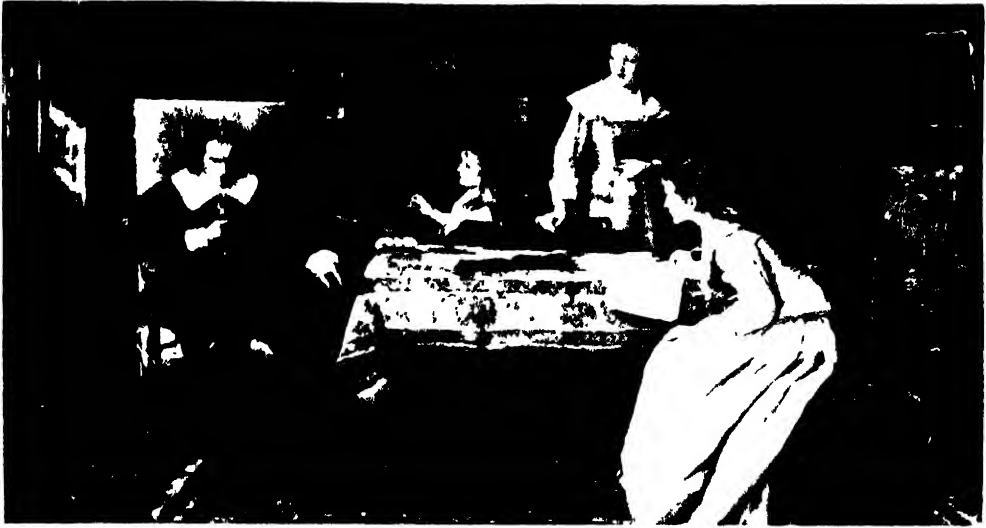
Soon after the King's death, Milton was asked to become Latin secretary under the Puritan leader, Cromwell. It was a good deal like being secretary of state. He worked very hard at this important task, writing all sorts of treatises and state papers, all in Latin. He was having trouble with his eyes, but, believing that he labored in the cause of liberty, he would not stop. In 1652 he went totally blind.

Poor and Blind and Ill

Among the majestic sonnets, which are almost the only poems he wrote during this period of busy prose, is one, perhaps most famous of them all, on his blindness. It begins

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,

and it goes on to express the hope that his



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blind in body and defeated in hope, Milton pressed his unwilling daughters, rebellious against their father's

stern rule, into the labor of taking down the mighty lines of his greatest poem, "Paradise Lost."

affliction may not mean that he can no longer be of any service to his God. He concludes that

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Yet even in his blindness Milton did not "stand and wait," but kept on with his work. He remained Latin secretary until the Puritan government fell and a king came to the throne again—the son of that Charles I whom Milton had helped to bring to the block. It would not have been at all strange if Milton had himself been beheaded by Charles II. He was at one time actually under arrest. But in the end he was left to himself, and lived out the rest of his life in quiet retirement, poor and blind and half sick, mourning over the defeat of the cause he loved, but making it immortal in his verse.

Paradise Lost

For now the time had come at last for him to remember his old dream of writing some tremendous poem which should bring him lasting fame. He could no longer write it himself, but he could dictate it to others—to his daughters, when they did not rebel against the long words he had never taught them to understand, to friends and disciples,

to anyone. One imagines the old man, awe-inspiring in his lonely genius, rolling out the mighty lines till the scratching pen of the writer was wearied. This is the third and greatest "period."

First he wrote "Paradise Lost." There is only one other poem in the world—Dante's "Divine Comedy"—which sweeps us through and beyond all time and space as this poem does—through Heaven and earth and hell, from the infinity before the beginning of the world to the infinite future. It is peopled with vast figures of demons and angels; we listen to the magnificent rebellions of Satan, and hear the pronouncements of God himself. The story tells of the rebellion of the angels, who are cast out of Heaven into hell, of the creation of the world, and of the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve. Only very great poetry could carry such a vast story as this. But for stately music, for mighty, mouth-filling lines, this poetry has never been surpassed. It is the greatest epic—or long, heroic poem in English, and one of the greatest in the world.

Paradise Regained

After "Paradise Lost" had been published in 1667, Milton wrote a sequel, called "Para-

dise Regained," which is about the coming of Christ. It is shorter and not so remarkable as "Paradise Lost." He wrote also a dramatic poem called "Samson Agonistes"—the agony of Samson—which takes its story from the Old Testament and something of its form from the ancient Greek drama. Milton was always combining his love for the old pagan writers with his love for the Hebrew Scriptures.

In this little cottage at Bedford, in England, lived John Bunyan, the gifted tinker who finally turned preacher and gave to the world that remarkable book of spiritual adventures which we know as "Pilgrim's Progress." His kindly face is shown at the right.



THE NATION'S NATURAL HISTORY

An AUTHOR WHO COULD BARELY READ *and* WRITE *And Yet He Wrote About the Most Popular Book in English.* **Can You Guess Who It Is?**

LIKE his father, John Bunyan started out to make his living as a tinker. Wandering about from village to village, he mended pots and pans and did whatever odd jobs he could find. In his spare time he joined in the dancing on the village green, helped the mischievous boys to ring the church bells in the dead of night, and occasionally played at tipcat. As he himself admits, he even read a novel or two. Now, to us none of that seems so very bad, but to John Bunyan it was very sinful indeed. And even though he went to church every Sunday, and said his prayers regularly,

the poor young tinker's conscience hurt him greatly.

At seventeen Bunyan ran away from home. Leaving the little town of Ilstow in England, where he had been born in 1628, he joined the army that was making war against Charles I. A year later he returned home, and soon afterward he married a young country girl whose only possessions were a few clothes and a small bundle of "godly books." Through her influence and his reading of these books Bunyan was converted. Then his remorse grew so great that it seemed for a time as if he would lose

BUNYAN



Photo by Rischgitz

Bunyan's second wife, Elizabeth, scarcely had a happy married life, for her husband was thrown into jail a year after their marriage and, except for a few months, was imprisoned for the next twelve years. Meanwhile

his mind; but at last he threw himself into preaching. Even then, however, his thoughts were not always so pure as he wanted them to be, and his spiritual struggles were long and serious. But some years later he found the satisfaction and the peace that he had so long sought.

So earnest was he in the Baptist faith that he continued to preach it even in the face of a law forbidding the preaching of any faith except that of the established English church. He was thrown into jail for preaching, and spent twelve long years in prison. But even in the jail he kept on preaching to his fellow prisoners and poring over his two main books—the Bible and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." To get a living for his family he made shoe laces. When he was offered his freedom if he would agree to give up preaching, the earnest man's answer was always the same: "If you set me free to-day, I will preach again to-morrow."

It was in jail that Bunyan began the writing which was to have more influence than all the sermons he ever preached. When he was released in 1672, he immediately began to preach again. His fame soon spread and people flocked to hear what he

the generous woman looked after the four little children who had been left motherless by the death of the first wife, and several times petitioned for her husband's release, as she is shown doing above.

had to say. Three years of successful work, and he was again put into prison! In the six months which he spent there this time, he completed the book that was to make him famous everywhere to this day. "Pilgrim's Progress," though it seems to be the story of a journey, is really the story of a man's spiritual struggles, and as such it remains one of the most remarkable allegories (āl'ē-go-rī) of all time—for an allegory is a tale with a meaning that does not appear on the surface. It has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. It is a forceful and dramatic story, and yet it is so simply told that any little child can understand it. A book like that is surely one of the world's masterpieces.

When he was set free a second time, Bunyan became one of the most famous preachers of his day. From then on till his death on August 31, 1688, he was happy in the work that he loved to do. Although he wrote some excellent sermons and several other books, notably "Grace Abounding" and "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," his name lives chiefly as that of the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," which will continue to be a classic for many years to come.

FAMOUS *in* SPITE of HIMSELF

*An Author Who Did His Best to Hide His Great Book,
Only to Have It Found Out a Century
after His Death*

ANYBODY might have seen Samuel Pepys (pēps) strutting around London two hundred and fifty years ago, but nobody would have ever dreamed that the fellow would grow famous long after he was dead and gone. He seemed nothing but an honest and rather pompous clerk of the navy—a vain, gossiping sort of man who lived to be seventy without ever doing a single thing to talk about.

But when he died in 1703 he left behind him several thick volumes that he had written in a sort of shorthand. For a long time no one could read it, but after a century someone made out part of it and found he had a treasure. In 1825 it was all published as "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," and since then its author has been one of the best-known of men.

But what a different man from the navy clerk! No dull official at all, but a highly interesting being—laughable without quite knowing it, likable in spite of many a fault, and always amazingly frank!

The son of a gentleman who had married a "washmaid," he was well educated at Cambridge. At twenty-two, before he could support himself, he married a pretty girl of fifteen. The young people often had to call on their parents for a meal.

At twenty-seven Pepys began his diary. He had worked hard, and already had his foot on the ladder of prosperity. He deserved it for his hard work in building up the British navy. But how pleased he was to have money for a little finery! How he pranced about in his new velvets, satins, furs, and

gold lace! How flattered he felt on first receiving a letter addressed to "Samuel Pepys, Esquire"! By writing down thousands of little things like these, he told more about himself than almost any human being in the world had ever told—though of course he did not mean us to read it, and never dreamed we should do so.

But he told far more than his own life. He opened a wide window through which we can gaze into the London of his day and see history in the making. On the throne of England sits the handsome, witty, merry making Charles II. His court is crowded with beauties and witty rogues, but hardly with serious statesmen. His every act is applauded by adoring subjects. For it is only ten years since the stern Oliver Cromwell was ruling England and the people are tired of severity and thirsty for splendor, amusement, and extravagance.

Pepys did not know the inner workings of the lively court, but he had a keen nose for gossip and he never failed to put down any juicy scandal he had heard. He tells all he knows about the famous persons around him—the clothing they wore, the meals they ate, the houses they lived in, the plays they saw, their manners, their merry ways.

What a pity that after nine years his eyes failed and he had to give up writing! But what a good fortune that he ever started it and did so much! He never dreamed that he had written a new kind of history, and certainly he would have been astonished—and embarrassed—to think the world should know him just as he had known himself.



By N. P. Portrait C

Vain, bragging, deceiving, Samuel Pepys was nevertheless a conscientious administrator of the affairs of the British navy; and better than that, he left us a record in which we see the very portrait of his age in dressing gown and slippers.



Amid a gay group of admiring fellow writers the poet Dryden held court at Will's Coffee House. There they would sit and sip the fashionable beverage, and there

they would pick up the latest news or witticism of the day. These coffeehouses, scattered about old London, were what clubs are to men of our own time.

A MONARCH OVER *the* POETS

There Have Been Three Great "Bosses" in English Literature – Ben Jonson, John Dryden, and Samuel Johnson. This Will Tell about Dryden

IF YOU had strolled into the famous Will's Coffee House in London about two hundred and fifty years ago you would have seen an old man seated in the place of honor and surrounded by a little host of gay and brilliant young fellows who all hung on his words as he talked about the questions of the day.

In the group around him you might have seen some men who were going to be very famous when he was gone – little Alexander Pope, young Mr. Swift, young Mr. Addison, and Mr. Congreve, with many others who came even more often than these. And in the old gentleman himself you would have seen one of the three men who, in their various times, have been "bosses" or dictators, over English men of letters. Ben Jonson had been that before him, and

Samuel Johnson was to be that after him. At this moment the boss, as you may have guessed, was John Dryden.

He had come through many a battle and many a varied fortune to his seat of honor. And he has seen many a varied fortune since that time. In our own day his fortune is fairly low. For of all the great English poets, Dryden is probably the least known and the least honored – at now.

Dryden was born in 1631, of a good family that took the Puritan side in the war of Cromwell against King Charles I. As a boy he began writing verses, and after his years in the university at Cambridge he came to London to win his way as a wit and poet. One way to success was to praise the great Cromwell, and Dryden wrote a poem in Cromwell's honor. But once Cromwell was

DRYDEN

gone, he could write just as flattering a poem to the gay and frivolous King Charles II, who now came back from France to the English throne.

Yes, Dryden was a sort of turncoat. We are going to see that again. He was not an evil man, but he did seek fortune where he thought he could find it.

The England of Cromwell had been very solemn, and the theaters were all closed. The England of Charles II was gay and riotous, and the theaters were thrown open to the wildest sort of comedy the land has ever seen. Dryden was hardly one of the born playwrights of the world, but he now sought his fortune in the theater, and for the next thirty years or so he found it mainly in the long series of comedies that he wrote. Some of them are fine pieces, and their author grew to be the leading dramatist of the day. From his early success with "The Indian Queen," he went on to such plays as "The Conquest of Granada," "All for Love," and "Don Sebastian." These are among the best-known plays in a long list.

But Dryden was a literary man of all work. After the plague and the great fire of London he wrote his poem called "Annus Mirabilis" (án'ús mī-răb'i-lis), or "Wonderful Year" (1666), about these terrible events. While the theaters were closed on account of the plague he went into the country for safety and wrote the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," one of the really great pieces of English literary criticism, and one of the monuments in the criticism of Shakespeare.

Above all he proved his genius in satire, or in making savage fun of his enemies in verse. He is one of the three greatest English satirists in verse, sharing the honors with Pope and Byron. His main satires are "Absalom and Achitophel," against his political

enemies, and "MacFlecknoe," against his literary critics and especially against the poet Shadwell. In this poem Dryden has Shadwell chosen as chief of all the dunces, a device used in many a satire since that time; and it is on the occasion of his election to that honor that Dryden wrote his immortal lines:

"Others to some faint meaning make pretense,

But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Of course a man who wrote that sort of thing would have his enemies, and Dryden had his fill of them. One of them once hired some scoundrels to beat him over the head with cudgels. The rest fought him with their pens, and sometimes wounded him very deeply. The famous "Rehearsal," a dramatic piece with several authors, was written to ridicule him, and there were dozens of other satires against him.

Dryden was a religious poet too, and here again he turned his coat—though how honest he may have been in changing his religion we can

hardly tell. While Charles II was still a Protestant king, Dryden wrote his "Religio Laici," on the side of the Church of England. But when James II, a Catholic king, came to the throne, Dryden wrote a beautiful poem called "The Hind and the Panther" in defense of the Catholic faith. In many ways it is a beautiful poem, but it is very little read in our own day.

In his last years as a literary dictator, he did a great deal of miscellaneous work. Chiefly it was in translation—of Virgil, of Ovid, of Boccaccio, and of Chaucer into modern English. Many others of these translations were printed in his fine book of "Fables" in 1699. The next year his vexed life came to an end, and he was laid away in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

John Dryden was the greatest poet, dramatist, and literary critic of the last quarter of the seventeenth century in England.



Illustration

Three times Daniel Defoe had to stand here in the pillory for writing a satire called "The Shortest Way with Dissenters." In it he had seemed to take the part of the Church of England against dissenters, though of course he did so only to make the Church party look absurd. Nevertheless, the work was en-

dorsed by certain churchmen, and when they found it was all a hoax they were very angry indeed, and offered a reward for his arrest, saying that he was a "middle-sized spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion . . . but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth."

The MAKER of ROBINSON CRUSOE

Daniel Defoe Is Almost as Interesting as His Famous Hero, and He Wrote About as Many Things as Any Man Who Ever Lived

ROBINSON CRUSOE Robinson Crusoe What was there about the name that it should have stuck in young Daniel Defoe's mind until, thirty five years later, he gave it to one of those imaginary characters who are more real to most of us than the people we know? The name was only one of many that Defoe had been "pelling out on the old tombstones all day long—to keep his mind off the King's soldiers, who might at any moment ferret out his churchyard hiding place. For if they found him, they would haul him away, and the next time he came to a churchyard it

would be to go under the sod. So here he was reading inscriptions—and somehow noticing the name of Robinson Crusoe.

It was the year 1685, and Defoe, who was twenty four and bold with youth and patriotic excitement, had been fighting in the cause of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. Monmouth had some claim to the throne of England, and when he had taken up arms against the new king, James II, who was a Catholic, many Protestants had flocked to aid him. But the King's forces had met and routed them at Sedgemoor in July, and Monmouth had been beheaded as a traitor.

Knowing that a similar fate awaited all others who were captured, the unfortunate duke's followers fled in all directions. That was how young Defoe came to be reading names on tombstones until it should be dark enough to come out of hiding and make his escape.

The search for Monmouth's followers went on for some time, but Defoe was so little known that he went unmolested. He did not even have to leave England, but after a while returned to London and began his career as business man, politician, journalist, and writer.

It had never been intended that he should be any of these things. His father, a London butcher, was, above all things, religious, and had wished his son to go into the dissenting ministry—that is to say, to be a minister of one of the small churches which did not accept the teachings of the Church of England. So Defoe was sent, at fourteen, to a dissenters' academy. There he was given a practical education, quite unlike that of most young Englishmen of his time. Instead of studying Latin and Greek, he studied and wrote English, and learned to do the things he would need to do when he grew up. This schooling, which lasted for some five years, really fitted him for the life he was going to lead as well as it would have fitted him for the ministry. Above all, it prepared him to write his own language with ease and grace.

The Soldier Turns Hosier

For a time he tried to earn his living in various business ventures—his experience in the Monmouth rebellion having discouraged his yearnings toward a political career. His first venture, as a hosier, failed, leaving him some eighty-five thousand dollars in debt; he had to flee from London to avoid being arrested and put in prison. But by dint of courage and hard work, this time as a manufacturer of tiles, he finally paid all his debts.

Meanwhile, however, he had got back into politics. King James had fled to France,

and Defoe was an attendant at the coronation of William and Mary. Attired in a handsome uniform and mounted on a spirited horse, he was a member of a royal regiment made up of leading citizens of London. He wrote a poem, "The True-born Englishman," in defense of King William, and was taken into the royal favor. He began to write many political pamphlets in prose. Some of them, like his "Essay on Projects" (1698),

are so modern that it makes one fairly gasp to read them. He argued, among other things, that women should be educated, that people should not be put in prison for debt, that roads should be improved, and that savings banks should be established.

But King William died, and Defoe soon tumbled from his pinnacle of prosperity. He wrote a clever satirical pamphlet called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and as a result was sentenced to stand in the pillory three times, to pay a fine, and to go to prison for as long as it pleased the new queen to keep him there. The first part of this punishment did not prove quite so bad as

was intended. Standing in the pillory, the unrepentant Defoe was overwhelmed with flowers and cheers from the people, instead of with the usual jeers and rotten eggs. But spending two years in Newgate Prison was another matter. When he was free again, he found his business in ruins. He must find another way to make a living.

So he turned journalist. He started his "Review," a four-page paper that was to be published for the next nine years and is now regarded as the forerunner of all modern newspapers. He wrote it all himself, more than five thousand pages of it; he did not even stop work on it during the three years he spent in Scotland between 1706 and 1709. At the same time he was back in politics, doing government secret-service work, writing and working now for one politician and now for another. It is hard to believe how much he wrote.



Photo by Nat. Gallery

Daniel Defoe, the man who wrote one of the world's most famous adventure stories.

SWIFT

Then in 1719, when he was nearly sixty, he suddenly started writing stories. During the next six years he wrote thirteen books of fiction, besides his pamphlets and his journalistic writings. And if he was the father of modern journalism, he was certainly the father of the modern novel too.

The first and most famous of this marvelous series was "Robinson Crusoe," named after that unknown man buried in the churchyard where Defoe had hidden from the King's men long before. The story was suggested by the adventures of one Alexander Selkirk, who had been shipwrecked on a South Sea island and had lived there for five



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

years. But most of Jonathan Swift, the most brilliant man in England during the early years of the eighteenth century,

Defoe made up out of his own fertile imagination, though he told them all so carefully and vividly that one has to believe the things happened just so. The patient and resourceful Robinson Crusoe and his faithful Man Friday walked straight into the hearts of all lovers of a good tale, and have stayed there ever since.

Perhaps this narrative is a little too mean

dering to be a real novel, but it was the nearest thing to a novel that had ever been written in English. Some of Defoe's later stories are even more like modern novels "Moll Flanders," for example, and "Roxana,"

both tales of adventuresses. There is another book of adventure in a far land, "Captain Singleton," and an account of the great plague in London when Defoe was a mere infant. This is so realistic that people thought at first it could not have been written by anyone who had not lived through the experiences himself. All these stories are still read, and people never cease to wonder at Defoe's ability to make everything seem so real that one cannot help believing

every word he writes to be gospel truth.

Defoe did not live to enjoy his fame very long. In 1731, alone in his lodgings, he died. Of all the prodigious pile of his writings, the one we remember best is the story of Robinson Crusoe—the story, not of the man buried in that old churchyard, but of the hero of those immortal adventures that took place in the imagination of Daniel Defoe.

The BITTEREST of ENGLISH AUTHORS

It Is a Strange Thing that Jonathan Swift Wrote, in "Gulliver's Travels," One of the Prize Books for Children, without Ever Meaning It for Them at All

IF YOU had been living in London about 1712, you would surely have seen the great Jonathan Swift. Any day you might have caught him in his long black gown and his curly white wig going

up the steps to the Parliament House or coming out of the door of some important minister of state. Or you might have passed him in the park, where he used to walk a few miles at a high speed every day. If it

happened to be raining you might hear him grumbling about the British weather and the high cost of a carriage—about how he hated to ride, but how he hated still more to have his new gown spattered with London mud. Wherever you met him, you would have seen at once that he was a most important man.

A Keen Mind and a Sharp Pen

For at that moment he was just about the most important man in England. Not that he held any office, for he never did. But for his brief period of glory, he was the main power behind the throne. He had the keenest mind of any man in Britain, and by far the sharpest pen. His opinion was so valuable, and his pen so powerful, that the great ministers of state under Queen Anne knew they could not do without him. He was one of the real rulers of the nation.

Where had he come from? He had been born over in Ireland, in 1667. When he was only a year old, he had been stolen by his nurse and brought over to England. By the age of three he could read the Bible through; and at four he was taken back to Ireland to go to school. In due time he went through Trinity College, in Dublin, though he does not seem to have shown any sign of genius there. Then he joined the Irish clergy, in a very humble rank. But for about ten years he was over in England, serving as a secretary to his distant relative, the famous Sir William Temple.

The Greatest Prose Writer of the Age

In those years he did a great deal of writing, both in prose and verse. Nearly all of it he tore up; he was doing it largely for practice. He was a sort of cousin to the aged Dryden, monarch among authors of the day; and once when he showed Dryden some of his verses, the monarch shook his head and said, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." The monarch was partly right. Cousin Swift never became a really great poet—he came instead to be the greatest writer of the age in prose, and the greatest satirist that England ever saw. But we are going to tell about his satires a little later.

He saved two little masterpieces from the days with Temple and published them in 1704. We still read them with a wonder at their genius—"The Tale of a Tub" and "The Battle of the Books." But Sir William Temple was now dead, and Swift had gone back to his little parish in Ireland, where he still seemed to have no chance of ever growing famous.

But he soon came back to England, on a mission for the Irish church, and he had not been there long before the rulers saw that his pen was so mighty that they had to have him on their side in the hot political war that was going on. In those days a good writer had far more influence than he has now, when he has the moving pictures and the radio to compete with. Swift wielded such a pen that any man would tremble if he heard that Swift was going to print a few words about him. So the Tory ministers gave Swift all his own way in order to make sure that he would be on their side in their bitter struggle with their enemies the Whigs. And for the four years from 1710 to 1714 the fierce and brilliant pen of Swift made him the power behind the throne of Queen Anne.

The Famous Journal to Stella

Yet nowadays we do not often read the scathing pamphlets and the biting editorials that flowed from his pen in those years. So important in their day, they are all on matters that are long since dead and buried. We read instead—and how Swift would have been astounded to know it!—a series of letters that he kept writing to a girl named Esther Johnson back in Dublin. He used to call her "Stella," and these letters are his famous "Journal to Stella."

He just scribbled them to her for fun, often as he lay in bed after he had come home from some great dinner or some weighty counsel of state, and he little dreamed that they would ever see the light of print. In fact, he wrote them largely in a sort of baby talk, the kind that Stella had spoken when she was a little girl and had been his pupil at Sir William Temple's. So in the letters "Nite, nite" means "good night, good night"; "MD" stands for "my



At the country place of Sir William Temple, Jonathan Swift taught little "Stella" her lessons, and in her gentle company spent many a happy hour. Later she

became the chief joy in his unhappy life, and the sharer of all his confidences. Many people think he finally married her, though of that we have little proof.

dear"; and "Pdfr" is always Swift himself, for it means "Poor dear foolish rogue."

The Tragedy of Jonathan Swift

But the letters were printed long after he was dead, and now they are priceless to us. For they are not only highly amusing, but they are a matchless record of what was going on behind the scenes of great affairs of state during Swift's period of glory.

The glory was soon gone. Queen Anne died, and Swift's friends went out of power. Of course he had thought he would have some great reward, and be made at least a bishop. But he was really too terrible a man to be trusted. All the reward that came was an appointment as dean of the cathedral back in Dublin. He was very bitter about it, for he could be the bitterest man that ever lived. But all he could do was to go back to Ireland—and he hated that so much that he said he was going back to die "like a poisoned rat in a hole."

Yet he was one of the best friends the Irish ever had, and during the rest of his long life he wrote many a book and pamphlet in their cause—some of them even more brilliant and more powerful than anything that he had done for Queen Anne in the old

days. But the iron bit deeper and deeper into his soul as he kept thinking about the way he was neglected and still more about the general folly of the human race as it was behaving in his troublous time. Finally his mind gave way under the strain, and his dark days ended in madness in 1745. There are few greater tragedies than the life of Jonathan Swift.

What Is a Satirist?

We have said he is our greatest satirist, and he may well be the greatest of all the world. A satirist (săt'ī-rīst) is a man who is so angry with some of the people around him that he wants to flay them alive, but at the same time so witty that he has all sorts of fun in doing it, and gives us all sorts of fun in watching him. The satirist kills his man with jest and ridicule. It is not easy to be angry and witty at the same time, and that is why we have very few real satirists. Swift was at once the angriest man and the wittiest man we ever had. His main rival in those was his own friend Pope. If Pope is our greatest satirist in verse, Swift is our greatest one in prose; and all in all, Swift was the greater man of the two.

Of course his main satire (săt'ir) is the famous "Gulliver's Travels" (1726). That great book has met a very, very curious fate—as did so much that its author tried to do. The book was written for men who had lived in the world a long time and thought about its ways a great deal. For it is a trial and execution of all our human race for their sins and follies. There never was a book more savage. But it is a satire, and so it must be funny; and the fun comes in when our human race is compared with

other and very different races that Gulliver claims he has seen on his travels—little dwarfs an inch high, vast giants a hundred times as big as we are, and strange, horselike creatures who are so much more sensible than ourselves. And the fun is the thing we all remember, with the strange creatures in the book that give it to us. And so the bitterest satire in our tongue has come to be—how its author would once more be astounded!—one of the prize books for children!

MR. TATLER *and* MR. SPECTATOR

How the Famous Partnership of Steele and Addison Gave Us the Two Most Brilliant Papers We Have Ever Had

RICHARD STEELE came from Ireland, and he showed it in being a very merry man. He was generous, too, and a little careless, and was often getting into trouble. He was a politician, and he had the gift of words to make him a literary genius; and in those phrases we have a great part of his picture.

Though born in Ireland, in 1672, he was sent over to the famous Charterhouse School in London, where he met Joseph Addison and formed with him one of the most famous literary friendships on record. The two went up to Oxford together, though to different colleges. But Steele left Oxford before he had taken his degree, and went into the army.

In the army he started to be a poet. He wrote some verses to King William which drew the attention of a colonel who made Steele his secretary and then had him commissioned as a captain. But Steele was disgusted by the immoral lives of the other officers, and by his own as well, and he wrote a

little moral book called "The Christian Hero" to try to reform them. They only laughed at him. So then he wrote a comedy, to prove that he could be as merry as any body. He called it "The Funeral" (1701), certainly no very merry name; and this was soon followed by "The Lying Lover" and "The Tender Husband," and much later by "The Conscious Lovers." These are bright and witty plays, and are among the first of the great list of "sentimental" comedies that had a run for nearly a century afterward.

As soon as he had made his way with his pen, Steele left the army. He married the lady whom he called his "Dearest Prue" in the hundreds of little letters which he wrote to her and which make such spicy reading for us now. He was given

several offices under the government, especially that of gazetteer. In those days the government often thought it was safer to own the newspapers, if it could, and to print only what it was safe to let the people know. As gazetteer Steele had to pick out the news that the people were to be allowed to read.



Photoby National Portrait Gallery

This is the famous pair who wrote the Spectator Papers, still read in high schools everywhere.

At the left is Joseph Addison; at the right is Richard Steele.



There is a story that when Joseph Addison lay dying, at the age of only forty seven, the great man sent for

his stepson and urged upon him, as is shown here, the value of leading a devout religious life

And that is what led him to his great work. Once started as an editor, he coined the idea of a paper of his own, and in 1700 he started the famous "Tatler." It was in some part a newspaper, but in the main it printed essays on all sorts of current questions. And it was by far the most brilliant piece of journalism England had ever seen. With the "Spectator," it is probably the most brilliant ever seen to this day.

Now at this point Addison comes in again for he joined hands with his great friend Steele in the "Tatler" and the "Spectator" and the best way to treat the two men is to take them together. So we must go back to see what Addison was like and what he had been doing up to this time.

Addison was a pretty different man from Steele. He was a little less generous, and a great deal less impulsive and reckless. He was so bashful that he often seemed less brilliant in society, but so careful that he

never got into trouble. He had a great deal of success in the world and plenty of good offices. And though a very quiet man, he had in even finer literary gift than Steele.

Addison was just the same age as Steele. When he had taken his degree from Oxford he also wrote some verses of praise to King William and his reward always greater than Steele's was to be sent traveling over Europe for four years to fit him for a career in the government and in diplomacy. But then the King died and Addison's friends went out of power so Addison came back to London where for a while it looked as if there was nothing for him to do.

Not for very long however! Addison always played in good luck. The English general Marlborough had just won a great victory and the government wanted someone to celebrate the event in a poem. So they sought out Addison in his garret, and asked him to produce the poem. He wrote

"The Campaign" (1705), and his fortune was made. After that, whenever his friends the Whigs were in power he could always have an office with a good salary. And this brings us to the point where he joins forces with Steele again.

A Literary Partnership

Steele had started the "Tatler" without telling anyone he was writing it. But in one of the early numbers Addison recognized a remark that he had once made to Steele, and he knew Steele must be the writer of the paper. In the warmest friendship he put his pen at his friend's service, and he received the warmest welcome from his friend. Addison lifted the paper to an even higher level than it had held before, and it grew famous all over Europe.

It ran for about two years, and then stopped abruptly. There was probably some trouble with the government, for the authors had been treating the party in power to a little criticism. All the same, the paper was followed about two months later by the even more brilliant "Spectator," which ran for nearly two years from March, 1711. The "Tatler" had appeared three times a week, but the "Spectator" came out every day. It was almost equally the work of Steele and Addison, though again the work of Addison is on a somewhat higher plane. It was Addison who gave us the great Sir Roger de Coverley in the paper, though it had been Steele who first suggested the character.

Europe Bows to Steele and Addison

The fame of these two papers was universal. In England and all over Europe, for a century or more later, there were hundreds of other papers that tried their best to be like the "Tatler" and the "Spectator." But although many of them were excellent papers, none ever came near rivaling the great work of Steele and Addison.

After the "Spectator," Steele published another paper called the "Guardian," in which he still had a good deal of help from

Addison. Then he wrote a number of other papers, a good deal less famous because they were mostly concerned with his contests and quarrels, political or otherwise.

Dick Steele Is Knighted

He was elected to the House of Commons, and was at once put out because the rulers of the other party would not have him. But just a little later his own friends came into power, and then he remained in parliament for some years, serving also on several important commissions. He was rewarded for his labors when he became Sir Richard under George I.

But the end of his life was rather sad. He had lived very expensively, for he never knew how to keep his money. Though he made a good deal of it at times, he could never live within his means, and was heavily in debt all his life long. At last his burdens were so heavy that he retired into Wales, a broken and almost forgotten man. There he died in 1729.

Addison the Successful

Not so with Addison, of course. Just after the "Spectator" closed, he put on a play called "Cato" which had a run such as hardly any play had ever had before. It was not a very great play, though schoolboys still recite its speeches; but it struck exactly the right moment in the hot political war of the time, and had a storm of success. Cato was a magnificent patriot, so the Tories thought he must be meant for a great Tory, and the Whigs for a great Whig; and neither party could do too much for the fame of the play. Lucky Addison!

Addison gained the high office of secretary of state, and married the Dowager Countess of Warwick. But he did not live to enjoy the honors of old age. He died ten years before his great friend, in 1719. In the last year there had even been a little unhappy quarrel between Steele and Addison, but after Addison's death nothing could have been more generous, or more like Steele, than Steele's forgiveness.



Pl. to Ly. Huchatz

For a long time Pope and the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu were the greatest friends. And then one day, so the story goes, he told her he loved her, and she, too ungente to appreciate the tribute

from one of England's greatest poets, burst into laughter at the thought of loving a little dwarf and hunchback like Alexander Pope. He, for his part, never forgave her the scorn of that refusal.

A PIGMY *and* HIS PEN

*The Smallest and the Ugliest of Our Poets,
Alexander Pope, Was the Wittiest
and Cruellest of Them All*

ALEXANDER POPE was such a tiny man that he had to sit in a high chair at the table, and so puny was he that he could not quite put on his clothes without someone to help him. He could not even stand up unless he was laced into a sort of

corset for support. He was so chilly that he had to wear a fur jacket underneath his linen shirt, and so thin that he used to put on three pairs of stockings to keep his legs from looking like broomsticks. He was a humpback. In fact, he looked a little like

POPE

a spider, as he said himself; and he was ill so often that he used to call his whole life one long disease.

All the same, the tiny invalid had such a power that many of the mightiest men and women in the land respected him or trembled at his name—lords and ladies, soldiers, statesmen, even kings and queens. And all his power lay in the point of his little pen. For it was the sharpest pen that ever had been seen in England, and it left the deepest wound.

He had begun to sharpen it about as soon as he could hold it in his fingers, for he was one of the most precocious boys ever known. Not that he had many teachers, for as a Catholic child he could not enter any of the public schools of England in his day. But that made very little difference to a lad like Pope. Unfit for the games of other boys, he

buried himself so deeply in his books that he soon knew a good deal more than most of us can learn at school in many a day.

And in the books he found his own game. He loved it better, all his life, than any other thing, and he could play it better than any other man around him. It was the game of words. He loved to play with words just as we love to play with bats and balls—to see how many fancy things he could do with them. So he used to twist and turn them round and round, and try all sorts of tricks to make them say exactly what he wanted, and say it more neatly and more wittily, more artfully and gracefully, than ever it had been said before.

Master of the Game of Words

Now the game of words is nothing but the art of poetry, or at least a very large part of it. That is why Pope came to be the greatest poet in the land while he was still a boy. Born in 1688, he had written a play

before he was twelve, and a long epic poem when fifteen; at twenty-three he was a new monarch in English poetry, and he ruled without a rival to his death in 1744. In his dazzling career he had almost every kind of success a greedy man could want. He even made a good deal of money, which poets hardly ever do; and with his fortune he retired to a retreat at Twickenham

(twik'n-ām), a little way up the river from London, where he planted his pretty gardens and made his famous grotto, a cave studded with thousands of curious shells and bits of glass, in which he used to write his poetry and have tea with his friends.

The greatest of his friends was that gloomy Jonathan Swift who, strangely enough, left us the book about Gulliver that boys and girls will always love. Then there was Dr. Arbuthnot, the

queen's physician, who wrote several witty books and who gave Englishmen the name of John Bull by which they are

known to this day. There was John Gay, the lazy, fat poet who wrote many fables and the famous "Beggars' Opera"; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who penned such charming letters and who introduced the remedy we now call vaccination into England. There were many more, including several statesmen like the brilliant Viscount Bolingbroke and the famous Earl of Oxford, whose great library helped to start the British Museum.

All of these loved Pope, and to them all he was a kindly friend. But that is about the best we can say for him, for we must now add that he had far more enemies than friends, and for very simple reasons.

For if Pope was like a spider in appearance, he was like a wasp at heart. He was so extremely vain that no amount of fame would satisfy him. Now every vain man



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Alexander Pope, the "wicked wasp" who was yet one of the greatest poets and one of the tenderest friends among all the English literary men.

POPE

has a thin skin, and Pope's was about the thinnest of them all. He would writhe in anguish at the slightest injury, real or fancied; and then he would lie awake at night devising his revenge, and even get his poor old servant out of bed three or four times in a night to put his plots on paper. And the sting of the wasp was terrible.

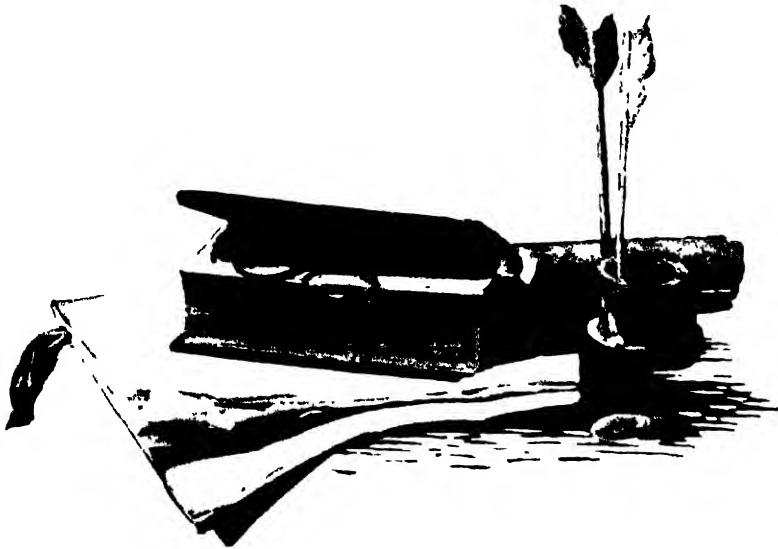
He fought all his battles with his pen, for it was by far his best weapon. Many of his enemies would have been glad enough to face a sword instead; and since they could not match him with the pen, they often threatened him with other arms. One of them hung up a stout rod in a famous coffee-house and announced that he would use it if Pope ever came there. And at one time there were so many threats that Pope would not go out of his house without a pair of pistols and his big dog Bounce. But his pen never paused. That is why so much of his poetry deals in abuse and ridicule, or is the kind of poetry we call satire (săt'ır).

He is one of the greatest satirists. His first famous poem was "The Essay on Criticism" (1711), in which he gives a great deal of advice to poets and critics, but also a good deal of offense. Then he wrote the daintiest of poems in "The Rape of the Lock" (1712), on the sly theft of a tress of a young lady's hair, though even in this bit of fun he man-

aged to make a few persons angry. After spending ten years on his famous translation of Homer, he set out to pickle all his enemies at once in the long and savage satire of "The Dunciad" (1728). This was followed by several shorter but even more brilliant satires, and by a long poem of philosophy called "The Essay on Man" (1734).

By no means our greatest poet, Pope is still supreme in neat and pointed phrases, in grace and glitter, in polish, and in what we call epigram (ěp'ĩ-grām). To say a thing in words so terse and telling that we all remember and repeat it is to make an epigram. Pope made more than any other Englishman who ever lived, for that was his great aim in his pet game of words. It is not the highest aim in poetry. There is such a thing as being too neat and trim and glittering. Our greatest poems have no need of glitter, and our real giants must not be too neat and trim. So Pope is not quite one of the true giants. But it is a great thing to be king of the epigram. Here is one of his epigrams, in his favorite form of verse, the heroic couplet:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in
night,
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was
light."



HOW *the* ENGLISH NOVEL WAS BORN

A Printer Named Samuel Richardson Started Writing Love Letters for Girls and Finally Turned Them into Great Novels

HERE is really one of the funniest things that ever happened. It is the story of the way the English novel came to be born.

Now the fun of it is this. You always think of a novelist as a dashing person who has seen all sorts of adventures and who puts them into his books. Many a novelist is that kind of man, and the funny thing is that the father of the English novel was not that kind of man at all. He was just the last man you would ever expect to begin a novel. He was a solemn old fuzzy fellow without a romantic spark in his whole being; and as for an adventure, he would have run away from it as he would have from a mad dog—that is, if he had not been too fat and too pompous to run at all.

Yet he is the man who started the English novel, and he wrote three of the greatest novels that we have.

His name was Samuel Richardson. It sounds like a stolid British tradesman, and that is just what its owner was. When he was born in 1689, he was meant to be a clergyman. And that was very reasonable, for he was a perfect little boy from the very start. But he would not play with other boys, and would sit around and listen to the old ladies talking. When he was thirteen, the girls

used to get him to write their love letters for them. The letters were full of modest warmth and maidenly virtue. No one could

write such a good girl's letter as Samuel.

Yet that was important, as you are going to see in a moment. For somehow young Samuel—I wonder if anybody ever dared to call him Sammy?—learned how to look right through a girl's heart and see what was there. He knew more about that than anyone in England.

There was not enough money to train him for the clergy, and he had to go into a printer's office. Of course the perfect young man married the printer's daughter, and settled down to perfect humdrum bliss. Of course he took over the business, and of course he made a lot of money out of it. Then of course he set up as a self-made man, a model of all virtue, and grew fat giving good advice to all the young men who ought to do just what he had done. So he got to be fifty years old without a single hint of an adventure.

And then it happened—nothing exciting, of course, but something important all the same. Somebody wanted to publish a "Complete Letter Writer," to show young people just how they ought to write their letters. Now Samuel had written letters for the girls many a year before, and who could do them better? So Samuel turned out 173 letters, all very proper and all very dull, for people to learn from. And yet Samuel got a great idea from them. Why not turn the letters into a story and make a novel?

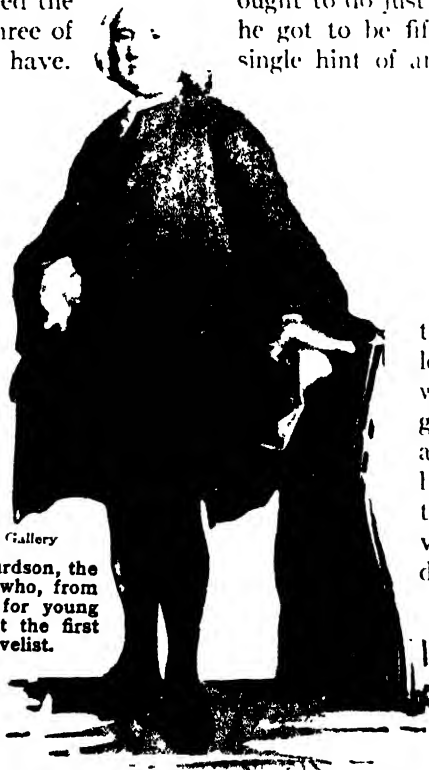


Photo by National Portrait Gallery

This is Samuel Richardson, the stodgy little printer who, from writing love letters for young girls, became at last the first great English novelist.

He remembered a story of a serving girl named Pamela (pām'ê-lâ). Pamela had been pursued and tempted by her lady's bold young son, who meant nothing good by her; but she had been such a grand girl that she had reformed him and married him, and so had become a fine lady. Richardson set out to tell the story in a long series of letters from Pamela to her friends; and it was then that he showed he knew all about a girl's heart. "Pamela" (1740) was the first full-grown English novel.

That is why so many novels used to be written in the form of letters. For a long while it was nearly the only way people could think of to write a novel.

Pamela was only a serving girl. Next the author started the story of a girl of higher station, and the result was "Clarissa" (1748), another novel in letters, and one of the world's masterpieces. Then the author wanted to do a novel about a perfect gentleman, and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1753), in seven large volumes of letters, came forth.

In spite of the fact that they are so long, these novels are among the most moving books in the world. They go along so slowly that Dr. Johnson said a reader who tried to peruse them for the story alone would hang himself. And yet, once started, we cannot stop reading them, because the passion in the hearts of their heroines will not let us rest. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu despised them for their middle-class sentiment, and yet confessed they made her cry "like a milkmaid." A century later Macaulay used to say that if every copy of "Clarissa" were lost, he could give it to the world again from memory. The books were famous in every land, and the number of novels that were written like them runs into the thousands.

And that is the funny story of the fat printer who so strangely came to be the father of the novel. He lived for eight more years, till 1761, basking in the flattery of the ladies and giving good, proper advice about how to get on in the world.

The SECOND GREAT ENGLISH NOVELIST

Henry Fielding Started to Make Fun of the First Novel by the Printer Richardson, and Ended by Becoming Richardson's Greatest Rival

A COMMON little printer named Richardson had somehow had the genius to write the first full-grown English novel. It was "Pamela" (pām'ê-lâ), and everyone was reading it. It was the story of Pamela Andrews, a lady's maid how she had been pursued by the lady's bad son, and how she had been so sweet and clever as to turn him into a good man, and marry him, and so become a great lady herself.

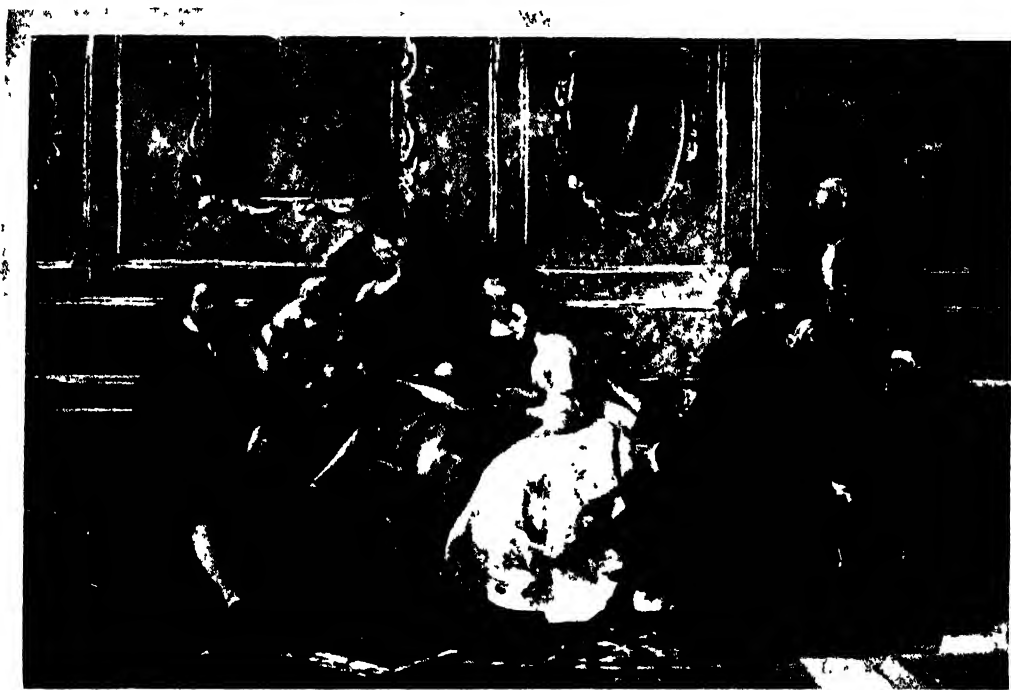
Now to handsome Henry Fielding, a dashing man of the world, that seemed all very silly. It seemed to say, "Just be good, and you can marry far above you and become a lady"—which is not the right reason for being good. So Fielding set out to have some fun with "Pamela." He wrote a take-off on it called "Joseph Andrews." His virtuous Joseph is a brother of Pamela, is a serving man, and is pursued by a terrible

lady just as Pamela had been pursued by a terrible man—and of course all sorts of funny things follow in the novel.

Before he began that novel Fielding had done many other things. He had been born in a fine family, in 1707, and had gone to the great school at Eton. Then he had done some studying at the University of Leyden, in Holland; but for about fifteen years he had mainly hung about London as a gallant wit and a comic playwright. He had written over a dozen plays, most of them very funny farces. But he had made so much fun of the corrupt government under Robert Walpole that Walpole had an act passed in 1737 putting an end to Fielding's career as a dramatist.

Then Fielding turned to the law for a living, and having a family to support by this time he worked hard at it. He grew

FIELDING



While Richardson was toiling in his printing shop, and tinkering out his sentimental tales, young Henry Fielding was leading the gay life of a man about town,

into a good lawyer, and served as a brave and upright magistrate.

But what he had begun in "Joseph Andrews" (1742) was the thing that left him famous. He had not gone very far with that book before he saw that he had something on his hands far bigger than a mere take-off on Richardson. So he forgot "Pamela" and went on to create a great new novel. It is the kind of novel that we call "realistic" — the kind that tries to show people just as they really are. And if Richardson is the father of the "sentimental" novel, Fielding, who had started only to make fun of it, became the father of our realistic novel.

All his other novels are of that kind, and they are among the very greatest that we have. "Jonathan Wild the Great" was the next one. It is the story of a real criminal who had been hanged in London only a few years before, and is meant to show that a great man is a terrible thing for this world unless he is also a good man. After this came "Tom Jones" (1748), which many a reader has called the greatest of all English

novels; and four years later came "Amelia," the last novel Fielding lived to write.

For he broke down in middle life, owing largely to his hard work as a magistrate and as a writer. In 1754 he went to Portugal in a vain effort to get back his health, and there a little later he was laid to rest.

Fielding was not a prude, like Richardson; indeed he was at times a bit of a rake. Richardson despised him as a sporting man about town, and he despised Richardson as a starchy little printer who knew nothing about real life and who filled up his novels with nothing but womanish sentiment about it. Of course they were both partly wrong. Fielding was a strong, honest man, even if he did see no great harm in a little gambling, and Richardson was far more than a bundle of sentiments, even if he did love to loll in the flattery of adoring young ladies. But we can easily see how we got our two main kinds of novel from these two men: the "ideal" novel of sentiment from the dreamy printer, and the "real" novel of life from the wide-awake justice of the peace.



This strange but intelligent face belongs to Laurence Sterne, the English clergyman who wrote some of our most amusing novels.

Photo by National Portrait Gallery

The IMP among the NOVELISTS

The Whimsies of Laurence Sterne Are the Most Comical That We Can Find in Print

THE funniest rogue of all our English writers, the prize imp among our authors—that is Laurence Sterne. Never can you tell what he is going to say next. All you know is that it will be anything except what you expected.

When you start one of his books, you never have the slightest notion of how it will turn out; even when you begin a single sentence you cannot guess how in the world it is going to end. If you could, he once said, he would tear it up and write another one. All you know is that he will play antics with you all the way. He is the clown of our novelists, always falling all over himself to make us giggle. But he can do that more than anybody else.

No wonder, he was born in Ireland (1713). His father was in the army, and the boy lived in one barracks after another. There he learned all about the army life, of which he has so much to say in his novels. He was not a healthy boy, for he was spindling and weak-chested, and he was not a good one, for he told too many lies. But he was such a keen imp, and so comical that no one could be angry with him long. He was never a healthy man either, and never a good one—though after his graduation from Cam-

bridge he had the audacity to become a clergyman.

It was a day when a clergyman in the Church of England did not need to be a good man—which was one of the reasons why the Puritan fathers had left the country. Of course most of the clergy were good men, but Sterne was not one of them. When he got a parish near the city of York, he did indeed go through the forms of the service, and later even printed his sermons. But he spent a great deal of his time in making merry with his gayest friends, and especially in impish revels at the "Crazy Castle" of one of his old college friends.

The Most Impish English Novel

The rest of the time he was bored to tears. And it was because he was so bored that he started to write.

He wrote just what any man would write, if he could, to keep from being sick and tired—the most whimsical and most impish novel in the language. The novel was just like him. It was "Tristram Shandy" (1760), and it set the whole world laughing at their new clown. So Sterne came up to London for many a visit, long or short, and had a high time. The lords and ladies petted him,

and even the bishops forgot his coarseness and gave him a better place in the church.

In York he was still bored. In London, and in France and Italy, where he soon traveled, he was always in high spirits. His pen kept flying over the paper and spattering

ink around him as he went on writing more and more volumes of "Tristram Shandy" and continued with his other book, the "Sentimental Journey." His frail body could not stand the high life that he led, and he came to an end in 1768. But we are still chuckling over him.

WHO STARTED ALL OUR NOVELS *of the SEA?*

It Was Smollett Who Was the Main Man to Give Us Tales of Rogues and Sailors

IT IS a lucky thing that most of our great authors have been good men, or else the world would be a far worse place than it now is. But once in a while there is a great writer who is by no means a good man. Then we may admire his books, although we could hardly like to live with their author.

For instance, it was hard for anyone to live with the great novelist George Tobias Smollett (1721-1771). He was a coarse man, and his novels, however powerful, are like him. He had a terrible temper, and he always carried a chip on his shoulder; so he always had a dozen grudges against his enemies in particular, and a good deal of a grudge against the human race in general.

And he kept a bitter, brutal pen with which to fight out his battles.

It all began when he was a boy in Scotland. His father had married far beneath him, and then had died when his son was only two years old. The proud boy had to grow up on the charity of relatives. After his schooling he went to work under a surgeon in

Glasgow, to learn how to be a doctor. But he thought he could be an author too, and soon he came down to London to make his fame and fortune as an author and physician at once.

He brought a tragedy that he had written. It was a dismal thing, and nobody would look at it. But Smollett always thought it was his masterpiece, and over its neglect he started a series of bitter quarrels, mainly with the great actor Garrick, which lasted nearly all his life. Meanwhile he found it so hard to make a living that he took a place in the navy as surgeon's helper in the ridiculous quarrel between Spain and England that is sometimes known as the "War of Jenkins' Ear."

That took him to sea, and to South America.

It told him all about the sailors, and showed him many a brutal scene of war. He was in a rage against a navy where men could die like flies for lack of proper treatment while the admirals were bickering among themselves.

And Smollett put all this and much more into his first novel of "Roderick Random."

The book brought him a good deal of fame, but he was still a bit uncertain whether to be mainly an author or a surgeon, and for six or seven years he kept on trying



Photos by National Portrait Gallery and The Knapp Co

George Tobias Smollett was a bitter, complaining man, but he left us some brave tales of life aboard ship, the first sea novels in our language.



SMOLLETT

to be both. Then he gave up medicine entirely, and gave himself to literature alone.

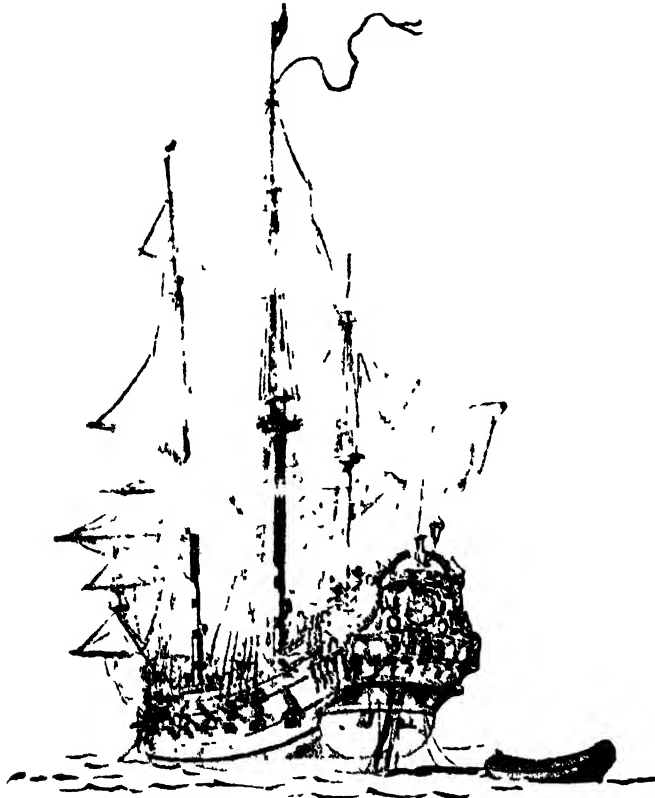
In this he did a vast amount of work. He was one of the first men to keep a literary "factory" — that is, to hire a whole troop of minor authors to write or translate or somehow compile great collections of books for the publishers. He would pay the writers what he could, always very little, feast them every Sunday, and be a great patron to them all. And out of this he made a pretty good living for himself.

But all that work is now forgotten. What we remember and still read are the original novels he kept writing from time to time. "Peregrine Pickle" was the next of these. "Ferdinand Count Fathom" followed this, and the brutal "Adventures of an Atom." Then came his last and greatest novel of "Humphrey Clinker," a delightful story

that is far less savage and more lovable than any of his earlier work.

In his last years, suffering from various pains and disorders, Smollett grew to be a most unlovely man indeed. He traveled a great deal for his health—to Bath, to Scotland, to France and Italy. But everywhere he was disgusted, and he came to be absolutely the worst type of grumbling traveler. It was in Italy that he died, at the age of fifty.

Smollett was the man who put the sailor into English fiction, with all his salty ways and all his nautical language. How many times we have met that sailor in our novels since! He was also a great writer of the kind of novel we call "picaresque" (pik'-ă-rĕsk') — the kind that tells of rogues and vagabonds, lovable or not. In these two ways Smollett has had enormous influence on the novel right down to our own day.



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON



Photo by Huchgita

Whenever the great Dr. Johnson was present, everyone else sat still and listened. Here he is shown

holding forth to two of his friends at the Mitre Tavern. At the left is Goldsmith, and in the center is Boswell.

A GREAT BEAR *with a* GENTLE HEART

*Doctor Johnson, Master Mind of England in His Age, Was
at Once the Rudest and the Tenderest of All
the Famous Men around Him*

HIS face was so scarred and ugly that strangers used to turn and stare after him as he stumped down the crooked streets of old London. His great body would twitch from head to foot as he went puffing along. Sometimes he would be muttering to himself and mysteriously touching the tops of gateposts; sometimes he would pause to count the steps leading to the next doorway. These were queer habits, but somehow he could not break them. If it was evening, fashionable ladies might peep out of their sedan chairs to catch a glimpse of him. They would notice that he carried a club for use against any thieves and

rowdies who might be loitering in the dark streets.

This strange person was no other than the great Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), famous all over England for his learning and wisdom. The king once felt honored to meet him, and he was welcome at many fashionable dinners, even though his table manners were so rude that they would have disgraced the humblest cottage in the land. All good people respected him, and his friends loved him dearly. True, he could be haughty when a rich man tried to win his favor. But to the poor he was an angel of mercy. He used to slip pennies into the

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

hands of little waifs whom he found sleeping on cold doorsteps, so that they might wake up with money for their breakfast. For he never forgot his own terrible struggle with poverty in the long years before he became famous.

The Great Johnson's Childhood

He had had a pathetic childhood. While he was still a baby he suffered from a mysterious disease called "scrofula." His poor mother carried her baby to Queen Anne, hoping that a touch from Her Majesty's hand might cure him, but of course the little one did not improve. The disease made him blind in one eye, twisted his noble features into shapelessness, and left his nerves in such a state that he could not fully control his arms and legs. But his muscles were as strong as iron and he used to make two boys carry him to school!

In school he learned far more than other boys; for though in those days teachers were severe, no whippings could destroy his love of reading. And he never forgot a single thing he read, but could astonish his mother by reciting long passages from books he had skimmed only once!

For two years he browsed in his father's bookshop in Lichfield, until a friend offered to send the brilliant lad to Oxford. At the university the teachers and most of the students admired him greatly, though a few wealthy snobs made fun of his worn clothes. But Johnson had plenty of pride, and when some kindly person left a pair of shoes at his door, he threw the gift away angrily. Asking for no one's pity, he found his greatest pleasures in the books he loved so

much. But the money from Lichfield suddenly stopped and his life at Oxford ceased with it.

Then his father died. He had to earn a living for himself, for his penniless mother, and for the strange woman, nearly twice his age, who soon became his wife. He tried school teaching, but of course he was no man to manage youngsters. So he determined to make his way in the great world of London—as an author!

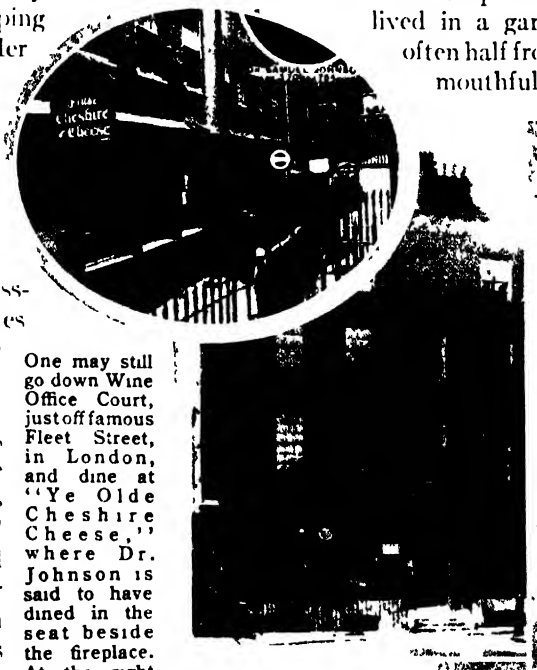
He tramped to London. There he lived in a garret, almost friendless, often half frozen, thankful for every mouthful he could get to eat.

But he could not always get the mouthful, and he did not always have even a garret to sleep in. Young writers in those days could expect nothing better, for books which took months or years to write sold for very little money. Only by gifts from wealthy men could the average author hope to live. But Johnson was no man to live on wealthy friends. So he had a very bad time. But in the end his hard work by day and

night, in sickness and health, sometimes in deepest sorrow and despair, brought him decent comfort and extraordinary fame.

He had set his early hopes on a play called "Irene" (1740), but it failed on the stage. His long poems, called "London" (1738) and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" (1749), were praised by critics but brought him little. He is not now remembered chiefly as a poet.

Many people admired the papers—really short essays published twice a week—which he called "The Rambler" (1750-1752) and "The Idler" (1758). And when after seven



One may still go down Wine Office Court, just off famous Fleet Street, in London, and dine at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," where Dr. Johnson is said to have dined in the seat beside the fireplace. At the right is the house in Gough Square, near Fleet Street, where Johnson lived for ten years, while he was writing his dictionary.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON



Johnson was a proud man, and was deeply cut when the great Lord Chesterfield kept him waiting here in

the anteroom and then refused to help him. In those days an author had to have the aid of a wealthy patron



Photos by Knapgate

Here is Johnson's famous club, at the home of Joshua Reynolds. From left to right they are Boswell; John-

son; Reynolds; Garrick, Burke, Gen. Paoli; Burney, the musician; Warton, the critic, and Goldsmith.

years of toil he published his great dictionary (1755), he became the literary ruler of his age. A schoolboy would not find the dictionary very helpful, because simple words are so often explained by the hard ones he liked to use himself; as when he defines "network" as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal intervals, with interstices between the intersections." He also liked to put in a sly dig at anything he did not approve; so since he hated the Scotch, and since the Scotch ate a great deal of oatmeal, he defined "oats" as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

After the Dictionary came his novel of "Rasselas" (1750), hurriedly written to get the money to pay for his mother's funeral. The greatest work of all was "The Lives of the Poets" (1770-1781). In these lives we see how widely he had read and how wise he was, even though we often disagree with his opinions about other famous men.

As he grew older the great man was surrounded by friends, who loved to hear him

talk. He was one of the world's great talkers. Often the conversation with his friends was magnificent, for they were all remarkable in wit and learning.

There was David Garrick, probably the greatest actor of all time, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest painter of the day, Edmund Burke, the greatest English statesman, Edward Gibbon, the greatest English historian, and Oliver Goldsmith, the delightful poet and novelist. With Johnson at their head, these men and others made up the most famous club that has ever been known. No other conversations that have been recorded for us are so wise or so entertaining.

By Johnson's favor a young Scotchman named James Boswell was admitted to the club. He became immortal by writing the famous life of Johnson which stands without a rival

as the best of all biographies. Anyone who reads it may learn a thousand times as much about Johnson as has been told here, may see the dear and queer old man just as if he were still alive, and attend the meetings of his famous club.



Photo by N. G.

It was the brush of the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds that left us this portrait of his friend Samuel Johnson. More than any other painter he has given us a sense of the power of the great man's personality.

The MAN WHO FOUND HIS HERO

He Wrote the Best of All Biographies Because He Had a Genius for Understanding Genius

IN THE days when men wore wigs and took snuff a young Scotchman named James Boswell (1740-1795) came down for a visit to London. He was a good-natured, talkative, arguing sort of fellow, and rather too fond of gay friends. His father, the Lord of Auchinleck, insisted on his studying law, but the restless young man thought he would prefer anything else—from entering the army to becoming a priest!

He really did not know what he wanted

to do. He loved a good time too well to want to settle down. Still he had a good deal of common sense, and an amazing reverence for men of genius; and above all other things at present he longed to meet and talk with as many men of genius as he could. Of course they were not exactly longing to give up their time to a raw young Scot whom no one had ever heard of, but they all found that the young Scot was a genius too—a genius at charming geniuses. So the greatest men in Europe were his

BOSWELL



Photo by Ruschigita

It was a great occasion for the young Scotsman, James Boswell, when he was first presented to the famous

Dr. Johnson. And it was a great occasion for the world as well, for out of it came our finest biography.

prizes—Rousseau and Voltaire among them, and above all, the great Dr. Johnson.

Johnson had a heart of gold, but he had no notion of letting a young scamp from Scotland see it too quickly. He had hated the Scotch all his life. So at the very first meeting he threw Boswell into confusion by abusing them and by cutting Boswell short every time he started to say anything. But there was no way of discouraging the young Scotchman, or of not liking him; and in reality the crusty old philosopher had started in to love him. So he wrote long letters to him when the young man went away again, and the youngster treasured all of them for us to read to-day.

Whenever he returned, he sought out Dr. Johnson and followed him like a faithful dog. He soon made his plan for writing the life of his great idol, and from that time on he kept the most exact notes of the talk of his hero and of many of the other great men around him—such as Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, Gibbon, and Burke. Sometimes when the talk did not flow quite

fast enough, he would make himself absurd by asking crazy questions just to tease his hero into speech. Once in a while Johnson would lose his temper over it, as when he cried out, "You have two subjects, sir, yourself and me. I am sick of both." But Boswell would take any slight, and Johnson would soon be asking to be forgiven—because he had a good heart and was so fond of his "Bozzy."

Boswell finally became a lawyer, and settled down in Scotland with the sensible girl he married. She was not very fond of her husband's hero, for when Johnson came to visit her he turned down the ends of the candles to make them burn brighter, and let the grease drip all over the carpet! Neither did Boswell's father like his son's great friend. When Bozzy was following at the gruff old Doctor's heels on the latter's famous trip through Scotland, his father said that he had often seen a man leading a bear around, but never till now had he seen a bear lead a man!

"The Life of Johnson," published by

GOLDSMITH

Boswell in 1791, is the greatest story of a man's life ever written. Even to-day we cannot read it without feeling that we know its hero better than we know most of the people right around us. And a multitude of other great men also live in its pages.

Few other books contain so many; and no other book tells us so much, and so amusingly, about what its people did and thought and said—the books they read, the plays they saw, the jokes they cracked, the dinners they ate!



Photo by J. M. A. N. R.

It was some little Irish village like the one above that Goldsmith had affectionately in mind when he wrote

"The Deserted Village." For as a boy in Ireland he had played about in just such cottages as these.

A POET EVERYONE MUST LOVE

*He Often Seemed a Little Foolish among His Great Friends,
but When They Left Him Alone with His Pen,
He Could Beat Them All*

LITTLE Irish children love stories of ghosts and fairies, far-away places and bold adventure. Perhaps that is why they often grow up to be so light-hearted and generous. When Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774) was a small boy, about two hundred years ago, he used to listen eagerly to stories of battle and excitement told by the old soldier who was his schoolmaster. From the same man Oliver learned to play pretty Irish melodies on the flute, and liked the music better than the lessons in his books. He never tired of such amusements; all his life he was going to be tender-

hearted and imaginative, but never very practical or prudent.

His father was a clergyman, and very poor. When the time came, an uncle had to give part of the money to send the boy up to Trinity College in Dublin. He earned the rest himself by doing a servant's work in the college buildings. Unfortunately he was sometimes allowed to feel that this was ungentlemanly; and he was already too shy and sensitive, partly because he had been teased so much about his homeliness, for his face was pitted with the ugly scars of smallpox. Yet the boys liked Oliver's merry



Photo by Raschiga

Johnson had received that morning a message from Goldsmith, who said he was in great distress. So the good doctor immediately sent him a guinea, and as soon as possible followed after it. He found that Goldsmith had been arrested by his landlady for not

paying the rent, but learned that the author had at hand the manuscript of a novel. Dr. Johnson asked to see it, and finally took it out and sold it for sixty pounds enough to pay the angry landlady. That novel was the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield."

ways, and he got into many a scrape in college by joining in their pranks. Once he ran away because he had been punished, but he came back and finally managed to graduate.

Afoot with a Flute

Of his next few years we have several amusing tales that show why his relatives were discouraged with him. He was taken to a bishop to study for the church, but was refused because he wore scarlet breeches. He sold his horse to pay his way to America, and then managed to miss the boat. He gambled away some money that had been given to him by his uncle to help him become a lawyer. Strangest of all, he went to Holland to study medicine, and then spent most of his time tramping through France and Germany and Italy, playing his flute for a living. He came back to England penniless. He hardly ever had any money, and when

he did have any, he was likely to spend it on the gaudy clothes he liked, or on expensive presents for his friends. He was never a cautious man, but he was nearly always lovable. And he finally found one way of charming all the world—namely, with his pen.

For now he began to earn a meager living and an immortal fame as an author. He gave us many kinds of books, and all of the best of them are so simply and so sweetly written that people will always love them. It was with "The Traveller" (1764) that he first came into great fame, and the love and praise of rural life and natural scenery that make this poem so beautiful are carried on in his even greater poem on "The Deserted Village" (1770), in which we find the descriptions of the village preacher and schoolmaster that nearly every schoolboy knows to-day. He also wrote the most delightful novel of his century in "The Vicar of Wake-

GOLDSMITH



This is the way Goldsmith earned his traveling expenses during his journey on the Continent. He always loved his flute, and made it a lifelong companion, though he did not often have to rely upon it for bread and butter. We do not know a great deal about this care-free trip. Somewhere or other en route

Goldsmith managed to pick up a medical degree, but nobody knows just how. And it is said that when he arrived among folk whose hearts were closed to the persuasive tones of his flute, the poet offered to earn his dinner by arguing on any subject. So Boswell said he "disputed his passage through Europe."

field" (1766), a tender and amusing story of a country parson and his family that is still read by millions of boys and girls as they grow up.

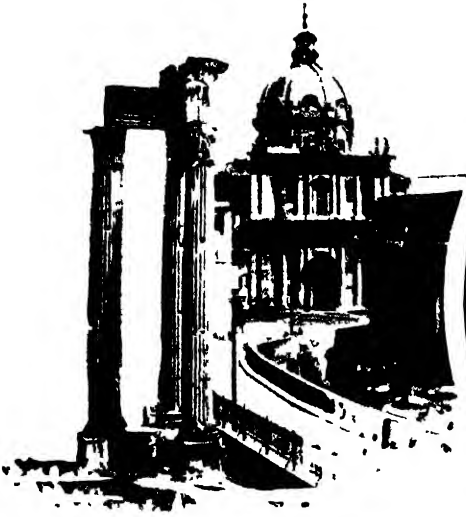
Most of them do not know how the great Dr. Johnson carried the manuscript of the little masterpiece from Goldsmith's lodgings to the publisher, and sold it for enough money to keep "Goldy" out of prison for debt. But many of them have seen one of his plays acted, or have acted in it; for his "Good-Natured Man" (1768) and especially "She Stoops to Conquer" (1773) are two of the finest comedies in English, and are often played in schools and colleges. They never cease to sparkle, and can never go out of fashion.

So in his books Goldsmith showed that he was a wise man after all. Dr. Johnson had known it all along—he had said that no man was more foolish when he did not have a pen in his hand, or wiser when he

did have one. The great actor Garrick said the same thing—however Goldsmith may have talked said Garrick, he "wrote like an angel." And their famous friend Sir Joshua Reynolds would have agreed. That is why they took Goldsmith into the celebrated Literary Club that Dr. Johnson founded. And if we want to praise Goldsmith, it is enough to say that the great and good Johnson was his closest friend. It was Johnson who said of him, when he was dead, "Let not his faults be remembered; he was a very great man."

If you ever go to London, you will find his grave all alone by the little round church in the great Temple, where so many famous men have lived before and since his day. Millions of people from every land have stopped to look at it. Sometimes they see a child or two playing around it, as Charles Lamb and his sister Mary used to do when they were children in the Temple.

GIBBON



Edward Gibbon, the great historian who told us the story of the decline and fall of Rome.

Photo by National Portrait Gallery

The WORLD'S GREATEST HISTORIAN

Even if We Have Found Out Some Things That Gibbon Never Knew, His Story of Rome Is Probably the Masterpiece among All Histories

ONE day in the autumn of 1764 a young Englishman named Edward Gibbon found himself in Rome and sat "musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, where the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter." As he dreamed of the glory that had once been Rome and of the ruin into which the proud empire had fallen, "the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started" in his mind. It continued to be the main thing in his mind for twenty-three years—until that night in June of 1787 when he completed the last volume of the history that has made him famous. This work, called "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," still ranks as perhaps the greatest history of all time.

Edward Gibbon was born in Putney, near London, on April 27, 1737. He had poor health, and often had to stay away from school, but he made great progress while he was there, for he was a most unusual boy. He says that when he entered Oxford at fifteen, he came "with a stock of information which might have puzzled a doctor, and a

degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed." He always thought his time at Oxford had been wasted, and yet it was at Oxford that he got his first real taste for history, and especially for the history of Rome. After only fourteen months in college, he managed to get expelled because he declared that he was a believer in the Roman Catholic religion.

Then his father put him under a Protestant tutor at Lausanne, in Switzerland; eighteen months later the boy returned to the Protestant faith. From that time on, he spent his time in studying, writing, traveling, and mingling in the social and club life of his time. An unusually homely man, rather given to overdressing and affectation, he was not always popular. But he put so much hard work and so much brains into his great history that the world has long since forgiven every fault he had in gratitude for the masterpiece he left it. Hardly any other history is at once so full and true in fact, and so beautiful in literary style. Gibbon's autobiography is also still read. He died in London on January 16, 1794.

The LEADING ORATOR in OUR LANGUAGE

Edmund Burke, Friend of America, Was Also One of the Wisest Statesmen That England Ever Had

THE Irish are born orators. They must surely have given us more orators than any other nation of their numbers in the modern world. And the first thing to say about Edmund Burke is that he was born in Ireland, in 1729.

The next thing to say is that he was born into the golden age of British oratory. Never before and never since has the House of Commons rung with such bursts of eloquence as it heard in his time. From the lips of men like Pitt and Fox and Sheridan fell speeches that were sometimes so dazzling that the very reporters were too entranced to be able to take them down. And from the lips of Burke came the best speeches of all— for even if they may not have sounded like the greatest as he spoke them, they read like the greatest on the printed page to-day. They show Burke as our supreme orator.

Now oratory is just one kind of prose. And because he is our greatest orator, Burke is often said to have given us the greatest prose in all the English language.

In Ireland he first went to a Quaker school and then to the excellent Trinity College in Dublin. Then he went over to London to study law; but he wanted far more to be an author than a lawyer, and when his practical father found it out he cut off Burke's allowance. Then there was a period in Burke's life about which we know very little. He traveled a good deal, and wanted to come to America. He married, and he wrote two books which gave him a name after 1756. So he came to know many of the great men of his day, and above all the great Dr. Johnson and the members of his famous club. In that club Burke was always a brilliant light.

He had made his way into politics, first as a secretary and then as a member of the House of Commons. There he was to spend the rest of his illustrious career. He knew

a good deal more than anyone else about the vexing problems that came before the House in his long time there, and he spoke about them far more ably. So he astonished the parliament with his learning as well as with his eloquence, on all the main questions of the day. Of these there were very many; but the three chief causes in which he shone were the ones relating to America, to India, and to France.

In the American Revolution Burke was always on the side of the colonists. He protested against the Stamp Act, and against every other effort to oppress the people in America; and he strove mightily, though vainly, to keep the peace between the mother country and her colonies. For a long time every American boy who wants to go to college has had to learn Burke's great speech on "Conciliation with America"—not because it is on the American side, but because it is possibly the noblest oration in English.

In the affairs of India, Burke took even a firmer stand against the cruelty of the British rulers toward the people in the East. Above all he denounced the brutal rule of Warren Hastings, a governor in India, and his speech for the impeachment of Warren Hastings is also one of his great orations.

When the French Revolution broke out, Burke was an old man, and it seemed to him that the world as he had known it was falling to pieces—as indeed it was, for a time at least. It stirred him up to a raging eloquence, a very torrent of oratory, for the world as he had always known it. Of course this was a lost cause, like most of Burke's great causes. The French Revolution, in spite of all its sins and horrors, was finally going to make the tyrannical old world over into the free one in which we now live. But Burke could not know this. He could see only the horror that came in the beginning. For in the midst of that he died, in 1797, before the dawn of the better day of freedom.

In this quiet churchyard in the little village of Stoke Poges, in England, the poet Gray is said to have written his famous "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." This is the "ivy-mantled tower" from which, as he says, "the moping owl does to the moon complain."

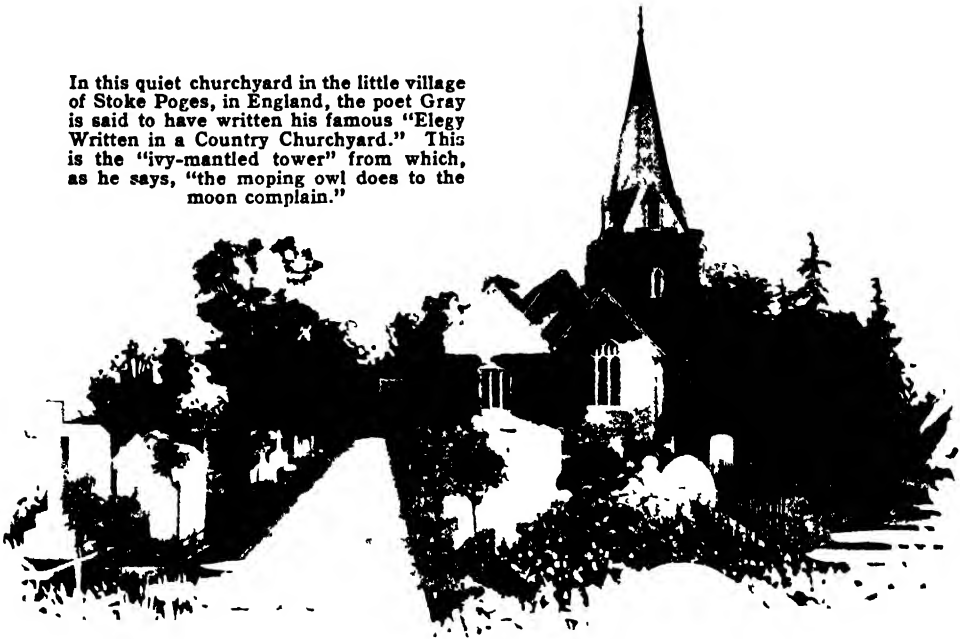


Photo by G W R Ry

WHAT POEM DO WE QUOTE MOST OFTEN?

Quite Possibly It Is Gray's Famous "Elegy" in Which Nearly Every Line Is a Familiar Quotation

THOMAS GRAY wrote what is perhaps the best-known poem in the English language. It has been reprinted hundreds of times, translated into every language we can think of—even into Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—and quoted, imitated, and parodied until we almost wonder why it has not been spoiled for us altogether. Yet we never tire of its lines:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
lea . . .

The paths of glory lead but to the grave . . .

Full many a flower is born to blush, unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air . . .

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife . . .

These and many other familiar quotations all come from the same famous poem, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

The odd thing is that the poet who wrote this poem, now known all over the world nearly two centuries after it was written, wrote so little else. He did some very fine odes, which you may read sometime, and he was a great letter writer in an age when writing letters was not a lost art, as some say it is to-day. But he really wrote very little in either prose or verse, and now he is mostly remembered for his great "Elegy."

Thomas Gray was born in London in 1716, the son of a money scrivener, or as we should say to-day, a loan agent. His father was a brutal, jealous, selfish man, who made life miserable for his family. His mother, who had kept a millinery store before her marriage, continued with her work and thus provided for herself and her son. It was her money which sent young Thomas through school.

At Eton, the famous school to which his mother sent him when he was eleven, Gray was too delicate to go out for sports as the

other lads did, and thought his own reading more interesting than the regular work of the school. But he found three true friends at Eton, and with them he formed a "quadruple alliance" which became one of the most important things in his life. Later, when he went on to Cambridge, he corresponded with these other young men. Their letters were not ordinary letters, but were written in Latin or French; or if in English, they were likely to be in verse. All the young men were scholars, you see though as time went on Gray was to become much more learned than any of the others.

Yet he did not like the work at Cambridge much more than he had liked it at Eton, though he studied for the things that interested him. It is said that his classmates, with their taste for sports, laughed at him as a fop. He left the university without taking a degree, and went back to London with the idea of studying law in order to earn his living.

But there soon came a pleasant interruption. In 1730 he set off for the "grand tour" of the Continent with the closest of his friends of the "quadruple alliance." This was Horace Walpole, later to become known as a famous lover of the arts and as a wit. They traveled in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and Gray, in his careful scholarly way, took notes on everything he saw. They had adventures, too. They crossed the Alps, a thing almost unheard of in those days, and in one wild and dangerous pass a wolf dashed down and carried off Walpole's little lap dog. Yet they reveled in the tremendous scenery of the mountains—a taste in which they were a bit ahead of their time, for it had not yet come into style to think of mountains as beautiful.

In Italy Gray and Walpole quarreled, and Gray came on home alone. He was back in

London by the autumn of 1741. Shortly afterward his father died, and his mother took a house at Stoke Poges (stōk pō'jēs), a little village not very far from the city. As for Gray, he returned to Cambridge to take a degree in law. Richard West, another of the "quadruple alliance" and a youth of great promise, lay dead. Gray was melancholy by nature, and now the loss of this close friend made him feel very sad and lonely.

Very little else happened to Gray during the rest of his life. He drifted away from the study of law, but he stayed on at Cambridge. He did not like it any too well, but living there was cheap, and it was convenient to be near the libraries. For he was soon deep in the study of Greek, and all his life he kept on studying and growing more and more learned, until it is a question whether there was another man so learned in all England.

When it was not Greek, it was the dark corners of the history of English literature that he was exploring, or the language and poetry of the old Norse or Welsh that he was learning to read. Once in a while he ventured forth on a visit to Stoke Poges or to London, or went to see Wal-

pole, with whom he became friends again after a time. Walpole loved to receive his friends in his famous castle at Strawberry Hill. But Gray was shy and studious, and spent most of his life among his books.

The Most Modest of English Poets

Once in a while he would write a poem. Some of the most famous of his poems, such as "The Bard," grew out of his studies in old Celtic or Norse lore. Gray had a great deal to do with the growing interest in these things during his time. The "Elegy," however, is not about his studies, but about the meditations, mournful and yet somehow sweet, which come to him as he sits on a



Thomas Gray, the poet whose "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" has been called "the high-water mark of English verse."

CHATTERTON

gravestone in a country burying ground. At Stoke Poges they will show you the exact gravestone he sat on when he wrote the poem, and point out the very yew trees which cast their "mournful shade" over him as he wrote. But others say he wrote the poem in a churchyard in Cambridge—or somewhere else—or that he did not really write it in a churchyard at all.

Shy as he was, Gray did not want fame. He refused an honorary degree from the University of Aberdeen, and he would not be poet laureate. Only once could he be persuaded to take any money for his poems. But when he died in 1771 he had come to be known as a great poet. And his best-known poem is probably the most familiar one in our language

A BOY GENIUS *and* a FORGER

Of All Literary Forgeries, Those of Chatterton Are the Most Brilliant and the Most Famous

THIS is the story of one of the most brilliant boys that ever lived, and one of the most pitiable. The boy was a genius in poetry, and also a plain forger.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol, in England, in 1752. For a long time his ancestors had been sextons in the great church at Bristol. At first the boy did not seem to be able ever to learn how to read and write. But when he found some old music scores and manuscripts in the ancient church, he soon taught himself his letters out of them. That good fortune was also his downfall, as we shall see.

Before he was in his teens, Chatterton had found out that he had it in him to be a great poet, and he wanted to be

nothing else. Now just at this time a great many people were growing interested in the older poetry of England—in ballads and other poems that had been sung and written way back in the Middle Ages and had been forgotten for a long time since. People were going about the land collecting these old forgotten poems and printing them, and the public had a great taste for them.

Chatterton had no old poems, but he knew he was a poet himself. He had found out a good deal about the ancient English language from his old music scores and manuscripts, from reading Chaucer and some other old authors. Why not write some poems of his own in this old speech, and pass them off on the world as things that had come all the way down from the Middle Ages, only to be found by him in the old church at Bristol?

That was what he did, and he fooled a good many people. First he deceived a poor pewterer

In this fine old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, the lad Thomas Chatterton found a world of dreams so much more enchanting than the world around him that he ceased to live the life of a normal boy. His family had been sextons in the church for nearly two hundred years, and he in turn made friends of the stone images stretched upon its tombs and pored over the ancient manuscripts lying forgotten in its archives. When he came to write his strange poems, he pretended that they were the work of one Thomas Rowley, an imaginary monk of the fifteenth century who had been befriended by Master William Canynge, one of the ancient dead whose tomb is in the church.



SHERIDAN

named Burgum with some documents to show that he was of noble descent, from the family of "de Bergham." Next he practiced on a surgeon named Barrett, who was writing a great history of Bristol. Chatterton gave him some "documents" to go into his history. Then he tried for higher game. He wrote up to a publisher in London, trying to get his pieces into print, and even to the great Horace Walpole, who was captivated and completely deceived until one or two of his more learned friends told him better.

Then Chatterton, though still a boy, came on up to London to make his fame and fortune with his pen. He had some little success there with the brilliant poems and short dramatic pieces written in his own

name. But he could not make a living, and he had never been a healthy, honest boy, in spite of all his genius. So it all ended in his suicide, in 1770, before he was eighteen years old. What he might have done in poetry if he had lived we shall never know.

It is a sad story, and after his death it drew a great deal of attention. His poems were then printed and grew famous. They helped to teach a good many poets, like Keats, who were even greater than he. His life has been often written, and several plays and novels have been founded on it. But he never tasted the fame that was to come years after he lay down to die in his garret.

A GLITTERING WRITER of PLAYS

Richard Brinsley Sheridan Was One of the Most Brilliant of All Wits and One of the Most Moving of All Orators

EVERYTHING was dazzling in the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He did so many things well! And all he did was on such a generous scale, with such a grand and sweeping gesture. He was the idol of the people who went to plays, and ever since his death his comedies have been more popular than those of any other English dramatist except Shakespeare. He was the idol of "high society," and the most intimate adviser of the gay young Prince of Wales. He was one of the most brilliant orators who ever spoke in parliament. Even his debts were huge enough to be romantic.

Sheridan started doing spectacular things before he was twenty. He was born in 1751, in Dublin, of a very clever family—his father a distinguished actor, his mother a novelist. After going to school in Dublin till he was eight, he left Ireland forever, to follow his parents to England. Then we find him, at nineteen, running off to France with a young lady who thought she wanted to go into a convent but decided she would rather marry her gallant young rescuer. But the girl's father pursued her and brought her back to England—Sheridan had to fight two duels with a disappointed admirer of his beloved—

and both fathers sternly forbade the match. Nevertheless, the young people did get married later, having won over the bride's father, if not the groom's.

A Famous English Comedy

Meanwhile Sheridan had been preparing to be a lawyer; but he never practiced. He had been doing a good deal of writing, too, though he had published nothing under his name. Now suddenly, in 1774, a comedy of his was produced at the Covent Garden Theater; it failed, was withdrawn and rewritten—and has been playing somewhere or other almost ever since! This was "The Rivals," one of the most famous comedies in English.

Within the next five years Sheridan wrote all the plays he was ever to write, except one patriotic melodrama long ago forgotten. Besides "The Rivals," the most famous of them are "The Critic" and "The School for Scandal." "The Critic" is a very clever satire on the kind of plays popular at the time. "The School for Scandal," one of the wittiest plays in the language, makes delightful fun of all sorts of absurdities in high and near-high society. It still "holds the

SHERIDAN



At famous Drury Lane Theater, scene of so many of his dramatic triumphs, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the

gifted English orator and dramatist, is reading one of his plays to the actors who will present it.

boards," as the phrase is, and we often have a chance to see it acted to-day.

A Friend of Young America

The author of these sparkling plays had become the admiration of his audiences and a power in the theater. In 1776 he became manager and part owner of Drury Lane, most famous of London playhouses, and he was connected with Drury Lane all the rest of his life. In the literary world, his fame brought him an invitation to join the Literary Club of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson. Yet Sheridan did not stick to literature and the writing of plays, for after 1779 he turned his overflowing energies to politics.

Here he speedily won glory as great as that he had won in the theater. He entered parliament in 1780, and was active in the affairs of government all the rest of his life. He became the devoted friend of Charles James Fox, leader of many liberal and reform movements in parliament. Sheridan defended the American colonists in the quarrel which led to their independence; the Continental Congress wanted to send him a thank offering of twenty thousand pounds, but he gracefully declined. He defended the French

Revolution, too, at a time when it took a great deal of courage to do so. He stood also for the freedom of the press, although he admitted in his old age that his own life had been made miserable by lies about him in the papers.

When Lord Rockingham was prime minister for the second time, he appointed Sheridan under-secretary for foreign affairs; and when a coalition ministry was formed, the playwright was made secretary of the treasury. Sheridan was a terrible person to meet in a debate, for he knew just how to search out all the weak spots in his opponent's armor and plant a shaft of good-natured ridicule in every one. No weapon is more deadly.

When Sheridan Denounced Hastings

He was one of the greatest of parliamentary orators. Between 1787 and 1794 there was a long-drawn-out impeachment trial, before parliament, of Warren Hastings, a former governor of India, who was accused of cruelty and dishonesty. Sheridan's first speech against Hastings lasted for five or six hours; when he sat down the House was so moved that it broke into a tumult of ap-

plause, for the first time in history expressing its approval by the clapping of hands.

Voting on the report Sheridan had brought in had to be put off till the members' emotions had cooled down. Later in the trial he spoke for several hours on each of four days, the whole making really one mammoth address which is still a legend in the annals of parliament. At the end, he sank exhausted into the arms of that even greater orator, Edmund Burke, saying, "My lords, I have done."

In 1791 Drury Lane had to be rebuilt, and Sheridan tried to shoulder all the debts involved. To make matters much worse, the new theater burned down in 1809. When this happened, the House of Commons voted to adjourn as an expression of sympathy in his misfortune. That was an honor indeed!



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, an English dramatist whose clever plays delight the world after more than 150 years.

But after that Sheridan's finances were in a bad way. Once he was arrested for debt. Even when he died, in 1816, a sheriff's officer was sitting in the house keeping off the rest of his creditors. Stories got into the papers that he lay dying in dire poverty, and offers of help poured in. But as a matter of fact, he had every care that money or affection could bring him. Even the debts he left were paid by his family later. And to this day he lives on in legend and in his immortal comedies. And to this day actors delight to play his rôles. Every charming young actress aspires to portray the arch delicacy of Lady Teazle, in "The School for Scandal"; and the very name of Mrs. Malaprop, from "The Rivals," is employed when we call a word absurdly misused a "malapropism."

The CLEVEREST ENGLISH NOVELIST

Jane Austen Was Just a Village Girl, but How She Knew the People in Her Village—and Therefore in All the World!

JANE AUSTEN simply knew a magic way to find a pearl in every oyster. The dullest thing would bloom when she looked at it.

Jane was just a pretty English girl with pink cheeks, gay and sprightly with a little touch of the Old Nick in her, but she could see so deep into the people of her little country town and find such roguish secrets to tell on them that thousands of us are still chuckling over them now, a hundred years after her death.

She was born, in 1775, in the sleepy little village of Steventon, where her father was the rector of the church. In her forty-one short years she never went very far away from Steventon, where no one else had ever seen anything that was very great or very funny, or anything that could be made into

a story. But when Jane died, in 1817, she left us six little novels, and in those novels we can find the wisdom and the folly, the heroism and the frailty and above all the fun, of all the Steventons in the world. We can find them as we find them in other books.

When we read those novels we soon find out that we know the people in them a great deal better than we know the people all around us, even our best friends and relatives. It is all because Jane could see right through them and then show us what she saw. Many a man has lived a long time in a Steventon somewhere without ever seeing very much in the people there until he read what Jane had to say about *her* Steventon; and then the dull folk in his own town began to be most amusing because they were

AUSTEN



Photo by Southern Railway

This is a little English village of the kind Jane Austen knew so well. In and out of picturesque houses like the ones above, her characters came and went, and through those tiny panes peeped out at passers-by. No moving-picture house, no phonograph or radio, no

such copies of her own unforgettable characters.

Every one of her people is like that—we discover that we have long known them all. There is no use in naming them, for you must read the books. But for a single one, there is her Mr. Collins. He is just a pompous visitor who is always talking about the fine “bread and butter” letter he is going to write when he gets back home. But he is so real, and so ridiculous, that to this day we often call a bread and butter letter a “Collins.”

And who was the little woman that wrote these novels? Oh, just a happy country girl—so happy at home that it is said she never wanted to marry. She was the baby in a family of five big brothers and one sister—the Cassandra whom she loved so dearly. She had plenty of good looks and gay spirits; and she was such a sweet girl that the people used to say Cassandra kept her temper well but Jane had none to keep.

She had very little education—she just found out she knew how to write. She could turn off a novel as easily as she could

train or bus or automobile relieved the tedium of drowsy summer afternoons or long winter evenings. The little handful of people were thrown upon themselves for all their diversion; and any seeing person could hardly fail to learn to know them well.

write a letter. All she had to do was to keep on. She would tell her stories to the family and then sit down in their midst with a few sheets of paper in her lap and let her magic pen run. If a visitor popped in, she would hurry the papers out of sight. For she never told the people she was writing novels, and when her stories were printed she used to love to hear her friends trying to guess the name of the great author. Whoever it was, they often said, he had more wit and more common sense than anybody else in England.

These are the six novels: “Sense and Sensibility,” “Pride and Prejudice,” “Northanger Abbey,” “Emma,” “Mansfield Park,” and “Persuasion.” The best are “Pride and Prejudice” and “Emma.”

Jane called them “little bits of ivory two inches wide.” But Sir Walter Scott told us all the value of her miniatures when he said:

“That young lady had a talent . . . which is, to me, the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any one going; but the exquisite touch . . . is denied me.”

In this humble cottage Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, saw the light of day. Later, he made his life there into beautiful poetry in his description of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." In the oval you will see his portrait.



Oval Portrait Gallery

The SWEETEST of ALL SINGERS

*That Was Robbie Burns, the Scotch Ploughboy Who Made Up
His Songs as He Dug His Furrows through the Rocky Soil*

THILRL is a story that a visitor who dropped in on the Burns family found them at dinner, each one with a spoon for his oatmeal and a book by his plate to read from. The oatmeal was often all they had to eat, for they were desperately poor. But they were Scotch and so they were readers. And whether the rest of them often had a book at hand with their porridge, certainly Robbie did. For Robbie was plainly the genius of the family. Even so, little did his parents and the other people around the town of Ayr ever dream what he was going to be: the sweetest singer of all Britain, the poet that every Scot, high or lowly, always carries in his heart wherever he may wander and whatever he may do.

Robert Burns was born near Ayr, in Scotland, on January 25, 1759. He went to school only a very little—he had to do hard work on the farm. But he did all the reading he could in odd hours, and above all he read the great poets, Scotch and English. Behind the plough he carried a little book of

poems in his pocket, taking it out to read a few lines when he could, and saying over the poems to himself as the plough cut through the hard soil. Then he could not help having poems of his own come into his mind. Many an hour behind the plough he would muse over his little songs as they came to him, many an evening he would moon over them, get them in shape, and write them down. He had little thought of ever being famous. He was just singing to himself because he could not help it.

Then his father died, and he had to work harder than ever. But the farm would never go. There was never enough money. And in his hardships the young singer fell into some bad habits. We have to tell the truth, and say that Robbie Burns became a drunkard. We have to add that he had a good many unhappy love affairs, which often broke his heart while they left their record in the beautiful poems that he wrote about them. Yet all the while he kept writing his matchless little songs—many, many

little songs like the one to the field mouse whose warm nest his plow had wrecked just as the cold winter was coming on.

But money was so scarce that Robbie thought he would have to try his fortune in a new land. He was just about to sail for the West Indies when some of the great people in Edinburgh heard about his little songs and sent for him. A little book of his poems was published in 1786, called the *Kilmarnock poems*, and today rich men will pay thousands of dollars for a single copy of the volume. When he went to Edinburgh, the poetic ploughboy became the sensation of the hour. There had never been such

When it was over he went back to farming. He married his Jean Armour, of whom we hear so much in his songs. But life was always hard for them. One farm after another had to fail.

He got very little money from his poems, and it was always difficult to make a living. His evil habits grew upon him, and he lost most of his friends. The poor health he had had ever since he worked so hard as a boy could not stand the strain, and he met an untimely death on July 21, 1796.

But his name lives on in glory. With all his faults, there is no human being whom the world loves more than Robbie Burns. There has never been a blither, kindlier spirit, never a greater nature lover or a better friend to lowly man.



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

Probably Burns's deepest love was for his Highland Mary, with whom he is here shown. To her he wrote some of his tenderest verses, "To Mary in Heaven" and "Highland Mary." But the romance had an unhappy end, which he sorrowfully describes in the closing lines of the last-named poem:

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

There are no other songs so sweet as his, so tender, so appealing. The greatest good luck of any man who is born a Scot is that he can sing the songs of Robbie Burns in their true accent and can understand what all the brave words of his dialect mean.



The strange, other-worldly character of Blake's genius is well shown in this picture in which he paints the meeting between David and Goliath. Blake did not

worry one whit that his David was clad in the flowing draperies of a Greek shepherd while Goliath was dressed out in a complete suit of medieval armor.

A POET of STRANGE VISIONS

*The Childlike William Blake Lived in a Mystical Inner World
Where His Beautiful Thoughts and Dreams Were More
Real than Anything Going On in the World
around Him*

WILLIAM BLAKE was one of the happiest men who ever lived. He started to sing when he was a mere boy, and he was literally singing when he died. It was not that life treated him very well. He did not at all fit into the picture of the England of his time—if indeed he would have fitted into any picture in any time or place; almost no one saw his genius or understood him, with the result that he was all his life neglected and poor. But except for sudden black moods of despair, which soon went

away, he did not much care. For he had his art; and he had his visions. Even as a child, he had seen angels leaning from clouds. When he looked at the sun, it seemed to him to be a mighty, singing host. He talked familiarly with the shade of Milton. He drew portraits of sitters whom no one else could see. His later poems, he said, were dictated to him by "the Immortals." Of course many people thought him mad. But only about half of him lived in this world, so he did not much mind what people said.

BLAKE

This vision-seeing artist and poet was born in London in 1757, a very unlikely year and place for a seer of visions to be born. Yet it looked for a while as though he might get a foothold in the ordinary world. His father, a prosperous hosier, encouraged the boy's desire to become an artist, and gave him money to buy fine prints and casts to draw from. At fourteen William was apprenticed to an engraver, for whom he worked for seven years. During the last five of these years he went regularly to draw pictures of old monuments in churches, especially in Westminster Abbey. He came to love the Gothic art he found in these churches, and he continued to love it all his life, although its laws were very different from those laid down by the teachers in the art schools of his own day.

Blake's First Book

After drawing all day long, Blake would go home and work on pictures and poems of his own. In due time he exhibited his pictures in the Royal Academy, and was thought to be mildly promising. About the same time he met some well-to-do literary ladies--"bluestockings," as they were nicknamed--and in 1783 they helped him to get a book of poems published. It was called "Poetical Sketches," and is partly imitated from the poets of Shakespeare's day. But the poems did not attract much attention.

By this time, Blake was already deep in the struggle with poverty and neglect which lasted most of his life. He had married in 1782, and his wife bravely upheld him in all he did, and tried her best to keep things going. Meanwhile Blake's poetry and engraving became more and more "different," and he paid less and less attention to what people might say of it. He became a printer, and started to turn out books which he had not only written but illustrated and printed himself. Often the poems and the pictures are but two halves of the same idea, and you can understand and enjoy them much better together than apart. For, being a seer of visions, Blake wrote about all sorts of things--from clods of earth to clouds in the sky--as if he saw their souls in human form; and so he draws them that way, as you may see

for yourself if you will look at the pictures in any of his books.

Blake's Most Famous Poem

The loveliest of Blake's poems are found in the companion books called "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience." The "songs of innocence" tell of happy childhood: they are about the little lamb, and the baby whose very name was joy, and the merriment of spring, and the laughter of children at play. The "songs of experience" are sadder, but just as beautiful. There is one about the weary sunflower, "that countest the steps of the sun," and another about the terrible beauty of a tiger

burning bright
In the forests of the night.

This is perhaps the most famous poem of all.

As he grew older, Blake saw more and more visions. They burned in his brain like the tiger's beauty, and he worked out a whole elaborate religion around them. He imagined a whole set of new gods and goddesses who have as exciting and varied a story as the gods and goddesses of the old Greeks. He wrote about these strange beings, who had marvelous names like Ahania and Los and Urizen, in a long series of poems called "prophetic books." They are written in strange and beautiful rhythms. Most people do not even pretend to understand all of them; yet even so, the books are packed with thought, and can be read to-day with much less bewilderment than when they were written. For Blake was far ahead of his time.

Not many men have been worthy of fame as both artists and poets. Blake is one of the few. Besides the drawings that go with his poems, he did other water colors and engravings. Possibly the most famous series is a set of engravings illustrating a poem by Robert Blair called "The Grave." There is another fine set to illustrate the Book of Job. Blake even invented a method of what he called "color printing," which he said had been revealed to him by the spirit of a dead brother. In these books both the text of the poem and the illustrations have been etched on copper, printed in color, and after-

wards retouched by hand. They are rare and beautiful volumes, now valued as they never were when Blake was alive.

When he was an old man, Blake drew about him a devoted band of followers, who

were known as "the Ancients." But though he was by no means unappreciated when he died in 1827, it was not till our own day that the world in general found out that he was a great artist and a greater poet.

GENTLE, PITIABLE COWPER

When He Was Ill, He Thought He Had Committed the Unpardonable Sin; When Well, He Wrote Beautiful Poems

THIS is the sad story of a very gentle poet. William Cowper's mother died when he was only six years old, and his stern father sent him away from home to school. There the shy little boy was very unhappy. One of the big boys bullied him around so that he hardly dared to look his tormentor in the face. He knew the scoundrel better by his shoe buckles than by his face, as he tells us many a year later; but "May God pardon him," he adds, "and may we meet in glory!"

Soon, however, Cowper (kōō'pēr) was put into another school—the famous one at Westminster—where he was happier. When he finished there, he did not go to a university, but began to study law in London. He had come of a fine family, and was expected to carve out a career as a public man. But he never had much interest in law. He spent a good deal of his time writing little essays and poems for a "Nonsense Club" to which he belonged, and a good deal of the rest of his time "giggling and making giggle" with his pretty cousins. With one of these he fell deeply in love. But he could never marry because of the great tragedy that now came to him. He went insane.

He was going to be made a clerk in the House of Lords, but for that he had to pass an examination. The timid man was so afraid of the examination that he went out of his head. Several times he tried to kill himself before he was rescued and put into an asylum. There he was cured, at least for the time being; for his insanity came upon him again and again during his life, and in the end it settled down upon him permanently.

And yet he became a great and very lovable poet. After his first illness, he left the world and all its ways behind him, and went off to live a very quiet life in the country. Here he lived in great peace with his friends the Unwins, whose deep religious faith was a great comfort to him. Here he worked in the garden, took long rambling walks, and read comforting religious books; here he kept the pet rabbits about which he wrote.

In this way he passed the happy part of a fairly long life—for he had been born in 1731, and lived to 1800. The unhappy part is a very different story, and a terrible one. For in his periods of insanity, he believed that he was a lost soul for all eternity.

It was to take his mind off this terrible delusion that the sweet women around him managed to persuade him, at the age of fifty, to start writing little verses. At this late age, Cowper begins to be a poet. Of course he cared nothing about fame; he simply wrote to free his mind from his tormenting demons. Yet he wrote a good deal of poetry that has been famous ever since. He wrote many hymns, such as "God moves in a mysterious way" and "There is a fountain filled with blood." He wrote the tenderest poems about the mother whom he could hardly remember, and about the lovable Mrs. Unwin, "My Mary." He even wrote the rollicking ballad of "John Gilpin," of which he was ashamed because it was so light-hearted. He translated Homer, and above all, he wrote a long and beautiful poem called "The Task," about the beauty of nature and the joy of rural life and simple pursuits. Then the shadows closed, and he wrote no more.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Amid quiet country scenes like this one, Wordsworth, the great English poet, loved to stroll, and the simple

people he met, the children and farmers and shepherds, were the ones he liked best to put into his poetry.

The GREATEST of the NATURE POETS

That, of Course, Is William Wordsworth; and Many Thoughtful Men Call Him the Greatest of All Our Poets since Milton

ONE lovely summer dawn, in the year 1788, a young student on vacation from Cambridge University was making his way home across the fields after a night of merrymaking. The morning rose, he tells us, "in memorable pomp," laughing over the sea and the mountains, the dewy meadows, and the laborers going forth to till the fields. And suddenly the lad was seized with a strange ecstasy, and knew that he must become "a dedicated spirit," one who should celebrate the glory of Nature and of the simple men who live close to Nature's heart.

This was William Wordsworth, greatest of the poets of nature and one of England's mighty names.

Wordsworth was born in 1770, at Cocker-mouth, in the English Lake Country which he loved so dearly all his life. As a boy he

went to school at Hawkshead in the Vale of Windermere. Already he loved nature more than books, and in the stately poem called "The Prelude" he has given us many a vivid picture of his boyish self - tramping the hills, rowing on the lake, skating at night between the ghostly mountains with the wind in his ears. In 1787 he went up to Cambridge, but still it was in the vacations, when he could get close to nature again, that he learned the most - as on that momentous morning when he knew what he must do in all his life to come.

On another of the long summer vacations (1791), Wordsworth took a walking tour with a friend in France and Switzerland. He was thrilled with the grandeur of the Alps, and even more deeply thrilled at the first glorious excitement of the Revolution in France, which was overturning the tyrannous

king and nobles and promising freedom and happiness to the common people.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven,

he has told us. The next year he was in France again for several months. He had become an enthusiastic democrat; in fact, if he had not been called home on business, he would very probably have stayed on in Paris—and lost his head by the guillotine at the outbreak of the Terror. On this trip, too, he fell passionately in love with a French girl, but for some reason, still not very clear, they did not marry.

Between these two trips, Wordsworth had taken his degree at Cambridge. Now he tried to live in London. His parents were dead, and he had so little money that it looked as if he ought to take up some profession; but he would not do it. He hated London, and was very unhappy. His heart was in France, not only with his Annette, but with the cause of liberty. But it was hard not to lose enthusiasm for the Revolution when news kept coming of more and more terrible violence and bloodshed—the Reign of Terror, as it is called. As a crowning disappointment, his own country finally declared war on the struggling young French republic. The young man saw all his generous hopes that the world was about to become a freer and happier place tumbling in dismal ruin about his ears. He was in the depths of despair.

Three People with a Single Soul

Then he fell heir to a small legacy, and went, with his beloved sister Dorothy, to set up a very simple home in the country. This was the turning point in Wordsworth's life. Slowly, wandering through the fields

and talking with the country people, he forgot his despair and began to love life again and to remember his old worship of nature and simple people. And at last, in his new happiness, he began to write great poetry.

Two dear friends joined with his love of nature to inspire him. One of these was his sister Dorothy, a vivid and eager young woman, with the heart and eye of a poet and a great adoration for her

brother William.

Dorothy put down in her journals many a bit of description or twist of phrase which William later turned into poetry. The other friend was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, himself in the process of growing into a great poet, and as full of ideas about religion and philosophy as Wordsworth was of

delight in skylarks and opening daisies. The three of them used to wander all day through the fields and woodlands, talking, talking,



William Wordsworth, who is usually considered the greatest English poet since Milton.

talking. Coleridge said they were "three people with only one soul."

It was in partnership with Coleridge that Wordsworth wrote the "Lyrical Ballads." This is one of the most famous books ever published, and from its appearance in 1798 scholars often date the triumph of the literary movement they call Romanticism. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" is in it, and that, as you know, is romantic enough. Wordsworth did not go to the tropical seas for his romance, but found it lying all about him, in sunsets and waterfalls and even in patient old men gathering leeches. In the most famous of the poems he contributed to this book, "Tintern Abbey," he tells us how a beautiful landscape, once seen, can comfort and help us in memory, and how in all nature there seems to him to be something divine.

The critics made great fun of "Lyrical Ballads," because it was written in much

WORDSWORTH



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

In this beautiful house at Rydal Mount, in the English Lake Country, Wordsworth spent the latter part of his

life. To-day it is a literary shrine visited by thousands who love the poet's noble verse.

simpler language than most poetry of the time, and because they either did not understand or did not approve of what the poets were trying to do. But Wordsworth went on writing great poetry in his own way for many years, and dozens of the poems he wrote are among the treasures of the language. Such are the poems about Lucy, and the story of the shepherd Michael, and the poem about the daffodils that tossed their jocund heads "in sprightly dance," and the great ode on "Intimations of Immortality," in which he sings of childhood that comes "trailing clouds of glory . . . from God, who is our home." In this period, too, he wrote "The Prelude," the long verse-story of his own youth.

The tragedy of it is that the vision and the inspiration began to fade all too soon. Nearly all Wordsworth's greatest poetry was written by about 1807. After that he fell more and more into a habit of preaching in verse, and, though he still wrote once in a while a fine tale or a magnificent sonnet, most of his later poetry is far from his best. The very time when he was beginning to write less well was the time when other poets were catching up with his ideas and his verse began to be popular. When Southey died

in 1843 Wordsworth became poet laureate.

Of course that would never have happened if he had not long since given up the radical notions he had had at the time of his interest in the French Revolution. Indeed, he became very conservative in politics and religion. But he continued in a quiet way to worship Nature and to live close to her. When he was about thirty, he and his sister had gone to live at Grasmere, in the Lake Country. He married and settled in his country retirement, leaving it only for tours now and then in Scotland or on the Continent. Coleridge lived near for a while, and Southey for many years; these three are sometimes called the Lake Poets because they all had homes in the Lake Country. But it was Wordsworth—whether at Dove Cottage or later at Rydal Mount, the two houses that still attract so many pilgrims—who most loved that beautiful countryside of hills and waters, who best knew every nook and cranny of it, and who wrote of it in poems that have made it famous far beyond the borders of England.

Thus Wordsworth lived to be an old man, strong-spirited, knowing well his genius, a little stern and austere. In 1850 he died, famous and honored.

COLERIDGE

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a seer of visions and dreamer of dreams, whose famous poem of the "Ancient Mariner" is read in nearly every school in the land.



at Portrait Gallery



DREAMER *and* POET, SAGE *and* SEER

The Most Brilliant Genius of His Great Day, Samuel Taylor Coleridge Traded Half His Glory for an Evil Habit

THE youngest one of thirteen children, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the genius of a family that has given us many famous men and several eccentric ones. His father was one of the eccentrics, but even before the age of four the boy had shown that he was going to be famous.

His first years were spent in the beautiful land of Devon, in Southwestern England, where he saw the light in 1772. But the father died when his son was nine, and Samuel was sent up to the famous charity school in London known as Christ's Hospital. Here he lived on lean fare at the table, and very fat fare in the library. For he not only read every book in sight, but he delved deep into the obscurer regions of Greek philosophy, where very few grown men could see their way. He also spouted the poems he had begun to write. And he found a crony in a stammering boy at the

school who was also to be a genius and to remain a friend for life. That was the little Charles Lamb.

Coleridge went to the university at Cambridge, but his fancy was too wild to let him stay in peace there. He ran off and enlisted in the cavalry, though he could hardly stay on his horse. But he was heartily tired of that in a few months, and glad enough when he was rescued and sent back to Cambridge. Even so, he never took a degree. Instead he hatched a great scheme for planting an ideal colony somewhere in America, where twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen should come over and start a perfect life together. The scheme came to nothing, of course, except that Coleridge found one lady to marry him in the hope of coming over to the happy land.

To support his wife—a thing that Coleridge often failed to do—he had begun

giving lectures and writing poetry. And now he had made friends with the great poet Wordsworth, and was living near him out in the west of England. Wordsworth was the greatest poet of the age, and Coleridge was doubtless the most brilliant thinker; and the intimacy of the two is one of the famous stories in the history of literature. Together the two planned and wrote a volume of poems called "Lyrical Ballads" (1798), the little book that is taken as the opening of what we call the Romantic Movement in English literature.

Few books of poetry have ever been of more importance. It was in this volume that Coleridge gave us his "Ancient Mariner." That poem is a thing of unearthly power and beauty, and with his "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel," it shows what Coleridge could do best.

A Poet Turns Critic

Though he wrote many other poems, the great poetry of Coleridge was rather like a little episode in a brilliant and checkered life. In the main he now left poetry behind him, and gave himself up to criticism and philosophy. Already a famous thinker, he was now offered a modest annuity to free him from financial worry for the rest of his life, and to let him think and write. With this he went to spend a year of study in Germany, where the great new philosophers were waking up the world. Then he came back to England and settled for a while in London as a brilliant writer for the papers. He made a remarkable translation of Schiller's great tragedy of "Wallenstein." And after this he went up to live near Wordsworth again—this time in the north of England, in the Lake Country. Because they lived in that delightful region, their school of poetry is often known as the "Lake school."

Before this time a terrible fate had come upon Coleridge. In an illness he had started to take a drug to relieve his pain. It was opium, and before he knew it the habit was fixed on him for life. It dulled the keenest intellect of England in his day, and broke nearly all the promises his genius had given.

It took away his health and spirits, killed his power in poetry, and blunted the edge of his thinking. It made him dream of vast works that he was never going to write, or was only going to write in fragments. It made him forget his duties and lose his wife and family and friends—all but the true and loyal Lamb. It brought him to despair.

For a while he sought relief in Malta, in the Mediterranean, but he could not find it. Back in England again, he had to live for a good many years on his friends. In this period he was writing very little, though he gave a good many courses of lectures. His habits were so bad that sometimes he would not appear for the lectures and at other times would lecture on a different subject from the one he had announced. In this way he tired out a good many audiences. And yet there was many a flash of the old fire in these lectures. Even in the fragments that we now have of them, taken down in notes by persons in his audience, there is a whole new body of literary criticism, on which many a critic has fed from that day to our own.

A Damaged Archangel

In his last years Coleridge made a great recovery. He was taken into the house of some kind friends near London, and under their care he regained some of his old strength and power. If he never shook off the opium habit, he at least brought it under better control. A "damaged archangel" was what Lamb called him in these days. He began to write again, and during the last eighteen years, down to his death in 1834, he published a good deal. The most important book is his "Biographia Literaria," a sort of poetical autobiography.

And a whole new set of friends gathered around him—younger men of talent and genius who sat at his feet and drank in his words. Many of these men were already famous, many more were to be famous in their turn when he was gone. And for a good while after his death, as John Stuart Mill said, he had more influence on the thinking young men of England than had any other man.



At Greta Hall, this spacious house at Keswick, on one of the English Lakes, the poet Southey spent the last

forty years of his life. Here it was that he wrote his best poems and his fine works in prose.

The HISTORIAN'S POET

*Besides Putting History into Fine Verse, Robert Southey
Dreamed of Founding a Community That Should
Be the Ideal One in Which to Live*

ONE day in 1794 a friend brought another boy to Robert Southey's rooms at Oxford University. The stranger, whose name was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, soon became young Southey's dearest friend, and the two quickly had their heads together concocting a most exciting plan. A month or so later, at the little town of Bristol, where Southey had been born (in 1774), they met with a third youth named Robert Lovell, and worked the scheme all out. They were going to found an ideal community on the banks of the Susquehanna, in America. They thought it ought not to be so hard to work out their plans for a new way of living in a new country, and by a river with such a beautiful name. The lads were not only full of new ideas about society, you see, but full of poetry too.

They wanted to get married before they left for their "pantisocracy" (păn'tî-sôk'-

râ-sî), as they called it—meaning by that word that everyone should govern equally. Luckily, Southey and Lovell had fallen in love with two sisters, Edith and Mary Fricker, and now they persuaded Coleridge to marry a third of the Fricker sisters. So it looked as if everything was ready for the adventure. Meanwhile they were excitedly discussing the French Revolution, which was going on across the Channel, and writing, together or separately, revolutionary poetry, such as a long poem on "Joan of Arc" and a play on the French Revolution, "Robespierre" (rôb'spyër').

But the scheme for the pantisocracy had been Coleridge's idea in the first place, and it was not very long before Southey began to weaken. His aunt, with whom he had spent a good deal of his childhood, found out about the plan, and, being a testy and imperious lady, stopped sending him money

and told him never to darken her door again. Things were not going very well with the Revolution in France, and Southey began to have doubts about the revolutionary ideas he had loved. Then his uncle invited him to Lisbon, in Portugal, and he decided to go. So in November, 1795, he married his Edith in secret, and sailed away, leaving her to await his return. Coleridge was furious, though after a while they half made it up. The whole pantisocracy scheme fell through, and America lost the chance of counting the poet-historian Southey and the poet-philosopher Coleridge among her early writers.

This turned out to be the last, not only of the plan to go to America, but of Southey's radical notions, too. At Lisbon Southey started the first of his series of long poems telling stories of the legends and religions of different countries; and he started to study Portuguese history and life, a study which he later set forth in much of his prose. So when he went back to England (1797), his mind was on other things than American rivers or French ideas on the rights of man.

Besides, Robert Southey had a healthy sense of duty, and he now decided that he ought to dedicate himself to providing for his wife and family. He published a volume of poems—tried to read law and gave it up—spent another year in Portugal and a short time in Ireland—and then in 1803 installed himself in the big double house of Greta Hall in the English Lake Country, not far from where Wordsworth lived. Here he lived for the rest of his life, writing with heroic industry.

He had need to write industriously, for he had a growing family on his hands. To make matters much worse, Coleridge had left his wife—who was, you remember, Southey's sister-in-law—and never had enough money to support himself, to say nothing of his family. Mrs. Coleridge and the Coleridge children lived in the other half of Greta Hall; and Southey bravely took up the task of supporting them, too. Since he had "to feed so many mouths out of one inkstand," as he whimsically put it, it is not strange that he was busy!

He wrote all sorts of things. Though he

is often called one of the "Lake Poets" because of his friendship with Coleridge and Wordsworth and his living in the Lake Country with them, his poems are really not in the least like theirs. He liked to write very long stories in verse, full of romantic customs and superstitions from all over the world. "Thalaba, the Destroyer" (thāl'ā-bā) is a tale of a mighty hero of Islam; "The Curse of Kehama" (kê-hā'mā) is full of the weird wonders of Hindu beliefs; part of "Madoc" (mā'dōk) is about the ancient Aztec rites in Mexico. His tales have a resounding eloquence, and he tried experiments with new meters which sometimes remind one of modern free verse. Some of his smaller poems are now better remembered. Perhaps you know the one about "The Battle of Blenheim"? An old soldier has been telling a little boy about that old battle, and the child wants to know "what good came of it at last?"

"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

But most people now think that Southey wrote better in prose than in verse. His best prose books are histories and biographies. Coleridge called Southey's "Life of Wesley" "my favorite among favorite books." The "Life of Nelson," which is surely Southey's masterpiece, has been called "an immortal monument raised by genius to valor." Besides these and many other books, Southey wrote some ninety-five articles and reviews for a famous magazine, the "Quarterly Review." You will perhaps be surprised to hear that this author of serious and very grown-up books is responsible, too, for the story of "The Three Bears." It appeared in "The Doctor," a huge seven-volume series of writings on anything and everything. This work Southey published without signing his name—and in it he put a picture showing the author with his back turned squarely to the reader! So you see he must have had something of a sense of humor.

Southey's old age was very sad. His wife went insane, and finally died. The old poet married again, but soon his own mind went slowly blank. He died in 1843.



U. S. N. P.

Out of his earnings as a writer Sir Walter Scott built this fine house, Abbotsford; and it stands to-day just

as when he lived there. The merry, kindly face in the inset is a portrait of the great novelist.

The WIZARD of the NORTH

The First Man Who Wove Thrilling Tales around the People in History Books

YEARS ago an old lady in Edinburgh used to charm her grandson with heroic tales about his own forefathers. They had been Lowlanders, warlike people who lived along the Scottish border and hated both the English to the south of them and the Highlanders to the north. To this day their children tell of their brave deeds in song and legend, and repeat the very stories that made little Walter Scott (1771-1832) so proud to have been born of such a gallant race.

He also was destined to honor the land of his birth. Of course the days of fighting were long since past; and the lad could hardly have engaged in combat anyway, for an infantile disease had left him lame. But he was of daring spirit, and as he scoured the country on his Shetland pony, he won the respect of all the boys in their sports. Besides, he could already thrill them with

delight or horror at the tales he made up as he went along.

When he grew up he became a lawyer, for in his day the law was one of the few callings that a gentleman could follow. But he was a remarkably hard worker and so found plenty of time for the life and studies that he really loved. On horseback he explored the wildest parts of Scotland, stopping at peasants' huts for food and rest. We can imagine how welcome his stories made him. But all the while he was listening to the songs that these simple people and their ancestors had sung for centuries, though the songs had never been printed. It was Scott who wrote them down and published them in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1802).

But he did not stop here. During the next few years he published a number of fine poems of his own—just as thrilling to

SCOTT

us to-day as they were a century ago. In "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805), he tried his hand at imitating the ballads he had heard in his country rambles, and even put one of his own ancestors into the tale. It was at once so popular that he made up his mind to give his life to writing. "Marion" (1808) followed, a tragic story ending in the defeat of the Scotch on Flodden Field. Then the romantic poem of "The Lady of the Lake" (1810) sent tourists flocking to the Scottish lakes and mountains for a sight of the wild scenery it describes. But soon after this, Scott gave up poetry and turned to telling stories in prose—and here there is almost no one to surpass him.

All this time he had nursed another great desire. He wanted to own a great estate where he might entertain his friends in lordly fashion. He was happily married, and the income from his books was so large that his family had every comfort. So he built a magnificent house, a palace called Abbotsford, on the banks of the river Tweed. Here guests were always welcome, and here they might ride and fish and hunt with their genial host. The mansion was full of pets, especially dogs, which Scott loved dearly; and most interesting of all, the rooms were stored with relics of Scotland's history. We can visit the place to-day, for it is now a museum, and among countless other treasures we may still see the sword of Montrose, the purse and pistols of Rob Roy, the drinking cup of Robert Burns, the seal and cross of poor Mary Queen of Scots. Even a doorway from the ruined Melrose Abbey has been built into the old house.

But in all his splendor, Scott was far from

idle. In secret he began to write the "Waverley Novels." There are some thirty of them in all, and among them many of the world's best stories. The first one, "Waverley" (1814), gave its name to the whole series. To read the list is like calling a roll of old friends—"Guy Mannering" (1815), with its tales of the gypsy, wild Meg Merillies; "Rob Roy" (1818), the great outlaw whom boys always love; "The Heart of Midlothian" (1818), with the story of Jeanie

Deans, the heroic Scotch lass who walks all the way to London to plead for the life of a sister accused of murder. And then there is "Ivanhoe" (1820), an exciting tale of castles and knights when Robin Hood lived in the greenwood, and the dazzling picture in "Kenilworth" (1821) of Queen Elizabeth and her lover, the Earl of Leicester; and for those who love stories of France, the adventures of "Quentin Durward" (1823). The books are the first real historical novels ever written in the world.

For his own reasons

Scott kept the authorship of the novels secret for many years, and so the delighted public called the writer the "Great Unknown" and the "Wizard of the North"—so amazing was the rapidity with which the books appeared. Printers could hardly supply the demand for each new story. When the truth finally came out, the king conferred on Scott the title of baronet.

Valiant Sir Walter

But now a sad misfortune fell upon Sir Walter. Through no fault of his own, the publishing house in which he had invested his money failed. Of course he might have gone into bankruptcy and so escaped from



Photo by the National Gallery, London

Sir Walter Scott in his library at Abbotsford, with his favorite dog beside him. It was in this room that there flowed from his pen so many of the novels upon which the world hung breathless.

his debts. But that was not Sir Walter's notion of honor. Instead, he took upon himself the enormous burden of paying the \$650,000—a sum far larger than it would be to-day. In spite of the fact that he was now in constant pain, he wrote in such feverish haste that in six years he had actually paid back half of the money. Few of the feats of authors have been so able or so noble. But it was too much even for his stout heart. His health broke from the strain, and he could do no more. When it

was learned that his doctor ordered a sea voyage, the government sent him a ship to cruise the Mediterranean. But it was all of no use, and he finally was carried back to his beloved Abbotsford to die.

Shortly before the end he called his son-in-law to him and said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man,—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." They were his last words.



One of the fine tales of Charles and Mary Lamb is their story of Shakespeare's "Othello." Our picture

shows the Moor defending himself before the Doge of Venice for his elopement with Desdemona.

The GENTLEST NAME in ENGLISH LETTERS

A Brother and Sister Who Mastered Their Own Misfortune and Kept Happy by Making Everybody Else So

THE hum and buzz of London were always dear to Charles Lamb. He liked the people, the lighted shops, the bookstalls, the theaters—even the dirt and noise of the great city, where he lived nearly all his life.

Here in 1775 he had been born in the Inner Temple. The windows of his parents' home looked out upon the quiet green of that ancient law school. The little chap loved its great old buildings and the fountain by which he played. He also adored

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

his elder sister Mary, who watched over him and mothered him until he was seven. Then, as his parents were poor they were thankful to place their son in the good free school near by.

It was called Christ's Hospital - or sometimes "The Blue-Coat School" from the color of the pupils' uniforms. The timid, stammering child with a gentle disposition easily won the other boys' affection. Among them was a young genius named Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who could already speak with the tongue of angels. Little Charles Lamb looked up in admiration to his older playmate, and between the two began a friendship that lasted all their lives and grew ever closer in later years when they both were famous writers.

At sixteen Lamb entered the office of a great business firm, the South Sea House. Then he changed to a desk in the East India House, where he stayed nearly all his life. So he was always a business man, with only short vacations. But his great pleasures were reading and writing and going to plays, and he could not help becoming a famous author himself. He was also the bosom friend of half of the great authors of his day, and of many other men; for the manly, merry, and supremely comical Charles Lamb was just about the best friend any man could ever have.

When he was only twenty-one a terrible calamity befell the family. His sister Mary, worn out with nursing her invalid mother, went violently insane and stabbed her parent to the heart. The fit passed, but the poor young woman had to be shut up in an asylum for many weeks. There she would have remained except for her devoted

brother. After their father's death he obtained her release by giving his word that he would watch over her all her life. While he lived he guarded her with the tenderest affection. Only at those times when signs of the old illness returned were brother and sister separated. Then Mary would retire to a quiet place until her health was restored. When they were well, they were about the happiest people in the world. For the one way to be happy is to be the kind of person Charles Lamb was - and then it will not make much difference what else happens.

Thus for nearly forty years they lived for each other, till his death in 1834.

Together Charles and Mary wrote the "Tales from Shakespeare" (1807) for boys and girls who are still too young to understand all that the great poet has to say.

These tales are by far the best ever written about Shakespeare's plays, and are just as good for men and women as for children. But the greatest work was done by Charles alone in the famous "Essays of Elia" (1820) - those sparkling, whimsical, moving, and humorous essays that are almost without a rival. The "Dissertation on Roast Pig" is the funniest and probably the best-known of them. The essay on "Dream Children" is the tenderest and the most beautiful. But the most purely delightful of all Lamb's writings are the thousands of letters that have come down to us just as he wrote them to his famous friends. They are full of charming humor and tender sentiment. The best are the ones he wrote to a friend named Thomas Manning, a man of a mathematical turn who spent some twelve years in China and India. For some reason he was able to bring out the most amusing vein in his gifted friend. The letters are a record of the friendship.



Photo by the National Gallery

These are the faces of Charles and Mary Lamb, the gentle brother and sister who will long live together in the hearts of all who love a good tale well told and a valiant life well lived.



Photo by Robert Arnott, Geneva

Being the romantic person he was, the poet Byron could hardly fail to be inspired to eloquence by the beauty of

Lake Geneva. Meanwhile his audience, as romantic as he, is sitting in rapt attention.

A METEOR *in* ENGLISH POETRY

In His Own Lifetime Lord Byron Was Possibly the Most Famous Man in the World, Next to Napoleon

WHAT do people mean when they talk about a "Byronic person" or a "Byronic pose" or a "Byronic way of doing one's hair"? Here is the story of a man in whom the whole world was so interested—for his poetry and his personality—that even now, over a century after his death, people are still making an adjective out of his name.

George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788. He spent his first ten years with his mother at Aberdeen. Then, when his uncle died and he became Lord Byron and a peer of the realm, he moved to the beautiful, half-ruined ancestral seat at Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham. He went to the best schools—to Harrow, and then to Cambridge.

That sounds like a happy childhood and a fortunate prospect, one would say. But it

was not so. Byron's father was a wild and unscrupulous person, who had squandered his wife's fortune and then deserted her. Byron's mother was a foolish, moody creature, who at one moment would spoil her son with flattering affection and the next would fly into a rage and say all manner of cruel things to him. He said that she even taunted him about his lameness. For he had been born with a club foot, and everything the doctors tried to do for it only made it worse. Even Newstead Abbey was as much of a worry to Byron as it was a joy, and he was always in financial difficulties. So Byron's childhood was very unhappy, and about all he got out of his noble family was a bad heritage and a highly sensitive pride.

By the time he was twenty, Byron was already playing the wicked, world-weary lord as an accustomed part. He gathered his

BYRON

young friends together at Newstead Abbey, to masquerade in the robes of the ancient monks who had once lived there, and to drink wine out of skulls. He had already published two volumes of world-weary poems, which had been savagely attacked by the "Edinburgh Review." The young man replied by a clever and stinging satire called "English Pards and Scotch Reviewers," the title coming, of course, from the fact that Edinburgh is in Scotland. Then, with a friend, he wearily set off for a two-year trip on the Continent. Certainly a little of the weariness was pose—"Byronic pose," you see—for surely he must have enjoyed those romantic rambles through Spain and Greece and Turkey and Albania.

But when he returned to England in 1811, it was "without a hope and almost without a desire." And in truth he had good cause to be somewhat troubled. His mother and several of his friends had died in his absence, and he was in need of money. But in 1812 he was persuaded to publish two cantos of a poem called "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which he had written while he was abroad. So it happened that, as he later put it, he woke up one morning to find himself famous.

And how dazzling was this sudden fame! He became the darling of London society. High-born ladies struggled for his favor. Mothers protested that they were afraid to have their daughters meet this wicked and

fascinating young lord, with his pale face and flashing eyes, his romantic languor, and the little limp which he wore like a secret sorrow. People said that there was something Satanic about him. But they continued to lionize him, and to read the poetry.

"Childe Harold" had been followed by a series of melodramatic tales of the East—tales of Turkish harems and noble pirates and heroic lovers. The heroes were all handsome and proud and burdened with some secret guilt. They were all a good deal like Byron himself—or at least like the dramatic and romantic picture he had made of himself in his own mind.

But Byron was living at too fast a pace in London for his popularity to last. He had married in 1815, picking out, incredibly, an admirable young woman who was so different from him that it was impossible for them to get along. He treated her shamefully. In 1816, not

much more than a year after the marriage, his wife separated from him amid a great scandal. All Byron's fine friends turned their backs on him, and he left England in angry disgrace—never to return.

Feeling more than ever like one of his own heroes—proud and alone, victim of injustice and eating remorse—Byron went to Switzer-



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

In the inset is a portrait of George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron. It is not the face of a man who was insincere, but rather of one who could never forget to act the rôle in which he pictured himself. Byron was a man of generous impulses, and his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty was altogether genuine. One of its finest expressions is in the poem of "The Prisoner of Chillon," which tells the moving story of the man who was a prisoner in the castle of Chillon. Of that grim dungeon Byron wrote:

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

land and then to Italy. He began to write much better poetry, for his own feelings were deeper, and, as we said, his poetry is really all about himself. In Switzerland he climbed the Alps, reveling in their grand and awful beauty; and he wrote about them and his own suffering in the magnificent dramatic poem called "Manfred." He wrote two more cantos for "Childe Harold," much finer than the first two. They are full of splendid and eloquent descriptions of what he had seen in Switzerland and Italy—such as the famous passage about the Colosseum at Rome, with its picture of the gladiator "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Another of the great poems of this time is "The Prisoner of Chillon" that moving story of a man who suffered for his love of liberty.

Byron in Italy

In Italy Byron lived for a while a rather scandalous life in Venice, and then settled down—comparatively speaking—in Pisa and other places. He saw something of the poet Shelley, and was interested with him in the plan for an English paper to be published in Italy. Shelley has left us an amusing picture of Byron's strange establishment, with its astonishing pets, ranging all the way from a wolf to a peacock.

All this time, of course, Byron kept on writing. Though he saw with grief and defiance that his popularity was not so great as it had been, he must have been secretly pleased to know that whether they approved of him or not, people still talked about him. Shelley spoke of Byron's fame as "bent over his living head like Heaven."

In his later poems Byron was returning to the mood of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and was writing magnificent satire. "Don Juan" is hundreds of pages long—it is in nineteen lengthy cantos—and yet it is not finished. Byron said half jokingly that he supposed it would run to a hundred cantos. It has not much plot, and its not being finished matters very little. The delight of it lies in the way it roves from one thing to another, mixing romantic love stories with sarcastic remarks about love, fantastic adventures with biting lines about war, and anything, in fact, with anything else. It is Byron's greatest work.

A Lover of Liberty

But in the midst of it he decided to go to Greece and help the Greeks in their struggle for independence from the Turks. He had always fancied himself a man of action, imagining that writing poetry was hardly worthy of a peer. And he was a genuine lover of liberty. But at Missolonghi (mīs'-ō-lōng'gē) he fell ill, and there in 1824 he died, before he had had time to do much in the Greek cause. Yet it was a splendidly dramatic death, coming in the midst of a generous attempt to help a downtrodden people. It was also decidedly Byronic!

England was full of "Byronism" when Byron died; and no one of her other poets has ever been so honored abroad in his own lifetime. Even now, when styles have changed, when his eloquence seems at times a little flashy and his self-pity not in very good taste, he is still counted among the great poets, if not quite among the greatest.

For some seven hundred years this famous castle of Chillon has stood, as we see it to-day, at the eastern end of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland.



Here Francois Bonivard, the hero of Byron's great poem of "The Prisoner of Chillon," was imprisoned in a dungeon for six long years.

An ANGEL with WINGS of LIGHT

So a Great Critic Has Called Shelley, a Poet Whose Dreams Were More Real than the World around Him

HE WAS miserable at his school, he was expelled from his college, he was practically driven out of England—for deep down in Shelley's nature there was something that would not let him live like the other people in the world. Even before he went to school, Percy Bysshe Shelley

and married Harriet Westbrook, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a retired tavern keeper, in a fit of chivalry because she was persecuted. With her he went off to Ireland, where he hoped to help the people who were struggling to get free from tyranny. In his high, shrill voice he lectured to them, in his



In this house lived Percy Bysshe Shelley, the famous English poet whose portrait is shown at the right. It was he whom a great critic referred to as a "beautiful but ineffectual angel beating his luminous wings in the void in vain."



had a hard time to get along with his conservative family on their beautiful estate at Field Place, where he had been born on August 4, 1792. In his school he was far more unhappy, for the other boys simply set him down as queer beyond excuse, and proceeded to torment him for it. For boys are about as bad as grown people in hating anyone who is very different from them, no matter how superior in gifts. So they called him the "mad Shelley" and the "atheist Shelley"—and you may imagine what they did to him.

Then at Oxford the grown people took a turn at him. He had published two strange novels as a student, and a little essay about atheism. So his tutors put him out of college as a dangerous person, and then his wealthy father disowned him and set him adrift without a penny.

In London he managed to get along for a while by borrowing a little from his sisters, out of their allowance. Then he ran away

moving and brilliant prose style he wrote little pamphlets for them. He and Harriet used to throw the pamphlets out of the window to them as they passed in the street. Later, back in Wales, he used to send the pamphlets up in balloons, to sea in bottles, hoping they would wash up on the Irish shore. No, of course Shelley was not just like most of us. It is not easy to be a genius and stay like most of us—though it has been done. The very greatest genius can nearly always do it.

SHELLEY

Then he and Harriet began to fall out. She wanted to be a fine lady, and he wanted only to be a poet and philosopher, and to set the world free. No matter whose fault it was, they soon drifted apart. Finally Shelley left her, and ran off with Mary Godwin, a young girl of talent who was later going to write the novel about "Frankenstein." After this his troubles were far worse than ever. Harriet drowned herself a little later, and though it was not because Shelley had deserted her, it was a terrible blow to him. Then the law court took away his children from him, saying that he was not a fit man to bring them up. After this he was afraid to stay in England. He went over to Italy, where he lived in mingled joy and agony for the rest of his life. And there he was drowned, while sailing in a little boat, on July 8, 1822. He had lived only thirty tortured years, but in that time he had written more great poetry than almost any other man who ever died so young.

Shelley was no creature of this earth. His glorious dreams were more real to him than the sticks and stones, the houses and the people, and the other hard facts of the world around him. Often he would have no notion whether he had had his dinner or not; once at least he could not tell his own children from another person's.

These stories mean that he was living in the land of dreams. In that land he was a gentle, kindly spirit—childlike or womanly in the deep love he felt—and in that land he was also a fierce warrior fighting to right the wrongs the human race was suffering.

In that land he was above all a poet. For he had only to set foot in it, and the words of gorgeous poetry welled up out of his soul.

Nearly all of his poetry is an outcry for freedom. "Queen Mab" was the first long poem in this vein, and it was followed by "Alastor" and "The Revolt of Islam." Later came "Epipsychidion" (ēp'i-sī-kīd'i-ŏn) and "Adonais" (ād'-ō-nā'is), a beautiful poem on the death of Keats.

There are many other long poems and several poetic dramas, of which the most powerful and beautiful are the tragedy of the "Cenci" (chĕn'-chĕ) and rainbow-hued "Prometheus Unbound."

But possibly Shelley is still better known for his shorter pieces, of unearthly beauty, like the "Skylark," the "Cloud," and the magnificent "Ode to the West Wind." Everyone should know the famous stanza from his "Skylark":

We look before and after,

And pine for what is not;

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.



Photo by Keystone View Co.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the poet's second wife and herself a distinguished writer. She was the daughter of William Godwin, a man who wielded a powerful pen in behalf of liberal ideas in the England of his day. Mrs. Shelley's best-known work, the novel "Frankenstein," was published when its author was only twenty-one. It is still read and has a mighty moral for our machine age. It is the story of a man so deeply learned that he was able to create a kind of monster with many of the faculties of a human being. But the thing had no moral nature; and the history of its career is both thrilling and tragic.



Photo by Walker Art Gallery

The famous English artist John Everett Millais has left us this picture to illustrate Keats' poem of "The Pot of Basil." If you have read the tale you will have

no trouble recognizing the lovers Lorenzo and Isabella in the two figures seated on the right. The other faces, also, are well worth careful study.

The REALM of GOLD in POETRY

You Will Find It in the Work of Keats, Who May Possibly Be Called the Most Poetical of All the Poets

MOST people are just starting a career when they are twenty-five. Here is a young man who died at that age and yet is now famous, a century later, as one of the greatest poets of all time. It is John Keats.

Keats was born in 1795, in a London livery stable, the first child of the head hostler and his young wife, the daughter of the stable keeper. Some of his critics in later years seemed unable to forget his humble origin, and jeered at him as one of a group of "Cockney poets." Keats was never anything but poor, and money troubles dogged him to the end.

Yet, though he could not afford to go on to a university, the young man had a good education, so far as it went. At eight he

was sent to Enfield, a well-known school. Although he was the smallest boy there, "Johnny" Keats was a daring little bantam, always ready for a fight no matter how big the other boy might be. One of his friends later said that he was "like a pet prize fighter," admired for his "terrier courage." He was also a generous and high-minded lad, and everyone was fond of him, students and teachers alike. Above all, he found a cherished friend in Charles Cowden Clarke, son of the head master. Clarke was a fine boy who was to have a great influence over the poet.

It was Clarke who told him about the lovely fairyland of poetry he would find in Spenser and the other great poets. Later, in a famous sonnet, Keats put it this way:

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.

His "realms of gold" were all in the land of books; and it was while he was a friend of Clarke's at Enfield that he began to travel in them. All the rest of his life he never gave up that high adventure.

With his friends, his fights, and his golden poetry, Keats spent a normal, happy childhood. His father had died soon after John entered school, but when he was on vacation he could stay with his grandmother. He dearly loved his mother, his two younger brothers, and his little sister Fanny. But when he was only fourteen, the mother fell very ill. For days John was her nurse, letting no one else do anything for her. The illness was tuberculosis, and after a while she died. A few years later John was to nurse his brother Tom through his last struggles with the same terrible disease. And in the end he was to die of it himself.

The Beginning of Keats' Career

After his mother's death (1811) Keats had to leave school and work for a surgeon at Edmonton. He was none too happy there, and after two or three years went up to London to continue his surgical studies. All this time he was finding more and more joy in his reading and in the verses he had already begun to write.

In London the eager young poet fell in with a group of friends whose thought and talk was all of literature and new ideas. The moving spirit of the group was Leigh Hunt, himself a poet and essayist, and the editor of a well-known paper, the "Examiner." Keats now began to publish in Hunt's

paper, and finally gave up all idea of being a surgeon, to devote himself to poetry.

For a while he was very happy. At last he had found what he wanted to do, and he was full of courage and confidence. It was a joy to move among kindred spirits, to talk of art and reform, to write sonnets in competition with Hunt and Shelley at Hunt's hospitable little cottage on Hampstead Heath.

The hostler's son, by right of his superb gifts, had come into his own. He had made a place for himself among the choicest spirits of his age, and was able to move among them as an equal. The young man's brain was full of excitement and ferment, and on the horizon, as he said, he saw "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance."

He published a volume of poems in 1817, but it found no favor with the critics. The poet, however, was not

seriously upset—he was already full of plans for a greater work. He went to the Isle of Wight, seeking solitude for his writing. There he tramped the heaths, drinking in their loveliness, or sat pondering by the sea. He was writing "Endymion" (ĕn-dĭm'ĭ-ŏn), a long poetic tale of the Moon and her earthly lover. The poem is full of richly beautiful passages.

When he published "Endymion" the next year, the storm of abuse broke about Keats' head in earnest. But he had already seen what was wrong with the poem himself, and had set about to correct it. Within the next two years he wrote most of his greatest poetry—the heroic story of the fall of "Hyperion" (hĭ-pĕ'rĭ-ŏn), the sun god; the tale of "Lamia" (lă'mĭ-ă), who was sometimes a serpent and sometimes a lovely lady; the romantic story of the lovers who fled on "The Eve of St. Agnes"; the sonnets of love and death, and the great odes "To a



It was while working in a chemist's shop that the young poet Keats invented the famous phrase "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." It has now passed into the language, and is quoted wherever English poetry is read.

DE QUINCEY

Nightingale," "To Autumn," and "On a Grecian Urn." No one can write lines laden with a richer music. No one has loved more truly the beautiful things of the earth, and expressed his love more fitly. Yet the more he wrote, the more savage the attacks upon him became. The abuse hurt him, of course. But he continued to write, saying, "This is mere matter of the moment. I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." And he was right.

Meanwhile misfortune was piling on misfortune to bring that time "after my death" all too near. One brother emigrated to America. The other brother died. Money troubles piled up. He had fallen desperately in love, and was too poor to marry. Most fatal of all, he had taken a walking trip with a friend in Northern England and in Scotland, and had come home ill of the disease that had already

carried off both his mother and his brother. For more than a year he fought it off, writing meanwhile his greatest poems. Then one cold night he rode home to Hampstead from London on the outside of a bus. The next day he knew that he was doomed.

This was early in 1820. Later in the year his friends persuaded him to go to Italy, hoping that the mild Italian air would bring him healing. But he continued to sicken, and a little more than a year from the time when he was taken ill he died. If you go to Rome to-day you may still see his grave, near Shelley's, in the Protestant Cemetery. On it are words suggested by Keats himself: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

But the name of John Keats is written in gold in the annals of the rich spirits of the world. If

he had only lived another twenty-five years - who know



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

John Keats, a poet of such rare talent that if he had lived he might well have rivaled Shakespeare in mastery of phrase.

The "ENGLISH OPIUM EATER"

In This Famous Book, and in Many Others, Thomas De Quincey Gave Us Some of the Most Splendid English Prose That Anyone Has Ever Written

SOMETIMES you would have thought that this frail little man named Thomas De Quincey really lived in the world of strange dreams and unearthly imaginings which he could describe so well. He was so learned that he had been able to write and even speak Greek ever since he was fifteen. Yet he had no idea in his head about business, and was once known to go about frantically trying to borrow a few shillings while he had in his pocket a fifty-pound note which he did not know how to cash! He could not bear to throw away manuscript or papers. At the time of his death he was paying rent on six different

lodgings in Edinburgh; for he would work in a room until he was completely snowed under by papers--and then he would calmly lock the door and move on to another place. Yet no one could be more charming in conversation than he, and no one more tender and courteous.

He had been odd and talented and a bit queer all his life. Born in Manchester in 1785, he was only sixteen when he ran away from school--because, as he explained, his masters could teach him nothing more. He wandered about Wales for a while, often sleeping out of doors to save the price of a bed at an inn, or paying for a meal of bread

DE QUINCEY

and milk by writing a love letter for some peasant lad who could not do it himself. Then he drifted to London, and lived on practically nothing at all, until at last he was reconciled with his family, who were well-to-do, and was sent to Oxford. Later, in 1800, he settled at Grasmere, in the Lake Country, in Dove Cottage, made famous by the fact that William and Dorothy Wordsworth had lived there before him. Not only Wordsworth, but the other "Lake Poets, Coleridge and Southey, were his friends. When he was about twenty-five, a bank in which he had a great deal of money failed, and he had to go to live in London, to see if he could make his living by writing.

It was in London that he made his literary reputation. He wrote for

the "London Magazine" a series of papers called "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," which is still the most famous of his writings. Ever since his days at Oxford, De Quincey had been in the habit of taking opium to deaden the pain from which he was never quite free. In this book he tells of the fantastic dreams he had dreamed under the influence of this powerful drug—dreams filled

sometimes with heavenly loveliness, but oftener, alas, with terrors and nightmares—monstrous crocodiles, tropical jungle-horrors, a horrible feeling that he had lived through whole centuries in a single night. The essence of all these dream terrors is in the

sketch called "Dream Fugue," which is the most famous description of a dream in the English language.

In fact, of all the huge mass of writing which De Quincey produced in London and later in Edinburgh, where he lived from 1828 to his death in 1859, the pieces best remembered are those in which he tells us either about dreams or about dreamlike memories. He wrote some fine criticism and even tried his hand at a novel. But what we read now of him is the "Confessions"; the "Suspiria de

Profundis" especially the essay in it called "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow," which is as mournfully lovely as its name; and the series called "The English Mail Coach," which ends with the "Dream Fugue" we have named. When you read these essays aloud, they sound like poetry. No one else has ever written English prose quite like them for dreamlike music.



Few persons have written such magical prose as this gentle little dreamer of dreams, the Englishman Thomas De Quincey.

The MARVELOUS MEMORY of MACAULAY

If This Man Knew a Thing at All, He Knew It by Heart—and Often after a Single Reading

I WISH I were as cocksure of any one thing as Tom Macaulay is of everything!" Those are the most famous words ever spoken about Thomas Babington Macaulay, and they tell us nearly all about him. First, he had a marvelous set of facts in his head; second, he was always just a little too certain that every one of those facts was right. We all know that kind of man, and Macaulay (1800-1850) was one of the greatest men of that kind who ever lived.

He had been like that from a child, for he was one of the most marvelous boys on record. He talked like a book when he was four years old. At that age a lady had spilled some hot coffee on him and burned him pretty badly. But he did not ask for any petting. A few minutes later, when the lady asked him how he felt now, he answered, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

From the time when he was three, he used to spend his happy hours lying on a rug and reading, with a piece of bread and butter in one hand. He hated school because it kept him from reading all he wanted and made him study arithmetic; also because it made him keep his busy little tongue still. Yet he took all sorts of prizes. When he was eight he had written a long poem and a history of the world. And when he went to the university at Cambridge he kept on taking the prizes.

The Man Who Never Forgot

He read an extraordinary number of books, and, with one of the most wondrous memories

on record, he remembered every single thing he ever read. He could read through a whole book and then repeat it almost word for word. The thing sounds like a fairy story, but it is true. And then he was one of the most brilliant talkers that ever lived. He was simply charming except when he was a little too positive about all he knew.

He became a lawyer, but he never loved the law very much. He naturally wanted

to be a writer instead. So he wrote an article on Milton for the great "Edinburgh Review" and leaped immediately into fame at the age of twenty-five. From then on he was the most brilliant of the writers on the "Edinburgh," and the large number of his "Essays" first appeared as articles in that review.

Indeed, he had to make a large part of his living with his pen. His father had been rich, but he failed in business when his son was a young man, and Macaulay had to support his sisters and himself. But of course such a man did not long have trouble in making his fortune out

of his pen and out of the offices he held.

For Macaulay was a statesman too. He sat many times in parliament, and was one of the most brilliant orators of his day. No one in the House of Commons could marshal so many facts and put them into such eloquent speech. He was always on the liberal side, though he would never be a strict party man; for he was too absolutely honest to vote except as he really believed, and he would resign his office rather than follow blindly with his party.

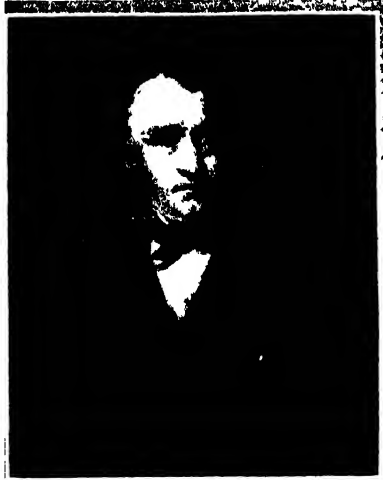


Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the most brilliant writers and speakers of the nineteenth century. It is said that he could read a book just as fast as he could turn the pages and yet would know what was in it when he came to the end.

CARLYLE

The most important thing he did for the government was to go to India as one of the men to undertake the hard task of reforming the British rule in that land. In his work there he was very just and very wise, and India owed much to him for years to come.

But his great love had always lain in writing, and he had never ceased from it. In his later years, with his fortune made, he drew out of politics and gave himself

wholly to his pen. He had written those "Lays of Ancient Rome" which are still so much recited. And now in the end he withdrew from the world and gave his days and nights to the great history of England which he was afraid his frail health would never allow him to finish. But he managed to get through it before his death in 1859, and it was one of the most successful histories ever written.

HIS WORDS COULD ROAR LIKE THUNDER

And So the Mighty Mutterings of Carlyle Shook the Land like Some Great Storm

ONE dark, chilly morning in November, 1809, fourteen-year-old Thomas Carlyle and a neighbor boy set out for the University of Edinburgh, almost a hundred miles away. There was no money for a coach and the boys had to walk the whole way. Carlyle's father and mother went with them to the end of the village. The father, a humble stonemason, had found out that his Thomas was a bright lad, worth all the sacrifice that had to be made to give him a good education. He must be a preacher. The mother, a deeply religious woman, felt sure that God would watch over her favorite eldest son and crown him with success. But for all their dreams, neither the loving mother nor the father had the slightest idea of the honors and the fame that would be his.

Plain Living and High Thinking

Thomas Carlyle was born in a tiny white-washed cottage in the small Scottish village of Ecclefechan on December 4, 1795. Life there was stern and hard, for his father found it difficult to get food for his wife and their nine children. There was money only for the bare necessities, and the family had to be content when there were oatmeal and potatoes for dinner. But Thomas was happy there, for he loved his mother dearly. In all his life he knew no other person who was so patient and so understanding. Even when Thomas's violent temper got the best of him—and it often did—she talked with

him in the kindest way, and urged him to learn and to practice self-control.

At the village school Thomas showed such promise that he was sent on to the Annan Grammar School in a near-by town. He learned his lessons easily and well, but he did not understand the other boys and they did not understand him. That is often the way with genius. He could find his joy only in reading, and the bright boy devoured every book he could lay his hands on. When he left the school at thirteen he had a good knowledge both of Latin and of French and was deeply interested in mathematics.

When he had finished at the University of Edinburgh, Carlyle taught school for a time, but teaching did not allow him the independence of spirit that he felt he must have; so he returned to Edinburgh and began to write. Lonely and half starved, he still found happiness in his mother's encouraging letters. Very little money came from the translations he was making from the German and the critical essays he was writing for the magazines, but at least he was developing his skill with his pen. And when his "Life of Schiller" (shil'ēr) appeared he gained a little recognition, although people did not yet truly value his ability.

The Loneliest Nook in Britain

In 1826 Carlyle married Jane Welsh, a brilliant and talented young woman. Shortly after this they went to live in a small and humble cottage at Craigenputtock. In this

quiet place, "the loneliest nook in Britain," Carlyle wrote some of his best works. But his poverty and his lifelong dyspepsia, coupled with the knowledge that his wife was unhappy in their lonely home, kept him miserable. Nevertheless, his beautiful essay on Burns and his peculiar but powerful "Sartor Resartus" (sār'tôr rê-sār'tūs) slowly gained recognition for him. Here the young Emerson came to visit the man whose works he so admired, and here began Carlyle's correspondence with the great Goethe (gû'tē), who praised him for his fine essays on German literary men and for his translation of Goethe's novel, "Wilhelm Meister" (vîl'hêlm mîs'tēr).

At last life at Craigenputtock became impossible, and the Carlyles moved to London and took the home in Chelsea which stands to-day as a memorial to the great writer. Working incessantly, Carlyle finally finished the first volume of his "History of the French Revolution." When the manuscript of this was burned by accident in the house

of his great friend, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle was thrown into despair. But he rewrote the book from memory. It came out in 1835 and brought him an immense fame. He became one of the great prophetic voices of England, and no writer of his day had a stronger influence. He had the highest reverence for the great men in history whom he could honestly call heroes as shown in his book on "Heroes and Hero Worship"; and his two other greatest works are the lives of two of his heroes—Cromwell and Frederick the Great. In addition to these he wrote a large amount of miscellaneous work.

His wife's death in 1866 so saddened him that he did not do a great deal more creative work, and he himself died on February 15, 1881. But his great influence went

on, and still goes on. His work has many of the qualities of the man himself—a certain ruggedness, an honesty that tolerates no sham or hypocrisy, a high idealism, and a fiery enthusiasm. His pages read like the roars and rumblings of a thunderstorm.



Photo by National Portrait Galleries

Thomas Carlyle, the rugged Scotsman who spoke to his own generation with the voice of a prophet and is still speaking to the generation that is our own.

RUSKIN, ARTIST *and* PROPHET

Half of His Life Was Given to Telling the Glories of Art, and the Other Half to Relieving the Miseries of Men

A SOLITARY little boy, with no one for a playmate and no toys but a bunch of keys or a box of blocks; a tiny earnest figure bent over a Bible, which he would read through again and again, hard names and all, pronouncing every word aloud for his mother with the greatest care—this was the small John Ruskin, one day to grow up into a great art critic and reformer. He had a garden to wander in, but he must not eat any of the fruit! There was nobody to talk to, for mother and father, though kind and well-loved, were stern and very grown-up. By the time he was seven, Ruskin tells us in his charming autobiography, "Praeterita" (prî-tēr'ê-tâ), he had begun "to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited,

Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life" in the center of his own tiny universe.

Ruskin was almost an old man before he got over the habit of doing what his father and mother told him to do. But in some ways he grew up very fast. From his mother he learned to read before he was four, and the lovely rhythms of the Bible which he read to her were a delight to him all through his life. His father was a man of culture and a lover of good books and good art. From him Ruskin learned, before he was ten, to love the Iliad (îl'î-ăd) and Sir Walter Scott. In his father's company the child saw nearly every fine picture in England, and learned to delight in the beauty of the English countryside; for the father used to

go on long business trips every summer, and always took the family with him. So the future critic came naturally by his love of nature and poetry and art.

In 1833, when Ruskin was fourteen—he was born in 1819—he took his first trip to the Continent with his parents. They went to Switzerland, and the lad was in rapture at the Alps. He felt a sort of dedication—if he could only help other people to see and love beautiful things as he saw and loved them! He really spent his life trying to do just that.

There were many other trips to the Continent, during which Ruskin became a great student of art. He once called Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa "three centers of my life's thought," meaning that he had learned in them a great deal about art and its meaning in life. Meanwhile he finally managed to get his degree from Oxford University, although his course was sadly interrupted by ill health after a disappointment in love.

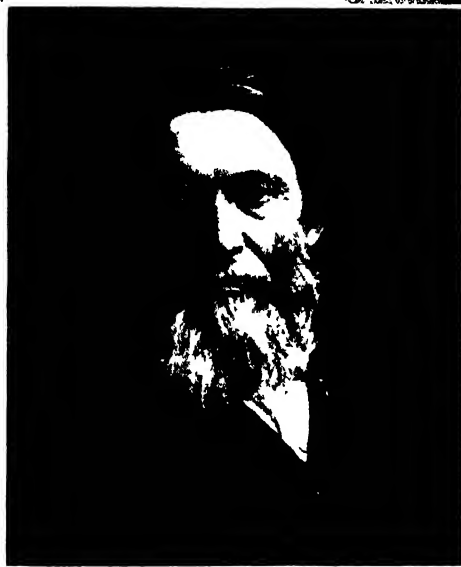
Fame That Grew Out of Anger

It was in the year in which he entered Oxford that he read in "Blackwood's Magazine" an article which led directly to his fame; for it raised him, as he said long after, "to the height of black anger in which I have remained pretty nearly ever since." The article was about the painter Turner, and the anger was at its silly lack of understanding for Turner's art. Ruskin sat down to answer the article—not knowing that he was starting something which would take him half a lifetime to finish! For his ideas grew and grew, and lengthened into a long series of books called "Modern Painters," which he did not finish till he was forty. By the

time the second volume appeared, Ruskin was a famous art critic, as well as a notable writer of prose as gorgeous and musical as poetry. More of the volumes appeared, and his fame grew. His advice was eagerly sought, his writings were widely read, and his lectures were attended by thousands.

Probably no one has ever done more to change people's ideas about art than Ruskin did. George Eliot, the famous novelist, said of him, "I venerate Ruskin as one of the great teachers of the age."

In 1848 Ruskin married. It was for his beautiful wife that he wrote the pretty fairy tale, "The King of the Golden River," so much more light-hearted than most of his books; she had wagered that he could not do it. The marriage was not a happy one, however, and after about two years it was annulled. Ruskin went back to live with his



This wise and kindly face belonged to John Ruskin, one of the masters of English prose in the past century and one of the men who helped to make our modern world as it is to-day.

parents, and stayed under their roof almost constantly as long as either of them lived. He fell in love again, when he was more than forty; but his bad luck pursued him, for the girl sickened and died. He had many women friends and disciples, but never again a wife.

Meanwhile a great change had come over Ruskin's writings, a change which the people about him never quite understood and did not like at all. He had stopped writing about art and was writing about what we should now call sociology (sō'shī-ōl'ō-jī). Instead of telling his readers how beautiful Raphael's paintings were, he was crying out at the ugliness of English factories and the starved faces of the factory hands. He was writing a series of sermons on what we ought to do about poverty and ignorance and oppression. They were beautifully written sermons, with

very poetic names—"Unto This Last," "Ethics of the Dust," "Sesame and Lilies," "The Crown of Wild Olive"—and they were full of generous sentiment, and of ideas which have since become fairly common, partly because of Ruskin's influence. Why did the popular art critic change into the unpopular social reformer?

Ruskin's Love of Beauty

It is not really very mysterious. Ruskin had always believed that beauty comes only from right living—and how, he asked, can people live rightly when they have no chance to learn, no chance to see beautiful things, not even enough to eat? How could England be a beautiful land when her fields were being blackened with factory smoke, and when her people thought less of making a building good to look at and to live in than of piling up profits from it? He did not want to write

about these things but he found that his ideas simply would not let him alone. He worked very hard for the reforms that he preached. He gave away almost all of his money. He founded a college at Oxford for workingmen. He started workingmen's clubs, wrote a workingmen's paper, and even got himself laughed at by going out himself to break rocks on the road.

For a while Ruskin was professor of fine arts at Oxford. But his health was breaking and finally he went to live quietly at his country estate at Brantwood, up in the Lake Country. There, in 1900, he died. We scarcely know what to be most grateful to him for—whether the marvelous music of his prose, the beauty that he showed us in clouds and rippling water and many other scenes of nature, or the noble wish he had to make the lives of common men better and brighter.

***The* CLEAREST MIND of HIS CENTURY**

John Stuart Mill's Gifts Matured in Boyhood, and He Never Lost His Lucid Power, No Matter What the Subject He Set Out to Work Upon

WHenever people talk or write about children who learn things at a much earlier age than the average child does, they are certain sooner or later to mention John Stuart Mill. For this precocious youngster, who was born in London in 1806, had for a father a well-known philosopher with very decided ideas about education, and the ideas were tried with astonishing success on his young son John.

The father himself took entire charge of his son's education. At three John was learning lists of Greek words with their meanings. At eight, he had read Aesop's Fables, and a large number of other books, in Greek. That year he began to study Latin, and to teach the younger children what his father had taught him. By the time he was thirteen he had learned algebra and geometry and was starting on calculus, and had read more books than one could name on history and drama, besides most of the Latin classics. He had started to write

histories for himself before he was seven, though none of them ever came to much. At twelve he began logic, and at thirteen went through a "complete course in political economy." For years he and his father used to go on long walks, and John would tell his father what he had learned since the last time. Much of what he had learned would be from books that he had found and read for himself. When he was fourteen the young scholar went to France for a year or two of further study.

So it was a very learned young man who took a position in the India House and settled down in London shortly after he returned to England. He stayed with the India House for nearly thirty-five years, working gradually up to a position of importance. The work did not take nearly all his time, and hardly touched his tremendous stores of energy. In one year, when he was only twenty, he edited a long and difficult book on political economy; it would have

J. S. MILL

taken all the time of the average mature scholar for a much longer period. He wrote for and edited "The Westminster Review," and later another magazine. He thought and wrote on many thorny subjects, such as logic and economics and philosophy. During these years at the India House, in fact, he became one of the most influential thinkers and writers in England.

In 1822, while he was still very young indeed, he founded a famous little society of brilliant and earnest young men, which came to be known as the Utilitarian (û-tîl'î-tā'-rî-an) Society. Utilitarianism is the name given to the theory Mill worked out, building on ideas of his father and another well-known philosopher, Jeremy Bentham (bên'-tām). Its main idea is that society should be organized for "the greatest good of the greatest number," that is, in such

a way that, as far as possible, everyone shall have the chance to be as wise and happy as it is in his nature to be. These young men used to debate about such things and then write out what they thought for the magazines. Later, Mill arranged his conclusions in a book called by the name of his system, "Utilitarianism."

In 1830 Mill met a charming and intelligent woman, a Mrs. Taylor, who later became his wife. Partly through her he became intensely interested in working for justice and equality for women; one of the most famous of his books is called "On the Subjection of Women." Mrs. Taylor helped

him, also, to write what is surely his masterpiece, his fine "Essay on Liberty." This essay is not even yet out of date, for the world still has much to learn about liberty.

His dearly loved wife died in 1858, while they were on a trip together to the Continent. She was buried at Avignon, in France, and ever after Mill spent half of each year there, that he might be near her grave. But he did not stop his study and writing. He had retired from the India House by this time, and when his friends urged him to stand for parliament in 1865 he consented to do so. He was in parliament for three years, and spoke boldly and well for many of the changes and reforms he believed in, whether they were popular or not. In the passage of the Reform Bill of 1867 he worked with the great Liberal minister Gladstone.

Mill was a great walker, and loved the quiet beauty of the English countryside. Walking was, indeed, almost his only exercise, and botany was his hobby. He kept up both until the very end. Three days before he died, in 1873, he had been on a fifteen-mile botanical excursion.

Mill is remembered most of all for his keen, clean intellect. Though he learned to read Wordsworth's poetry with joy and to love beautiful things in general, it was, after all, clear thinking that seemed to him most beautiful of all. He had learned it long before on those walks with his father, and he passed it on to many followers.



John Stuart Mill, who taught the Englishmen of Victoria's day the beauty of clear, straight thinking.





This is Captain Costigan, the rascally actor in Thackeray's "Pendennis."

A GIANT *among the* NOVELISTS

It Would Be Hard to Say that England or Any Other Land Has Known a Greater Master of Fiction than Thackeray

AT THE age of twenty-five the great novelist Thackeray felt sure he was a complete failure. He had tried the law, as his mother wanted him to do, and found it entirely too dull. He had also failed at the one thing he himself wanted to do. For in spite of his great desire to become an artist, he had had his drawings for the "Pickwick Papers" of Charles Dickens rejected by the author of the book. So it was no use trying to make a living at painting, although he had practiced drawing ever since he had been a very small boy, and had later spent long hours in Paris sketching and studying art. But his work was not very popular, and he had to find some other way to make a living for his young wife. Furthermore, the money he had inherited from his father had all been lost through the failure of a bank and his own bad investments. In

real need, he turned at last to writing. And so the whole thing turned out to be a piece of luck, for Thackeray and for all the world.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta, India, on July 18, 1811, the son of an agent of the East India Company, who died when the boy was still very young. At five the little fellow was brought back to England to be educated, first at two smaller schools and later at the famous Charterhouse School in London, where he spent a great deal too much time in general reading, drawing, and acting to become a very good scholar. After six years there he entered Cambridge University, but before long he decided that travel and study on the Continent would be better for him than a college education. So he went off to Italy, France, and Germany, studying a little but giving most of his time to sketching and to

THACKERAY

talking with his interesting friends. Then came all the troubles we were telling of, followed by his work as an author.

Even then it took him a good while to win real fame. The first things he wrote were witty and humorous little stories for the magazines, some of them for the newly-founded "Punch." These were fairly popular, but were not published under his own name; so it was not until his first novels appeared that his success was sure. "Vanity Fair," published under his own name and illustrated with his own drawings, took its place at once as one of the great novels of all time. In this book, as in "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "Pendennis," he probably gives us as perfect a picture of life among the

upper classes in England as any other writer has ever drawn. And the people in his books are just as real as the men and women

that we know around us. There is the fascinating Becky Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," and the admirable Colonel Newcome, in the novel that bears his name; these and many others stand out in the books like living men and women, who can never be forgotten. In writing about them Thackeray fell in love with them so deeply that he used to laugh at their follies and cry over their misfortunes. One day when he was writing "The Newcomes," he ran out of his study sobbing, "I have just killed Colonel Newcome!" And when Helen Pendennis died, he wept again.

In the midst of all his success and fame, Thackeray's life was saddened by the long

illness of his wife, which finally led to her becoming insane. Left to take care of his young daughters and to struggle against poverty, he had a life that was far from easy, but he always remained cheerful and lovable in spite of his troubles. Although he has often been called a little cruel in his books, he was always gracious and kindly in his life. He once told Dickens that he could "never see a boy without wanting to give him a sovereign"; and one of his great desires was "to write something really good for children."

In 1852 Thackeray toured America and gave a series of lectures on the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century."

On a second tour in 1855 he delivered his lectures on "The Four

Georges"—the four kings of England who had borne that name. He edited the celebrated "Cornhill Magazine" from 1850 to

1862, but his life was cut short by his sudden death on December 24, 1863. He is everywhere known as one of the world's greatest novelists. His "Henry Esmond" is the finest historical novel in the English language, and his "Vanity Fair" is also one of the greatest of social satires.

To say that "Vanity Fair" is a social satire means that in it, as in others of his novels, Thackeray makes fun of the vanities and failings of men and women. Some people in his own time thought him cynical, too ready to sneer. But we can see now that his kindly spirit made it easier for him to pity people than to condemn them.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

In the inset is the face of William Makepeace Thackeray, the merry, kindly, merciless novelist who never failed to see through a humbug and looked as if he did not know whether to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind. Beside him is one of his literary creations, Caroline Brandenburg, the sad little Cinderella in "A Shabby Genteel Story."

DICKENS



This is a portrait of the immortal Mr. Pickwick, who never really walked the earth but who is nevertheless much better known to-day than he would be if he had lived in the flesh. For he is one of the great creations of the novelist Charles Dickens, and has been the intimate friend of thousands upon thousands of people.

WHAT AUTHOR GAVE US *the* MOST FAMOUS CHARACTERS?

Next to Shakespeare, It Was Dickens; and This Will Show How He Learned to Do It

DO YOU know Mr. Micawber? If you have not yet had the pleasure, you can meet him in the great novel of "David Copperfield." You will find him a genteel humbug, always just a step from the debtor's jail, always waiting for "something to turn up" and save him. In him you will see a pretty fair picture of the father of the man who wrote the novel. And of course the author is Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

No boy with a Micawber for a father would be expected to grow up into a great novelist, and the way Dickens did it is a moving and exciting tale.

He was born in a tenement at Portsea, and at the age of two was taken to live in London; two years later the family went to Chatham, where the boy began to grow up. As soon as he had learned his letters he began

to read all the great novels he had time for, but often there was not very much time. At the age of eleven he was back in London again, living in one of the poorest suburbs, where the people were huddled in rows of houses along filthy alleys and where a good meal was the event of a lifetime. The paupers around him lived in constant terror of the workhouse, and the tiny children had to go out to work for next to nothing.

Charles Dickens went to work like many of the others. His father had at last gone to prison for debt, a fate that he was going to meet many a time again. The mother tried to set up a school, and the little boy went around leaving circulars at many a door to advertise it, but of course the school failed. Then the boy went to work in a factory, pasting labels on the pots of blacking that were made there. It was an evil place,

DICKENS



Photo by Rischgitz

Gathered around this portrait of Dickens are some of the children of his gifted mind, old friends all, many

of whom you will be able to name from their queer clothes or from the situation in which you see them.

and the other boys were very rough fellows indeed, but here Dickens had to work for long hours to get a few cents a week.

Yet he never would have been anything like the man he was, never would have written the kind of novels with which he charmed the world, if he had not worked in the blacking factory and lived the miserable life of the slums, with a father often in jail. For that was how Dickens learned life. He knew more about those slums, and all the

kinds of people in them, than anybody else in his day. He put hundreds of those people into his novels, and so gave the world its greatest picture gallery of rogues and cheats, of rascals and eccentrics, of wretches and saints and heroes from the slums.

A little stroke of luck in the form of some money came to his father and took the boy out of the blacking factory and back to school a little while again. Then he was an office boy for a lawyer, and began to learn

DICKENS

all about the sharpers of the law whom he was also going to put into so many of his novels. He already greatly longed to be a writer, and the best way he knew to start was to get work as a reporter for a paper. Long into the night he would sit up learning shorthand; and soon enough he was a reporter for the papers in the press gallery of the House of Commons, where he could take down the speeches in shorthand faster than any other man around him.

That was the start.

Soon a paper took one of his original little stories, and he was so full of joy that he could hardly see his way along the street. Then he began a series of sketches that he signed with his nickname of Boz. For his family had playfully called him "Moses," and had pronounced it "Bozes," as if they all had colds in the head; and this had been shortened to "Boz." So the "Sketches by Boz," first printed in a paper and then in a book, were the basis of the author's fame.

Then a publisher wanted some more sketches, just to go with some funny pictures that one of the great artists of the day was drawing. For this Dickens started his immortal "Pickwick Papers." But these were soon seen to be so much better than the pictures as to eclipse them; and the "Pickwick Papers," with their rollicking laughter and their queer

but lovable characters, first showed the world what Charles Dickens could do. They took everyone by storm, and Dickens was instantly a famous man.

From now on people knew that there was just one man in

the world who could do what Dickens was doing filling up his books with characters like Mr. Pickwick and his friends Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass, with his marvelous servant Sam Weller and the marvelous father of that servant; with the rascally Jingle, the scoundrelly lawyers Dodson and Fogg, the browbeating Serjeant Buzfuz, and all the other immortal people in this one book. In

giving us such characters he gave as characters like these Dickens went ahead of anybody who had ever written stories before him. In giving us such characters he grew and remained wildly famous. And in a

whole series of novels, during the rest of his life, he kept on making up the queer characters that we can come to know as if we had lived all our lives with them.

If someone could line up the hundreds of men and women from Dickens' novels in a long row, dressed just as he dresses them and talking just as he makes them talk if someone could only do this, we should not have the least trouble in going down the line and picking out every one of them. "You are Pegotty, of course," we should be saying; "you are Barkis, you are Bill Sykes, you are



This will introduce you to Sam Weller, the incomparable servant to Pickwick in the book we know as "Pickwick Papers." The puffy gentleman at the right is Weller's father, another of Charles Dickens' amusing characters.



Photo by National Portrait Gall

Charles Dickens was also a gifted actor; this portrait of him shows the fine eyes and expressive countenance which made his readings from his novels so great a delight to the audiences of his day.

DICKENS



1.

DICKENS'S Railway

Visitors in London before World War II liked to go to this little snop, said to be the home of the little girl who was the original of little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop." As a matter of fact, the shop that Dickens visited stood on quite a different street and was long

ago destroyed. But it was much the sort of place that you see pictured above, and it was behind windows full of the same outworn bric-a-brac that the real little Nell lived with her grandfather in the dusty, musty atmosphere that Dickens describes.

Dick Swiveller, you are Smike, you are Little Nell, you are Fagin—and so on for hundreds of the rest.

There is hardly any other author except Shakespeare of whom we could say all that. And that is the glory of Dickens, creator of character. On this his great fame rests.

After "Pickwick," Dickens gave us "Oliver Twist," with its tales of paupers and of criminals, of the workhouse and the debtor's prison. Then he wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" to ridicule some of the stupid and brutal schools of his day. "Barnaby Rudge" followed this, and "The Old Curiosity Shop." Then came "Martin Chuzzlewit," which gave offense to many people in America by its description of American ways.

A little later we have "Dombey and Son," and then "David Copperfield"—the author's favorite work and largely the story of his own life. Then the magnificent series kept on in "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," and "Our Mutual Friend." Besides these there is "The Tale of Two Cities," a very popular work which always stands by itself because it is the author's single historical novel, and finally "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a great story that was left unfinished at the author's death. Many a man has tried to guess what the end of "Edwin Drood" would have been, but we shall never know for certain. Meanwhile people delight to read it and to try to solve its mystery.



Charles Kingsley, the English writer and clergyman who gave his life to working and writing in behalf of the poor and downtrodden.

Photo by National Portrait Gallery

The young people of three generations have loved this gentle, kindly man for the stories he wrote for them.

The MAN WHO WROTE "The WATER-BABIES"

It Was the Same Charles Kingsley Who Gave Us the "Greek Heroes" and Many Other Books

EVERY boy and girl has heard about Charles Kingsley. He wrote the delightful fairy tale about "The Water-Babies" and also the great book about "The Heroes" of old Greece. And as boys and girls grow up, they find out that he did a great deal more; for he was also a poet, a lecturer, a famous novelist, and one of the great preachers of his day.

Kingsley was born in Devonshire on June 12, 1819, and spent his youth in that glorious part of England. He did not care very much for other children, but spent a great deal of his time in scribbling down the thoughts that came to him. Even before he was four he had tried to imitate his clergyman father by writing out childish sermons, and it is said that he was also writing poetry at that early age. He liked to walk about the country, too, to go boating, and to collect shells, and in this way he gained a great deal of the nature lore that later proved useful when he was writing his scientific

papers or was teaching people about botany and geology.

When Kingsley's parents took him to London at the age of seventeen, he was by no means such a kindly spirit as one might expect in a young man who was later going to spend his time, his enthusiasm, and even his health trying to improve the conditions of the poor. As he himself said, he was a "thorough aristocrat," and he felt little but scorn for the poor workingmen who came to the Kingsley home in search of help.

When he went to Cambridge the next year to study for the ministry, he was very restless and unhappy because of his religious doubts, and he often thought of running away to "become a wild prairie hunter" instead of a clergyman. But all his doubt and snobbishness soon passed, and upon leaving the university he became first curate and then rector of Eversley. He found many of his parishioners in such a miserable state that he worked long hours to get better

THE BRONTËS

homes and better wages for them. Then at night he wrote lectures, sermons, pamphlets, and books, urging others to help the needy to a better living. In his first novel, "Alton Locke," he pictures the miseries of a London tailor, while his "Yeast" shows the wretched conditions among the farm laborers of England.

Westward Ho!

In 1860 Kingsley became a professor of history at Cambridge University, but ill health finally forced him to resign. During this time he traveled, lectured, taught geology and botany, gained several posts in the church, was chaplain to Queen Victoria,

and wrote on a variety of subjects including sanitation, military life, science, politics, and religion. But it was his historical novels that brought him the highest fame. In our day these are still the books from his pen that are most widely read—"Hypatia," an Egyptian story, "Hereward the Wake," an English historical novel, and above all "Westward Ho!," a great story of old Devon and of exploration to America.

In 1874 Kingsley came to America to give a series of lectures and was very warmly received as a faithful preacher and a famous writer. The next year, on January 23, he died and was buried at Eversley. But he still lives on in the affections of many a reader.

WHO WAS "CURRER BELL"?

This Is the Story of the Three Brontë Sisters, Who All Became Famous Novelists

WHAT is the secret fire that lights in some human brain once in a great while and makes its owner into a genius? Nobody has the least idea of what it is. All that we can say is that a genius is a genius, and that he is about as likely to be born in a hovel as in a palace.

For instance, a century ago there were six children in the home of a humble clergyman in Yorkshire. Two of the girls died before they grew up, for the health of the family was very bad. The one boy went to the dogs as a terrible drunkard. But the other three girls, though they all died young, left immortal names as poets and novelists. What was it that set the brains of all three on fire?

These were the Brontë (brŏn'tě) sisters—Charlotte (1816-1855), Emily (1818-1848), and Anne (1820-1840). They were odd little girls who never learned to play. They had lost their mother and they felt more fear than love for their stern father, who would stay locked up for hours in his study and even take his meals alone there. Their maiden aunt was fairly good to them, but they were left a great deal to their own ways.

They would read instead of romping. They nearly always read together, as they

did almost everything together. For one year they went together to a dismal school where the food was very scanty, the rooms very cold, and the discipline very harsh. Then Charlotte had a happier year at another school, where the other girls forgot her odd clothes when they found out what a brain she had. At nineteen she was a teacher in the school, and a little later she was a teacher and governess in several places. Anyone who reads her story of "Jane Eyre" will see that Charlotte knew all about schools and governesses.

When a Masterpiece Went Begging

All three of the girls had begun to write early, poems and stories, and this too they did together. But it was hard to get their first works printed. The great story of Jane Eyre (âr) was sent to the poet Southey, who returned it without any word to encourage its timid author. Then it was peddled from one publisher to another in London, but for a long time no one would take it.

So Charlotte and her sisters were discouraged, and they thought the best thing was to set up a school. Charlotte and Emily went over to Brussels for a while to

THE BRONTËS



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Living their lonely life in their house on the Yorkshire moors, these three Brontë sisters nevertheless made

brush up their languages for teaching, and there they managed to have one of their rare happy periods. Then the aunt died, and left them a little money. Things were a little better in the quiet parsonage.

And then at last came success. Not in the little volume of poems that the three sisters published, for the number of copies of that volume that were sold was exactly two. The little book contains some exquisite poems by Emily, but they had to wait a good while to be discovered; while the tender poems of Anne are less successful, and those of Charlotte least so of all. But the success came from their three novels—"Jane Eyre" by Charlotte, "Wuthering Heights" by Emily, and "Agnes Gray" by Anne, all printed in 1847. The novels were famous at once, especially "Jane Eyre."

For a time the world had no idea that the novels had been written by three girls in the country. There was still many a good person who thought a woman had no business writing novels, especially exciting

for themselves an inner life so vivid and so real that their names are known wherever English is spoken.

ones like these. So the sisters did not sign their own names to their work. They signed them as by Currer Bell, Ellis Bell, and Acton Bell, as they had signed their poems. And to this day Charlotte Brontë is sometimes known as Currer Bell.

Anne and Emily hardly lived to enjoy their triumph. Emily died within a year, and Anne only six months later. Charlotte was left alone for six years longer, and then she was laid away at the age of thirty-nine, less than a year after her marriage to the Reverend Arthur Bell Nichols. She had given the world three other novels—"The Professor," "Shirley," and "Villette."

For a long time "Jane Eyre" was always thought to be the greatest work of the three sisters, but in our own day the weird and powerful tale of "Wuthering Heights" has come to rank with it or above it. The sisters had nothing out of which to make these novels but a very quiet kind of ordinary country life—and genius. But what genius is, as we have said, we do not really know.



"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

It was at Balaklava
during the Crimean
War that the famous
charge took place which
Tennyson describes in
his "Charge of the
Light Brigade." It was
all the result of a blun-
dering order, but gal-
lantly the brave men
obeyed it:

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S POET

*Besides Writing His Great Poem of King Arthur and His Knights,
Tennyson Was Made Official Poet to His Own Great Queen*

ALL day long the rectory at Somersby rang with the voices and laughter of the twelve happy Tennyson children as they played at the games they had invented for themselves. Sometimes they were "champions and warriors defending a field or a stone heap." At other times they divided into enemy camps and played a game of battle in which a willow stick planted in the ground represented a king, and still other sticks his defending knights. Then each party of children would attack the other and try to overpower the "enemy."

The young Tennysons also loved animals and spent a great deal of time tramping through the near-by woods and watching the birds and other creatures that lived there. Unable to bear the sight of an animal ensnared, they never failed to spring the gamekeepers' traps, a habit which led one of the keepers to remark, "If ever we catch that there young gentleman who is forever springing the traps, we'll duck him in the pond."

By "that there young gentleman" they meant Alfred, the fourth child of the large

Tennyson family; he had been born on August 6, 1809. Of all the children he was the most interested in nature and spent the most time watching his pet owl and his mother's pet monkey, studying the flowers in the rectory garden, or lying flat on his back to gaze at the stars in the evening sky.

But of all their games none was more fun than the one they played about the family dinner table. During the day each child would write a story or a poem and hide it under a vegetable dish. Then, when dinner was over, they would read them aloud—tales of adventure and daring, of knights and ladies, of goblins and dragons and Indians. And of course it was Alfred whose stories delighted them most, for he seemed to have been born to be a writer.

Although his father understood him and felt sure that he would make a name for himself some day, his grandfather was not quite so sure. Once when he had asked the boy to write a poem about his grandmother, who had recently died, the old gentleman did not find the poem to his liking. Handing the

TENNYSON

boy two shillings, he remarked, "There! That is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and take my word for it, it will be the last." But the grandfather was wrong, for Alfred Tennyson became one of the greatest of all English poets.

When he was seven the boy was asked whether he would rather go to school or go to sea, and at once he decided in favor of school. But his four years at the Louth Grammar School were so unpleasant that he may well have wondered whether he had chosen wisely. At last, however, he was brought home to be taught by his father, a learned man who was able to give the boy the training that he needed.

Surrounded by people who understood him, he found happiness in his quiet, refined home, where there was plenty of time for reading in his father's excellent library, for thinking, for enjoying and studying nature, and for writing. By the time he was twelve he had written a poem of more than six thousand lines, and at fourteen he was the author of a whole drama in blank verse. Four years later Alfred and his brother Charles published a volume of verse called "Poems by Two Brothers."

A Prize Worth Winning

At the university in Cambridge, where he went to study in 1828, he took great pleasure in the friendship of the remarkable young men he met there, especially in that of Arthur Hallam, who became his dearest friend. When he won the Chancellor's Prize with his poem on "Timbuctoo," in competition with such a promising writer as the young William Makepeace Thackeray, his ability impressed both his instructors and his school-fellows. And a year later, when he published

a volume of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," he gained some notice from poets and critics out in the world, if not as yet much attention from the public at large.

In 1831 he left Cambridge without taking a degree, for his father was ill and Alfred was needed at home. Upon his father's death a few weeks later, Alfred decided to remain at

Somersby. There he finished the poems which were to be published in a volume printed in 1832. Many of these already showed remarkable gifts; but some of the critics of the day were heartless in their reviews of the little volume.

Stung by the harsh criticisms of his poems, and saddened by the sudden death of his great friend, Arthur Hallam, Tennyson let almost ten years pass without publishing a word of any consequence. He was

busy all the time, reading and writing, and the work of the next ten years came out in his "Poems" of 1842, and brought him real fame. From that time on he was always ranked as the greatest living poet.

Yet he was still to spend several more years of hardship and of worry over money matters. Next he published the narrative poem called "The Princess," and in 1850 the elegy of "In Memoriam," a great poem expressing the author's grief for his dead friend, Hallam. His poems were now bringing in enough money for Tennyson at last to marry the girl who had waited for him almost fifteen years.

Who Wrote "Idylls of the King"?

From then on life was easier. That same year he was made poet laureate of England. His fame was spreading very rapidly in England and America. It was greatly increased by his series of beautiful poems entitled "Idylls of the King." He also wrote a number of dramas in verse. Hardly any other



Alfred, Lord Tennyson, England's best-loved poet in the nineteenth century, and one whom still read with pleasure.

English poet ever received such honors during his lifetime, and hardly any other ever held such sway over the hearts and minds of the English-speaking world as did Tennyson. He became Lord Tennyson in 1884. Upon his death on October 6, 1892, he was honored

by being given a last resting place within the hallowed Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. His poems have a purity, a nobility, and an artistic beauty that is rare in any age and in any language. The times have changed, but we still read him with delight.

The HARDEST POET to UNDERSTAND

"When I Wrote That Poem," Said Robert Browning Once, "Only God and I Knew What It Meant; Now God Alone Knows"

THE news that young Robert Browning had put together another play was always likely to send a chill down the backs of the younger boys in the Reverend Mr. Ready's private school. They knew that the young writer would soon have them turning into actors, and they did not enjoy it. In fact, they did not like Browning quite so well as they might have, for he was always showing them up in the classroom. And Browning did not like them any more than they liked him. They seemed pretty stupid, and so did the teacher too. There was, indeed, little for the bright boy to like. The rules were annoying, and the older boys bullied him. Small wonder, then, that he always looked forward to the week-ends spent at his home in Camberwell, just outside London.

There he was perfectly happy listening to his mother's music, reading in his father's library, roaming out of doors, or watching the pets in his small menagerie. Few boys have ever had better parents. As soon as Robert was able to read, his father, a man of fine literary taste, urged him to spend as much time as he liked in his splendid library. His mother taught him to love music and art and the beauties of nature. Long before he had learned to write, the little boy was making verses and repeating them to her.

Before he was eight he was trying to decide whether he would be an artist, a musician, or a writer. He really became all three; for though he is famous only as a poet, he was also a very good musician and artist.

In 1824, at the age of twelve, Browning had written a "volume" of poems. His father was proud of the boy's work, and sought in vain for a publisher. But the failure did not discourage the young poet, for he kept right on writing and studying the works of other poets. Although he went to a college in London for a little while, most of his education came from the books he read at home. Travel on the Continent also widened his knowledge. Then, at the age of twenty-one, his first poem was published. From that time on his fame grew—though only very slowly, for reasons that we shall see.

When Elizabeth Barrett mentioned him in one of her poems, Browning called to thank her for the honor. That short visit was the beginning of one of the world's most famous love affairs. Almost at once he asked Miss Barrett to marry him. But her family were against the marriage because Elizabeth was so much of an invalid. Finally the lovers married against the wishes of the family. They went to live in Italy, and there they remained for the rest of Mrs. Browning's



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Robert Browning, one of the great English poets of the past century, and a gifted musician and artist as well.

ROBERT BROWNING

life. The fifteen years they spent there were happy ones indeed. Praise of the poems which they wrote in their beloved Florence brought them ever greater joy. When a son was born, they thought that they were the most radiantly happy people on earth.

Then, in 1861, Mrs. Browning died. Unwilling to remain in Italy without her, Browning went to London to look after his son's education. He was greatly saddened by his loss, but he began to work harder than ever before. His interest in his son in his own writing, and in his friends helped him to keep brave and optimistic. Until his death in 1889, he was greatly loved by the leading men and women of London.

Much of the great poetry of Browning is hard to read.

It is always deeply thoughtful, for one thing. For another, it probes into the inner recesses of the human soul, and so deals with obscure things. And sometimes Browning did not care to write so clearly as to make it simple for anybody to read and understand him. Because he was so hard to understand, people were slow to discover his greatness.

What Was Browning's Masterpiece?

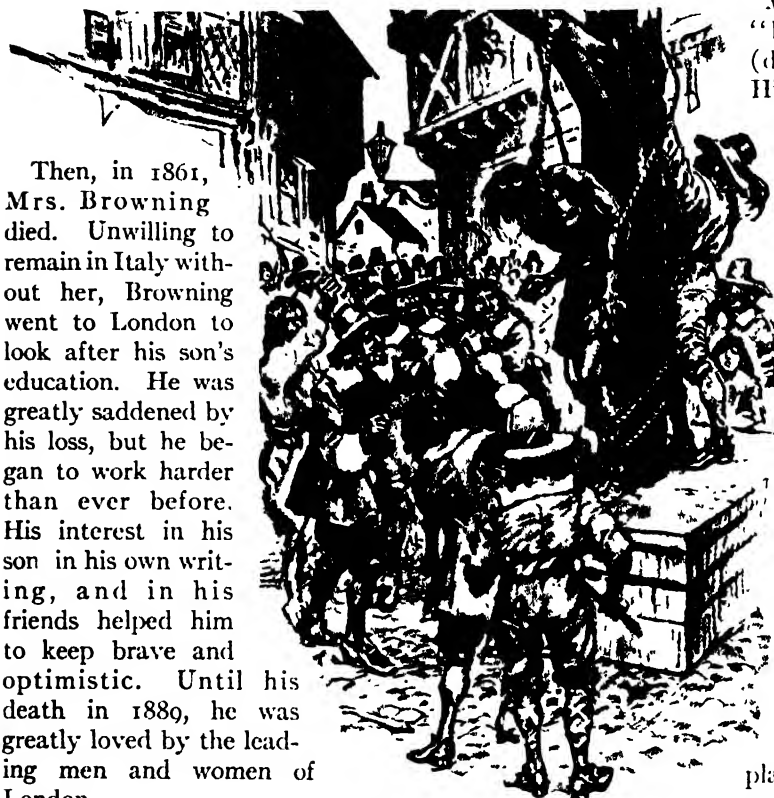
He began with a poem called "Pauline" and then wrote "Paracelsus" (pär'â-sêl'sûs) and "Sordello." This last poem was so hard to understand that the witty Mrs. Carlyle

said her husband could not tell whether Sordello was a man or a city or a book. Then Browning wrote a good many poetic plays, like "Pippa Passes," some of which were acted with success. He published some very great poems in the volumes called "Men and Women" and "Dramatis Personae" (drăm'â-tîs pērsō'nē).

His masterpiece is the long poem called "The Ring and the Book." We have poetry that is more melodious, but none that is more thoughtful and searching than he gave us.

And what Browning searched and thought about was always the minds and souls of human beings. He was never particularly interested in what people did but always in why they did it and what they were thinking about. So he worked out what was almost a new way of writing for poetry not meant to be part of a play. He would pick out some fascinating character, often an artist or a monk who lived in Italy five or

six centuries ago in the brave days of the Renaissance. Then he would imagine his character in some particular situation—and set him talking, either aloud or to himself. He would have an Italian duke showing the portrait of his dead wife to a visitor and telling him about her, or a bad-tempered monk thinking about another monk whom he hates as he watches him putter about the garden. What makes "The Ring and the Book" so long is that in it he lets nine different people tell the same story—one of them twice—so we may hear just what everybody concerned thought about it. For that was the important thing to Browning.



Readers of Browning's "Ring and the Book" will remember the miserable Guido, whose punishment is shown here.

The CHIEF ENGLISH POETESS

“Elizabeth Barrett Has Married Robert Browning; What Language Will They Speak?” Asked One of Their Friends

LITTLE ELIZABETH BARRETT was never very well. Doubtless that is why she had such a quiet childhood. Wandering about her father's estate in Durham, England, where she had been born in 1806, the little girl early learned to love the beautiful out-of-doors. At other times, reading books that were much too difficult for most little girls, or grown-up people either, she learned many other things. By the time she was ten she had even written some poems. At fourteen she was reading Greek very well indeed. Her first book of poems was published when she was only twenty, and it won her great praise. It was the beginning of the work that has made her so famous.

At twenty-nine she fell very ill. A whole year passed and she was little better; so her father sent her and her favorite brother to the seashore. In the warm air on the coast she seemed to be recovering. Then one day a terrible accident occurred. Her brother had gone out sailing with two of his friends, only to meet his death from drowning. Her grief was so great that it seemed for a time that she, too, would die. For long years she lay on a couch in a darkened room, seeing no one except her closest friends and reading in her favorite books. When her doctor once ordered her to read only “light” books, she deceived him by having a copy of Plato bound like a novel. For “light” books could not satisfy a mind like hers. Finally she took up writing again and she began to improve; but she was never really well.

Her greatest happiness came to her in

1846, when she married Robert Browning. It was a famous marriage between two poets. Her husband was a far greater poet than she was, but at the time and for long afterward her own poetry was far more popular than his, and she was thought to be the greater genius. Never would that fact make such lovers as the Brownings jealous.



England's greatest woman poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, wife of the poet Robert Browning.

Almost at once they went to live in Italy, where her new love and the bright Italian skies made her happier and healthier than she had ever been. When a little boy was born to her, the Italians called her “the mother of the beautiful baby.” For more than fifteen happy years the Brownings remained in Italy. Some of Mrs. Browning's finest poems were written there, but she is best remembered for the sonnets she wrote at the time of her engagement and in her early married years. These she called “Sonnets from the Portuguese,” and she had no intention that we should ever see them. She had written them for her lover

alone. But he published them, and they rank among the most beautiful love lyrics in the English language. Mrs. Browning wrote a great many other poems, including “Aurora Leigh,” a long story in verse. She died in Italy, in 1861.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning is remembered for something better than her brilliant mind and her beautiful verses. She is remembered as one of the finest women of her day. But she was also one of the first English women to win true and lasting fame as a poet; and though her vogue has somewhat declined, we still love to read her verse.



Photo by Ischegitz

This is the graceful young woman who ruled over England during an age so great that she might well be proud to think it bears her name. For it was under

Queen Victoria that England built up her great empire. The quaint picture above shows the eighteen-year-old queen going in state to dine with the Lord Mayor.

A TEACHER of ALL ENGLAND

*Not Only Could Matthew Arnold Tell the Subjects of Victoria
Just Where Their Worst Faults Lay, but He Could Also
Delight Them with Some of the Finest Poetry
of the Nineteenth Century*

A GOOD many people seem to think that a person should not criticize what other people have written unless he can write very well himself. Yet you could count on the fingers of one hand the English writers who have been both great poets or novelists and great critics. One of those you would have to count is Matthew Arnold, the greatest critic of the Victorian Age and one of its finest poets too.

Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham, England, in 1822. His father, Thomas Arnold, was a well-known educator who later won fame as head master of Rugby, the famous school for boys. So Arnold came honestly by the interest he later showed in

education. He went to Rugby himself, and won a prize by his first poem, written when he was eighteen. Three years later, at Oxford, he won another prize with a poem on Oliver Cromwell.

After graduation he continued to mingle education and poetry. He was first a master at Rugby, then a private secretary, then an administrator of public education, and finally inspector of all the schools of England. From 1851 until a few years before his death, Arnold traveled back and forth across England, laboring hard at his inspectorship. He did a great deal to interest the English people in their schools, and managed to bring about some of the reforms he believed in. He trav-

eled on the Continent, too, and studied schools in France and Germany, so that he could speak and write about whatever he saw that seemed to him good. Besides all this, he was for the ten years between 1857 and 1867 a professor of poetry at Oxford.

The Long Road to Fame

This honor had come to him because his own poetry was at last being read and appreciated. The first volume of it had appeared in 1840, and had made so little stir that the author soon withdrew it from the market. Yet it contained two or three of his loveliest poems—for instance the plaintive lament of "The Forsaken Mer-
man":

Children dear, was it
yesterday
We heard the sweet
bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through
the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?

There was a second book in 1852, but that had to be withdrawn too. When the third appeared in 1853, voices at last were raised in its praise. It contained several of Arnold's best-known poems: the thoughtful musings of "The Scholar Gypsy," the richly beautiful lines on "Philomela," the nightingale, and the heroic story of "Sohrab and Rustum." Other volumes of verses followed. The best of the poems have a sober, stately beauty all Arnold's own. There are exquisite pictures of the English countryside in some of them. In many of them Arnold expresses his own hopes and fears in strong and somber phrases. He was the poet of people who love to think.

The Philistines of England

Arnold would have liked to be able to write like the ancient Greeks, especially like Homer and Sophocles. By his criticism as well as by his poetry, he wished to bring into

Victorian England something of the quiet and harmony of the Greek ideal. He thought people hurried too much, were too much interested in making money and in being comfortable, and too little interested in art and ideas. He called the busy trading classes "Philistines," and said that they went forth, as in the days of the Old Testament, to fight against the "children of light." These children of light were the people who were truly educated; they were not the merely learned, they were those who had studied "the best that

has been thought and said in the world" and were therefore people of true culture. Arnold thought that if only more people would become interested in beautiful things and clear thoughts—"sweetness and light," he called them—everyone would be much happier. He was very fond of making catch phrases like those that have just been quoted, and you will hardly read much without hearing his phrases bandied about, even to-
day—often by people who have no idea where they came from.

These ideas, and many more, Arnold wrote out in a long series of books, such as "Essays in Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," and "Literature and Dogma." In them he criticizes books and authors, literature, religion, and life in general. Of course a great many people did not like what he wrote. People never like to be told that they are on the wrong track. He was sometimes thought of as a snob because he had so little good to say of everyday people. But there is so much solid sense in his criticism that he is still widely read and quoted. And his influence has been very great.

In spite of opposition, Arnold became a famous man, even in his own day. In 1883 he was granted a pension, and could at last give up his tiring school inspectorship—which he had never very much liked—and spend all his time writing and lecturing. He even



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Matthew Arnold, the leading English critic of the nineteenth century, and one of its finest poets.

THE ROSSETTIS

came to America on a lecture tour. His death came suddenly in 1888.

He was one of the great Victorians— a critic of massive power and a poet of rare excellence. Sometime, when you are feeling the sadness and difficulties of life, you will want to read his "Thyrsis," written on the death of his friend Arthur Hugh Clough, and one of the three or four finest elegies in our lan-

guage; or perhaps his beautiful sonnet to Shakespeare; or his poem "Dover Beach," in which he describes the stupid affairs of men as taking place

"here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle
and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

ALL *the* FAMILY WERE POETS

The Rossettis Were Driven Out of Italy, but the Father and Four Children Left Their Names in English Literature

THERE were greater writers in the nineteenth century, but there was no entire family so famous in literature and art as the Rossettis (rô-sêt'tê). They were a father and four children. The father had been driven out of Italy in 1824, owing to his fight for freedom there, and had come to England. He was a poet of some note, and a teacher of Italian at King's College in London, where he did a great deal to make the great poet Dante (dan'tâ) known to the English world.

The oldest child was Maria Francesca (1827-1876). She wrote some excellent books on Dante and his work. Another child was William Michael, who lived to be ninety years old, dying only in 1919. He was a fine critic of art and literature, an excellent biographer, and a good poet. But far more distinguished was his sister, Christina Rossetti, and especially his brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The fame of all these children shows what it means to have a fine father and a good training.

Christina Rossetti, born in 1830, was a very precocious girl. At the age of twelve she wrote a poem for her mother's birthday, and at eighteen her verses were already appearing in several of the magazines. From that time on she continued to write beautiful

poems, largely of a religious kind, till her death in 1894. With Mrs. Browning for her only rival, she holds a first place among the women poets of her land and her century.

She was a beautiful woman, of a very quiet and retiring nature. Her fame was made by her book called "Goblin Market," in 1862, and was steadily increased by other poems, long and short. She is at her best in some of her shorter lyrics.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, born in 1828, was the greatest artist and poet of the whole family. He was at once a leading painter and a leading poet of his age. After going to King's College and to two art schools, he made up his mind to give his life to painting. But he had been writing verses also since the age of five, and he continued as a poet all

through his life. To-day he is more famous for his poetry than for his pictures.

He was a leading spirit in the famous Pre-Raphaelite (prê-râf'â-êl-it) Movement, about 1850, which did so much for painting and also for poetry. The artists in this movement felt that all the art around them was far too artificial. They were for going back to the simpler and more natural art of earlier days, of the days before Raphael. In this aim they started a magazine called "The Germ," still



Photo by National Portrait Gall

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, whose work is full of a strange, singing beauty which stamps it as his own.

THE ROSSETTIS



Not only did Rossetti write his fine poem of "The Blessed Damozel"; he also painted this portrait of

his wife to describe the maiden, who "leaned o'er the gold bar of heaven" looking for her lover.

very famous though it was very short-lived; and in this aim Rossetti and the others made some beautiful pictures and wrote some beautiful poems.

There was a great tragedy in Rossetti's life. He married a young girl of startling beauty whom you can see in a great many of his paintings, and two years later she died. He was overcome by the sorrow. In his picture, the "Beata Beatrix," and in his inspired poem of "The Blessed Damozel" we can see how much he idolized his young

wife. At her death he threw all of his poems into the coffin and buried them with her. But they were later recovered and published, and he kept on working till the end. His health gave way in middle life and he was the first of the Rossetti children to go to the grave. He died in 1882. Aside from "The Blessed Damozel," he wrote some great sonnets in "The House of Life," a good many ballads like "Rose Mary" and "The White Ship," and a number of longer poems, notably "Sister Helen" and "Jenny."



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

These three charming children are the little Swinburnes, Algernon Charles and his two sisters. The

boy was to grow up to write some of the most musical verse ever written in the English tongue.

The MOST MUSICAL of POETS

We Can Probably Give That Title to Swinburne, for His Amazing Melodies and Harmonies in Words

IT USED to amuse the school librarian immensely to see the odd-looking youngster sitting there day after day, cross-legged like a little tailor in the sunny bay window, with a great book on his lap. The boy had a slim body, spidery hands and feet, and a huge head, made to look even bigger by its unruly mop of red-gold hair. The librarian would point him out to visitors as one of the curiosities of the school at Eton.

All his life Algernon Charles Swinburne was being pointed out as a curiosity. Some-

times, later, he was hated for his liberal ideas; usually he was admired for his learning and his melodious poetry. But always he was mentioned for his oddity. A whole legend about him grew up while he was still alive.

He had begun to be unusual even before he went to Eton. Although born in London, in 1837, he was brought up by the sea, on the Isle of Wight. He had been a very sickly baby, but as a child he lived such a healthful life out of doors—riding, swimming, climbing cliffs—that he was fairly well by the time he

SWINBURNE

went away to school, though always nervous and slight of body. By that time, too, he was already widely read in French and Italian as well as in English—though he had never been allowed to read a single novel. When he arrived at the school, he was clutching a copy of Shakespeare.

A Young Poet's Schooldays

Before young Swinburne left Eton he had read a great deal more, in Italian, in French, and in Greek. He had plunged into the novels forbidden him before, and had fairly devoured the old English dramatists and all the poetry he could lay his hands on. A friend reports that it is hard to say what, by the time he was sixteen, Swinburne did not know and appreciate, too. When he was not reading in the sunny window, he would be wandering through the woods—"he could swim and walk forever," another friend reports—fairly dancing along, and reciting page after page from his favorite books.

Surprisingly enough, this bookish youth wanted to go into the army—his father was an admiral—but he was too weak and small. So he went up to Oxford. Here he developed such radical ideas about religion and politics that his friends feared he might be expelled, just as Shelley, one of his favorite poets, had been expelled before him. He used to recite fiery verses in front of a portrait of the Italian patriot, Mazzini (măt-sē'nē). When he visited France with his parents in 1858, he came near getting them all into trouble with his remarks about the French emperor. Years later (1871), at the urging of his hero, Mazzini, he put his enthusiasm for freedom and democracy into some of the most stirring poetry in our language—his "Songs before Sunrise."

A Youthful Literary Lion

All this time he had been experimenting in verse, but he did not publish anything important until 1865. By that time he was living in London, in the intimate circle of George Meredith, the novelist-poet, and the Rossettis, a family of poets and painters. In Paris he had made a friend of the American painter, Whistler, and had visited the poet

Landor in Italy. Already he was a familiar and much-talked-of figure at literary parties—with his top-heavy figure, his flaming hair, his restless hand, his incredible memory, his flow of brilliant talk, and his trick of declaiming his own verses in an impressive chant. At length, with the appearance of "Atalanta in Calydon," in 1865, he burst into full fame with the public at large.

"Atalanta in Calydon" came out in cream-colored bindings, with strange and lovely illustrations by Swinburne's dearest friend, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (rô-sēt'tē). It was an immediate success. And no wonder! Who could resist the interwoven melodies of lines like these?

When the hounds of spring are on winter's
traces,

The mother of months in meadow or
plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain . . .

It is like soft and lovely music, with its easy rhythms and its playing with the m's and l's and r's

Famous and Hated

But the very next year after he won his fame by this book, Swinburne began to be hated and attacked by the moralists because they did not like some of the poems in his next book, "Poems and Ballads." The publisher actually withdrew the book from sale. Yet you may be sure that whether they praised or blamed these poems, people all over England, and America too, were talking about them and their eccentric author.

Meanwhile, Swinburne kept on writing, and turned out an immense number of poems, poetic dramas, and criticisms in prose. But he could not stand life in London very well, and was always falling ill and having to go to the country for long months of rest. Finally his health grew so bad that he went with his dear friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, to an estate called The Pines, in the country not far from London. And there he spent the last thirty years of his life very quietly indeed, scarcely ever going to town. Here at The Pines, in 1909, he died.



The little tomboy Mary Ann Evans loved to romp about the farm where she grew up and to learn the ways of

all the country folk who lived about. Later she told their stories in some of her great novels.

The WOMAN WHO WROTE "ADAM BEDE"

She Signed It with the Name of George Eliot because in Her Day a Woman Was Scarcely Expected to Write Novels

A HUNDRED years ago a little girl was hardly expected to be clever or to read many books - far less to want to write them. It was quite enough if she could cook and sew and take care of a home. Anything more than that was just a little unladylike to many people, just as it was unladylike for her to run about like a tomboy with her big brothers.

But Mary Ann Evans loved her books and she also loved to romp. So there were some people who did not think very well of her. How her old-fashioned mother would have been astounded to know that one day the little girl would grow to be one of the great novelists of England, and would make

the pretty scenes and the simple folk of her childhood so famous in her stories!

She was born in 1819, on a great farm in Warwickshire for which her father was the agent, or manager. Her father petted her and let her do a good deal as she pleased. Among other things, he let her ride over the great estates with him and learn all about the cottage people from whom he used to collect the rents. And she would also trot around with a favorite brother, sporting and fishing with him, and even peeping jealously into the books he read and studied.

At her own school she could surprise the teachers with the pretty compositions that she wrote. But as she grew older she learned

mostly for herself- music and languages especially. She was passionately fond of reading; and even after she took entire charge of her father's house at sixteen, when her mother died, she still found a good deal of time for her books in spite of all the cheese and butter she had to make.

Then she came to know some thoughtful people named Bray, who lived near her home. They told her she ought to write, and encouraged her to translate Strauss's "Life of Jesus" (1846). With them she traveled on the Continent after her father's death, and through them she later met a good many interesting people in the literary world. In this way she came to be one of the editors of the well-known "Westminster Review," and

met the man for whom she had a great affection -George Henry Lewes (lū'is).

It was Lewes who first found out what good stories she could write. Under his inspiration she printed her first stories in the book called "Scenes from Clerical Life" (1858). With "Adam Bede" (1850) she came into great fame, and continued in the next year with "The Mill on the Floss." The strength of these novels comes from the fact that she was writing about such

people as she had known so well from childhood, and from her own belief in the noble purpose of life.

But it was the books rather than Mary Ann Evans that were so well known at first.

It was still so unusual for a woman to be writing novels that she had taken the name of George Eliot, just as a little earlier another woman novelist in France had called herself George Sand. And to this day there are some people who do not know what the real name of George Eliot was.

After she was famous she wrote many other novels. The simplest and sweetest of them all is "Silas Marner" (1861), that story of the poor miser who is so deeply changed by his love for the little girl he adopts. "Romola" (1863) is a longer work with a background in

Italian history, and "Felix Holt" (1866) is one treating of English political life. "Middlemarch" (1872) is one of her masterpieces, while "Daniel Deronda" (1876) is less successful.

Toward the end George Eliot's life was saddened by the death of Lewes, and her writing ceased. Just a little while before she died, in 1880, she was married to John Walter Cross, a friend of long standing. He has left us a good account of her life.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

George Eliot, the greatest woman novelist in the English language, and one of the greatest novelists in any tongue.

POET or NOVELIST?

George Meredith Had to Wait Till He Was Sixty Years Old Before He Became Famous, but after That He Was Known as One of the Greatest Writers of His Day

IF YOU should ask a book lover about George Meredith you might be told that he was a poet or you might be informed that he was a novelist. It is some-

times hard to say whether he was greater in his poems or in his novels. But the person you asked would be sure to know that Meredith was one of the great English writers



It was one of the great delights of the boy George Meredith to read the "Arabian Nights." During the

years of his unhappy childhood he pored over those famous tales, the one bright spot in his life.

of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Yet if you had put the same question to such a person any time before Meredith was sixty years old, you would very probably not have found out anything at all. For Meredith was one of those unlucky writers who are not much listened to until they are nearly too old to enjoy their fame.

The Orphan and His Favorite Book

Meredith was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1828. His father, who was a tailor and a naval outfitter, lost his money and went away when his wife died, leaving little four-year-old George to be brought up by his aunts. George was sent about from place to place and school to school in and around Portsmouth; and later about all he could remember enjoying during these years was his reading of the "Arabian Nights." When he was fifteen, he went for a while to a school on the Rhine, in Germany, and there he began to study in earnest. But he really had to teach himself most of what he knew; one can easily tell from reading his novels and poetry that he did it well.

He was still only seventeen when he settled in London. For a time he worked at the law, but gave that up to earn a living as best he could by writing. He was often so poor that he had nothing to eat all day but one bowl of porridge, and the only fun he could afford was a walk once in a while into the country. He managed to get some verses published, in a paper edited by Charles Dickens, the famous novelist, and he earned a little money acting as "writing master," or critic, for other young beginners at the art.

A Famous Father-in-Law

When he was about twenty, this handsome, brilliant, poverty-stricken young poet was taken into the delightful circle of an older novelist and poet, Thomas Love Peacock. Within a year he had married Peacock's daughter, and shortly afterwards, Peacock gave them a little cottage not far from his own home in Halliford. Meredith dedicated his first volume of poems (1851) to his distinguished father-in-law. But the marriage, as Meredith said later, had been a "blunder," and in 1858 it was broken off. Meredith has

MEREDITH

told us a little about the tragedy in a thoughtful and beautiful poem called "Modern Love." Six years later he remarried, this time more happily.

Meanwhile he had tried his hand at novels. Nearly the first one he wrote, published in 1859, is one of his masterpieces—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." But it did not seem to strike people's fancy at the time, and waited nineteen years for a second edition. So Meredith knew that he must earn his living in some other way. He had always been desperately poor, and since his break with his father-in-law he had been living, with his small son, on wall, on no one knows quite what. Now he started regular journalistic writing, and read and judged manuscripts for a publishing house; this last work he kept up for thirty years or so.

For some years he lived in a charming cottage at Copsham, a place poetically fitted out with a breezy meadow, a pine wood, and a pond with a heron in it. He traveled sometimes; once he acted as war correspondent when Italy and Austria were at war. For a time he lived with the poets Rossetti and Swinburne in London. In 1867 he moved to another charming cottage, in Surrey, where he could wander in the fields and villages, with his sharp eyes taking in every mood of nature and every type of man, woman, or child. What he saw would later be put together into novels and poems. He built himself a retreat at the top of his garden, where he could write alone. Sometimes people could hear him there, carrying on lively conversations with the characters in his books just as if they had come to life and were really

talking to him. At other times he would ask his friends to come there, and would read them some new chapter or poem in rich and measured tones.

In one or another of these places he wrote his other masterpieces: "Evan Harrington," which has a good deal in it about his own grandfather and his beautiful aunts, "Beauchamp's Career," "The Egoist," "Diana of the Crossways," and many of his fine and thoughtful poems.

Both the prose and the verse are so packed with ideas that some people find them hard to fathom. But there is brave philosophy and true poetry in such poems as "The Lark Ascending" or "The Woods of West-ernmain." And in the novels he makes us see and remember his people, especially his women, and marvel

at the poetry and lively wit of his style. Meredith himself said that what he wanted to put into his books and his life was the

Comic Spirit, which he described as "thoughtful laughter."

It was "Diana of the Crossways," published in 1885, which finally caught the ear of the public. For a long time men of letters had realized Meredith's genius, and now at last a wider recognition came. The honors so long overdue were heaped upon him. When Tennyson died in 1892, Meredith was chosen to fill his place as president of the British Society of Authors. In 1905 King Edward VII bestowed upon him the Order of Merit. What he said about literature was listened to as a sort of oracle. Though his splendid health broke toward the last, his wit and his interest in life remained keen down to his death in 1909. To-day we regard him as one of the masters of the novel.

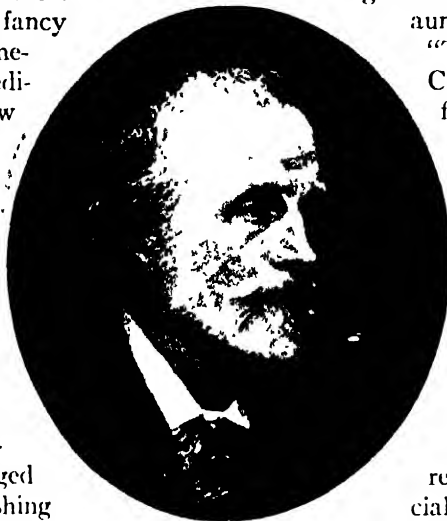


Photo by National Portrait Gallery

George Meredith, a novelist for people who like to think as well as to be amused.

The GREATEST TRAGIC NOVELIST

Why Thomas Hardy Will Not Let His Heroes and Heroines "Live Happily Ever Afterward"

MOST of our writers always take a cheerful view of life, whether they really feel cheerful or not, and make all their novels come out happily for everybody but the villain. But once in a while there is a novelist who feels that the world is not such a very happy place, and that the good people do not always get their deserts, while even the villains sometimes get along only too well. Some of these novelists have the courage to say so in their stories, and then the stories end unhappily. The greatest English novelist of the past half-century felt this way, and most of his novels end in a powerful gloom. This novelist was Thomas Hardy (1840-1928).

In his native Dorsetshire, in England, Hardy learned all about the somber beauties of nature that form the background of his stories. The nearest town of Dorchester was some miles away, and the boy had few playmates. He used to wander through the beech groves, over the broad and desolate waste lands of the heath, and by the riverside, until he knew all about the region which he was later to make so famous under the name of "Wessex" in his books. And he used to talk with the simple country people until he knew their thoughts and feelings and their speech so well that he could show them in his novels to all the world.

A Literary Architect

He went to the local schools, but never to a college. Instead, he was to be an architect—his own father had been a builder. After eight years with an architect at Dorchester, he went up to London, in 1864, to engage in that profession. Working all the day, and going to classes in the evening at

King's College, he still managed to find time for writing verses for he had begun to do that also before he went up to the city.

Hardy Built Better Fiction than Houses

Then, although he seemed to have a bright future as an architect, and had already taken several prizes for essays upon architecture, he began to wonder whether he had chosen the right calling. He thought he might do better as a writer. So he kept on writing poetry, and when he could not get it published, he turned to fiction. And one can see how his work in architecture tells upon his fiction. There are few stories that are *built* so well as his few that stand "foursquare" like the best he wrote.

In 1867 he went to Weymouth, where he kept on as an architect and also as a writer. His first novels met with very little favor, and it was not till 1872 that he made a real success. The story of "Under the Greenwood Tree" began his fame in that year, and it was soon followed by "Far from the Madding Crowd."

He now saw that he could give all his time to his pen, and he moved back to Dorchester, where he spent the rest of his life among the scenes and people of his childhood. There he wrote the rest of his great novels—"The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," "The Return of the Native," and several others. The tragic story of Tess has always been his most popular book, but "The Return of the Native" is probably his very greatest novel.

He is a master craftsman in the novel. There are many people who think of him as the greatest of all English nov-



Photo by National Portrait Gall

Thomas Hardy, the greatest English novelist of the later nineteenth century, and in the opinion of certain critics the greatest English novelist who ever lived.

elists, though on that point time will have to tell.

His last years, like his first, he gave to poetry. And he is still to come into his true fame as a poet, both for the shorter pieces

written early in his life and all through it, and above all for the great dramatic poem of "The Dynasts," written late in life about the rise and fall of Napoleon. His last years were very quiet ones.

A PRINCE of STORY-TELLERS

Even When He Was Ill in Bed, He Could Keep Spinning Yarns for Boys

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was always plucky, even as a sickly child when he marched his tin soldiers up and down "the land of counterpane" on his bed. The courageous spirit of his father and grandfather, both daring lighthouse builders, made him love exciting games and books of adventure. While he bravely fought his own battles in the sickroom, his nurse, "Cummy," fired his imagination by reading to him books like "Three-Fingered Jack, the Terror of Jamaica."

Fortunately the boy's parents could afford luxuries, for almost from the time of his birth, in 1850, they had to travel about in search of a healthful climate for their son. He could not endure the cold winters of his native Edinburgh, for he suffered from tuberculosis. Later the disease prevented his becoming an engineer or practicing law. Perhaps it was what made him choose a literary career, for a brave man like Stevenson could write amusingly even though flushed with fever, racked by coughing, and forbidden to speak!

Of course Stevenson was not always quite so ill. He tells us he idled his way through college and took trips abroad on foot or, as described in "An Inland Voyage" (1878), by canoe. In "Travels with a Donkey" (1870), he tells of a walking trip with a stubborn little beast named Modestine.

About this time Stevenson met the woman he loved. Soon afterward she returned to America, and he threw common sense to the winds and followed her, first across the Atlantic, then on to San Francisco, traveling like the poorest immigrant because his parents disapproved of the adventure. His health suffered greatly from the hardships,

but he won a wife, who proved to be also an excellent nurse and an ideal companion.

Some of Stevenson's admirers love him best for his thoughtful and amusing essays. But most people—and all boys and girls—know him as a spinner of delightful yarns, a magical story-teller. The favorite, "Treasure Island" (1882), is a breath-taking pirate story; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1886) is a gruesome tale of a man who was really two persons; "Kidnapped" (1886) tells of a courageous boy's adventures in Scotland; and little folks never tire of "A Child's Garden of Verses" (1885), wherein the author tells in pretty rhymes the thoughts of his own childhood. Stevenson always loved children.

For years he lived in America—at Saranac Lake, the famous health resort in the Adirondacks, and in sunny California. Then he and his family cruised the Pacific Ocean and finally settled on one of the beautiful Samoan islands, where they lived until his death in 1904. Their loved home Vailima (va-i-le'i-ma), or Five Streams, was a mansion where Stevenson ruled almost like a king over the natives who loved and served him. At his death they cut a path up the steep slope to a mountain top where his body was laid to rest. On the stone at his head they carved his beautiful lines:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
*Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."*

CARROLL



The thoughtful little girl above is Alice Liddell, the real Alice, as she looked when she inspired her own imaginary adventures so many years ago



The two personages at the right and left above need no introduction, the Mad Hatter and the March Hare are known to all who have read of Alice's adventures in Wonderland.

Photo by Keystone View Co

WHAT WAS LEWIS CARROLL'S NAME?

Hardly Anybody Knows It, though Nearly Everybody Loves His Stories

ONE summer afternoon a good many years ago a man started to tell a story to three little girls. He had no notion that it was going to make him forever famous. How could he have? He was always telling stories to little girls. They were resting by the cool bank of a stream near Oxford, in England, when the girls begged for the story, and he just started out as usual to make up one of his tales for them. He made up some adventures about one of the three—her name was Alice—in a land of make-believe.

The story kept getting longer, but whenever the man grew tired and said he would tell the rest next time, the little girls cried out, "But this is next time!" and the man

had to go on. Once in a while, in the middle of the story, he would make out that he had gone to sleep, like a dormouse, much to the children's dismay. But he had to wake up and keep on.

In the end he wrote down the story, and it made one of the most famous books in the world. For the man was Lewis Carroll (1832-1898), and the story he was making up turned into "Alice in Wonderland."

Not that the little girls ever called him Lewis Carroll! To them he was Mr. Dodgson—Charles Lutwidge Dodgson—for that was his real name, and he taught a terrible thing called mathematics in one of the colleges at Oxford. He even wrote great books about mathematics. But the little girls

BARRIE

were not thinking about all that—only about the story, which was so much the best they had ever heard.

The man who told them the story had been living partly in a world of make-believe ever since he had been a child himself. As a boy, born in a rural parsonage in England in 1832, he had made pets of all sorts of queer animals, even toads and snails, and had never been tired of playing with them. In his home there was a great deal of witty play among the children, and he soon found out that he had a talent for mimicking, for making rhymes, for telling tales. But he was a serious and studious boy too, and he used to surprise his father by his eagerness to work out the hard problems in his mathematics.

Boys and Girls Were Carroll's Hobby

Then he went to college at Christ Church, in Oxford, and there he stayed as a teacher for the rest of his life. He loved the place, as everybody must. He loved his science. And he also loved his long talks with his good friends—like Tennyson, the great poet, Rossetti (rô-sĕt'ĕ), the poet and painter, Ruskin, the writer and art critic, and Ellen Terry, the beautiful actress. Carroll always longed to be a painter too, but when his friend Ruskin told him he had no real talent for painting, he turned his mind to the then new art of taking photographs.

He never had any real adventure. He did not need one. Above all things he loved

boys and girls, and he would do anything to give them a good time. Whenever he was going to take a trip on a train he would fill up his pockets with toys—he might meet some little girls on the train. Lucky little girls if he met them!

How "Alice in Wonderland" Came to Be

That is how he started "Alice" for a little girl, and wrote it all out for her. He even drew the pictures for the copy that he gave her in his handwriting. And we still have that very copy. It came over to America just a few years ago, and it cost a fortune.

Of course when he had done "Alice," he could not stop. The little girls would have seen to that, even if he had not wanted to go on himself. So he wrote a sequel to "Alice" in "Through the Looking-Glass," and several other similar books, like "The Hunting of the Snark" and "Sylvie and Bruno."

To these books he never signed his own name. He kept that for his works on mathematics. In these books he was Lewis Carroll—the only name we ever call him by now. He never admitted that he was Lewis Carroll. He was so careful not to admit it that he even played a trick about it, so the story goes, on Queen Victoria herself. For once when she said she would like to see some of his works, he sent her some of his books on mathematics, a hundred times too hard for

DO YOU BELIEVE *in* FAIRIES?

If You Don't, Just Go to See Barrie's Great Play Sometime, and Then You Will

THERE is almost no writer whom children love so much, and there are few whom grown-ups love so much, as Sir James Barrie. What is it they love him for?

Well, if you ever go to see his great play of "Peter Pan" you will find out that there is a moment in that play when he makes

everybody in the audience stand up and cry out that he believes in fairies! Little Tinker Bell is lost, and unless the people will believe in fairies, he can never come back. So Peter comes to the front of the stage and stretches out his arms to people in the audience. "O, *don't* you believe in fairies?" he cries. And he has never cried in vain. Young and

KIPLING

old, men and women and children, they all throw up their hands and wave their handkerchiefs, and through their tears they cry out, "Yes, yes, O yes! I believe in fairies."

They cannot help it. Any man who can make a crowd of people act like that will be loved. He will also be a really great author. He will belong with Charles Lamb and Lewis Carroll and A. A. Milne.

James Matthew Barrie was born in Scotland in 1860. It just came natural to him to tell stories as a boy he used to tell them to his mother when she was ill to bring a smile, and an occasional tender tear, to her eye. Before he was twelve he used to write out tales of adventure in the attic of his home. Then he went to an academy at Dumfries and to the University of Edinburgh; and after a time he found his way to London as a journalist.

In a short time his stories about the simple life in his Scotch village began to bring him fame. These were the delightful "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums." Then came the novel of "The Little Minister" and the play made out of it. This was followed by his

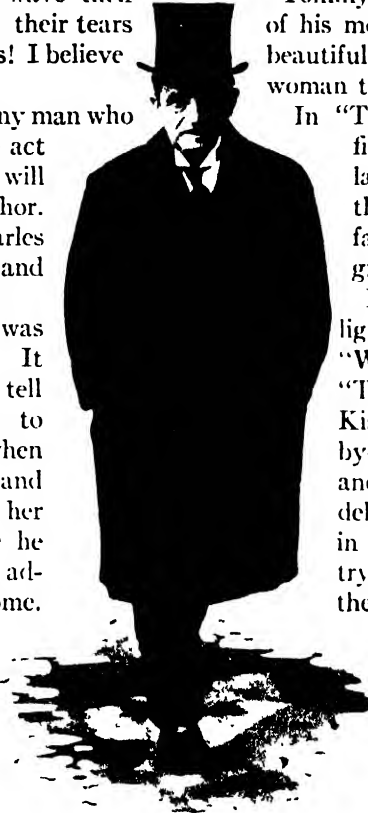


Photo by Keystone View Co.

If Sir James Barrie had given us nothing more than the deathless *Peter Pan*, his name would be known for many years to come. Instead of that, we have from him some half dozen works that, taken together, probably insure for him a fame as lasting as that of any recent author.

lovely stories of "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel"; and by the story of his mother in "Margaret Ogilvy," a beautiful and affecting tribute to the woman to whom he owed so much.

In "The Little White Bird" Barrie first showed what he could do later in "Peter Pan"—for he then first introduces Peter, the famous boy 'who would not grow up.'

He wrote many other delightful plays "Quality Street," "What Every Woman Knows," "The Legend of Leonora," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "Dear Brutus," and many more. These have all delighted thousands of audiences in every English speaking country of the world. In America they were doubly successful from

the winsome acting of Maude Adams, for whom many of them were written. *She* was Babbie in the "Little Minister," *she* was Peter Pan.

Barrie had many honors, none of them too high for such a man. He was made a baronet in 1913, and he owned the coveted Order of Merit which goes only to Britain's greatest sons. But it is for his genius that he will live.

Barrie died in 1937, and was buried in his native Scottish village.

The POET of MAN and MUSCLE

How Kipling Came Out of India and Put Red Blood into Our Stories and Poems

ONE day in 1889 a young newspaper man from India arrived in San Francisco. He was almost unknown in America, but he felt sure the manuscripts he carried in his bag would make the name of Rudyard Kipling a familiar one to the American people. The publishers, however, were not so sure that his work would interest

their readers. They declined to take his writings even when he offered them at a ridiculously low price. Yet just a little more than a year later he found himself as famous in England and America as he had been in India, for an English publisher had been at last persuaded to bring out some of his short stories and ballads. And soon some of the

KIPLING

very pages of the manuscript he had offered for next to nothing were bringing him thousands of dollars.

Kipling was born at Bombay, in India, on December 30, 1865. His father was a well-known artist in charge of a museum at Lahore and of an art school at Bombay. His mother was said to be "the wittiest woman in all India." At the age of five the boy was sent back to England to be educated. After seven years at school there he entered the United Services College, a government school in Devonshire. The discipline here was very strict, and Kipling himself has said that it was no place for "a milksop, a boy without spirit and a vigorous constitution." His stories in "Stalky and Co.," published years later, tell of the adventures and pranks of his days in the college.

At seventeen Kipling went back to India to take a place on the editorial staff of a paper at Lahore. Impressed by the novelty and mystery of India, he began to write verses and short stories of Anglo-Indian life. When these came into print they brought him an offer of a position as assistant editor on the "Allahabad Pioneer." In this paper appeared some of his best stories, among them the now famous "Soldiers Three" and "Wee Willie Winkie." It was the success of these stories in India, dashed off between the hours of his work, that led him to seek out a publisher in America and England.

When Kipling Lived in America

Kipling's second trip to America in 1892 was very different from the first, for he was widely famous as a writer of fascinating tales about a land of mystery and splendor little known to the Western world. He married a New York girl and moved to Brattleboro, Vermont, where he lived for a

few years. Then he returned to England, where he lived permanently with the exception of another short visit to America and a highly successful tour of Canada in 1907. He has always been much admired here.



Rudyard Kipling, beloved by thousands of children because of his "Jungle Books," and by thousands of grown people for his poems and matchless tales.

Before he was thirty, Kipling was known all over the world as a storyteller, a novelist, and a poet. His "Plain Tales from the Hills" had shown his power to amuse and interest all sorts of readers in the life of the Far East. His "Barrack Room Ballads," in the racy language of the British soldier, had shown his gifts in verse.

But it was his poems like his "Recessional," written for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, that brought him into highest favor as a poet. And some of his later stories and novels are even more powerful than his early "Plain Tales."

His two "Jungle Books" and his "Just-So Stories" are prize tales for boys and girls everywhere, and for grown-ups as well. His "Captains Courageous" is a great adventure story of the deep sea. "The Light That Failed," his first long novel, is less successful, but the great story of "Kim," probably his best work, has a peculiar power to enthrall the reader. These are only some of his best-known books.

The Poet of an Empire

Kipling came into English literature when it had gone rather stale. He put new red blood into it. He was a man of tremendous force and energy. No other man has been so good a poet of the strenuous life, of the great work of the world. The abounding vigor that he brought into English letters was exactly what it needed most at the time of his coming. For that reason his influence has been enormous. Kipling died in January, 1936, and was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

The CHIEF POET of POST-WAR ENGLAND

The Present Poet Laureate, John Masefield, Had His Training on the Sea and in Many Other Places—Even in a Barroom

AT FOURTEEN he went off to sea. His father and mother had both died long before, and he had been brought up by an aunt. Of course he had not had much schooling, though he had read a good many stories and had been very good at telling tales to the other boys in the school. Then for three years he lived just like any other sailor boy, and that is no easy life.

But he learned all about the beauty and the cruelty of the sea, all about the ships and the men who sail them, all about the sailor's speech, the sailor's notions, and the sailor's dreams.

Then he gave up the sea much as he still loved it. In 1895 he landed in New York with a few clothes and five dollars in his pocket. He picked up any odd jobs he could find—in a livery stable, in a bakery, as a beach comber, and even as a porter in a barroom. But he had left the sea because he wanted to read and study, and now he was spending his free nights, in the garret bedroom that he shared with two other men, in reading and scribbling stories. About this time he found out the wit and wisdom of the great English poet Chaucer; and from now on he felt it in himself to be a poet in his own right.

What Is a Poet Laureate?

At this day he is poet laureate of England, which means that the king has appointed him to celebrate important national events in verse. But most of his poetry is all about the sea or about the plain but heroic people that he came to know so well during his wanderings among them over the world.

This man is John Masefield. He was born at Ledbury, in England, in 1875. He

went back to England in 1897, and is now living on a beautiful hill just outside Oxford. The rest of his story has nearly all been told already.

The Stirring Poems of Masefield

When he first went back to his native land he had rather a hard time getting started as a writer. But his first book of poems, the "Salt Water Ballads," came out in 1902, and his fame began. Then followed some short stories of the sea, some books for boys, and several novels and plays. In 1911 his poem of "The Everlasting Mercy" told the world that a great new poet had arisen. This was followed quickly by "The Widow in the Bye Street," and "Dauber," narrative poems of extraordinary strength and pathos. In 1919 his "Reynard the Fox" gave us brilliant pictures of the hunt and of the English countryside. Besides these, he has written a good deal else in prose and verse, and in dramatic form. He is one of the most powerful and most moving of our realists in verse, but he is a realist with a lofty ideal.

But perhaps what we love him for most is his way of giving us the very feeling of the sea:

I must go down to the seas again, to the
lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song
and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a
grey dawn breaking.



Photo by Kevato

John Masefield, a man who has seen life from angles very far apart: first as a sailor boy before the mast, then as a youth in many humble tasks, even as porter in a barroom in old New York, and now as England's poet laureate.

The WITTIEST MAN in the WORLD

How George Bernard Shaw Has Dazzled and Provoked Millions of People in the Theater

BERNARD SHAW is the wittiest man in the world at this moment. He is one of the wittiest who ever lived. By his satire and ridicule he has kept the world laughing for a good many years now, and he has made it do a good deal of thinking at the same time. When Shaw begins to poke fun at you or at anything you like, you will laugh first and think afterward - which is just what he wants you to do. And sooner or later he pokes fun at most of us and most of the things we like.

Once he said, "My method is to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say, and then say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest." That is Shaw exactly. And that is why people flock to his plays and come away laughing and thinking, and wondering what he really means and arguing about it.

Of course this man is an Irishman. George Bernard Shaw - "G. B. S.," as he is known everywhere—was born in Dublin on July 26, 1856. He had very little regular education, for he had to start earning his own living at fifteen. In true Shavian fashion—"Shavian" (shā'vī-ān) is a word made up from his own name of "Shaw" - he tells us, "I am an educated man because I escaped from school at fourteen." At the age of twenty he went to London and did various kinds of office work for some time.

Shaw Is a Born Socialist

All the while the unknown lad from Dublin was giving a good deal of his free time to reading and writing, and especially to debating. From the first he was a socialist, of a fairly moderate kind, and he soon won

fame as a formidable man to meet in a debate on socialism. At first he used to speak on the street corners of London. Soon he was talking before larger audiences indoors. Socialism had no more brilliant or provoking defender in the world. He became a leading member of the well-known Fabian Society of moderate socialists, and did a great deal of writing and speaking for them and for the cause of social justice.



This keen, humorous face belongs to George Bernard Shaw, the most distinguished English playwright now living.

His first five novels have a good deal to do with socialism. They were not very popular, and Shaw continued to be better known and more feared for his spoken words than for his written ones. But then, after various kinds of miscellaneous literary work - essays, book reviews, dramatic criticisms, musical criticisms—he started out as a writer of plays. The result has

been a series of the wittiest plays of our time - a series of the most amusing and the most tantalizing plays of any time. There are a good many people in the world who never go to any play unless it was written by George Bernard Shaw.

He has provoked nearly everybody in the world, and he has captivated nearly everybody. When you go to a Shavian play you very often do not know whether you ought to laugh or frown the most. Nearly everybody ends by laughing the most.

His first play, "Widowers' Houses," was presented as long ago as 1892. Since then there has been one brilliant success after another, and it is hard to say whether it has been more fun to see the plays acted in the theater or to read them when they were printed. "Candida" (kān'dīd-ā) is one of the most popular, and "Man and Superman"

SHAW

made a sensation. But there are many other rollicking successes—"Arms and the Man," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Major Barbara," "The Man of Destiny," "Fanny's First Play," "Androcles (än'drô-klēz) and the Lion," "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah," and many more. At many times, and by many people, Shaw has been heartily detested for many a thing he said in every one of these plays. But it is impossible to go on detesting a man when you have to laugh so hard and when you see how fearless and original the man is. He has entertained and stimulated a whole generation, and his very caprices and oddities have set it thinking in its own defense. He is a riddle, and he knows he is a riddle. He loves it—and so does nearly everybody else.

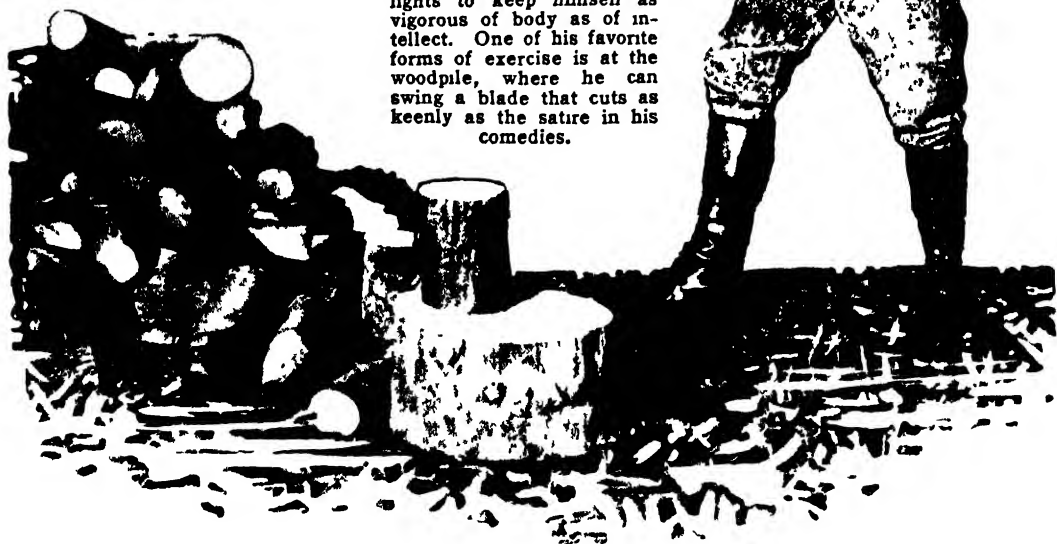
When Shaw was a young man not nearly so many people liked his riddling. They used to call him the "enfant terrible" (ôN'fôN' tēr'rē'bl')—terrible child—of the theater. That was because he went about knocking down people's pet prejudices like a mischievous little boy. Did people think that soldiers were always bold and patriotic? He would show them one who stuffed his gun with chocolate drops instead of bullets. Did they suppose it was really the man who decided whether he was going to marry a certain girl? He would show them how deftly the girl made him do it. And in the give-and-take of

conversation—to quote the title of another of his plays—"You Never Can Tell" what surprising idea a character is going to let drop next.

But the joke was on the people who thought Shaw's ideas absurd or alarming. For now that Shaw has become a very old man he finds that the world has caught up with him! Though we still delight in his wit, we no longer find it so alarming. Since Shaw loves to shock people, perhaps this annoys him—but one can scarcely imagine his running out of startling ideas!

Photo by Keystone View Co

George Bernard Shaw delights to keep himself as vigorous of body as of intellect. One of his favorite forms of exercise is at the woodpile, where he can swing a blade that cuts as keenly as the satire in his comedies.



The LATEST TELLER of GREAT SEA TALES

Born in Poland, Joseph Conrad Went to Sea and Grew into One of the Few Great Writers in a Language Not Their Own

HAVE you ever wanted to run away to sea? When he was fifteen, Joseph Conrad began to feel that he had to be a sailor. He did not want to run away, and so he told the family. Of course they would hardly listen to him. He told them again and again, until he finally grew angry about it.

"Won't you listen to me? Just as soon as I can, I am going off to sea."

And then they said, "Did you hear that? What a curious thing for the boy to say!"

They laughed at him and teased him and made him miserable, and till he set his heart on being a sailor. They could not understand it, for he lived in Poland, out of sight of the ocean. He had been born there in 1857. His people had never been sailors; they had been soldiers, fighting for the freedom of their land, or poets and authors adding to its literature. Why should one of them be so set on turning sailor now?

But finally they had to let Joseph go. He said good-by to the family, some of whom he was never going to see again, and made his way off to the sea at Marseilles, a seaport in Southern France. There, in his own words, "the puppy first opened his eyes" — or the boy got his first berth on a sailing ship, at the age of seventeen.

Twenty Years a Sailor

For the next twenty years or more Joseph Conrad roved the seas, and went to many a far-away place—to the Malay Archipelago, to Burma, to the wilds of Africa, and back again to London. In the English service he worked his way up from a common sailor to a captain in the merchant marine.

It seemed a strange thing to have a Pole in command of a British vessel, for Conrad

was the only Pole in the service. But it was never strange to him, for he had come to love England and he only wanted to serve her as best he could. In his twenty years of knocking about the world, he saw many a strange thing and had many an exciting time. And he stored up all his memories without any notion of what he was going to do with them in the end. He remembered all the colors and smells and

flavors of the Indian seas and of the ports and cities that he visited. He learned all about the sailors and adventurers, and about the brown, sun-baked natives whom he loved.

At the same time he read many a book, for there was plenty of time on a sailing vessel in those days, and more time between trips. He read stories in French and Polish and in English, but he liked the ones in English best because he had grown to love and admire the language.

One bright autumn day when he was ashore in London, he happened to be looking out of a window and thinking about the first time he had seen the man Almayer way off in the Malay islands. For some reason that he did not know, he sat down at the table and began writing the story that turned out to be "Almayer's Folly." It was a strange thing for him to do. He was thirty-two, and not many authors ever begin so late in life. He was writing in a language which was not his own by birth, and that is a still rarer thing.

But neither of these things bothered him that sunny morning. His story just began to tell itself, as stories sometimes will for lucky authors. And soon there was a whole group of characters crowding around Almayer—a wife and daughter and a whole band of Malays, Arabs, and half-castes.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

Joseph Conrad was a dreamer as well as a sailor, as this fine portrait of him shows.



A lonely sea, a hidden reef, and a good ship going to her grave upon it—this is the kind of picture that Conrad painted in words so vivid that the memory of

it lingers in our minds long after the book has been closed. We even feel the sting of the spray as we read his stirring pages.

These people began to follow Conrad wherever he went, waiting to be put down on the paper until Conrad felt almost like a haunted man.

So for several years he carried the growing manuscript of his story around the world with him—from London to the Malay Archipelago, to France, to Poland, to many another place. At last the book was finished and printed, in 1895, and Conrad started on the road to fame.

For a little while he felt free again, but soon many other characters began to crowd into his mind and beg him to put them into a book. The result was that down to his death in 1924 Conrad was as busy with his pen as he had ever been on the sea. He was a slow writer, because he wrote so carefully; but a score of his novels came from the press. Soon after *Almayer* came "The Nigger of the Narcissus." This was followed, among others, by "Lord Jim," by "Youth," and by "Typhoon," all powerful stories. He published his "Victory" in 1915, and his last complete book, "The Rover," as late as 1923.

Although it was his second language, Conrad wrote a remarkable English style. He is loved and admired for his mastery of words. Because he knew so well the men, the places, and the things he wrote about, his stories are wonderfully vivid. He took it as his task "by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel, before all to make you see." And in that he has shown a fine skill and had a fine success.

Down to the Sea with Conrad

He has taken us to places we should never see without him, and made us feel that we must have spent years there in his company. He has told us all the terrors of the deep, the beauty of the ships, the bravery of men that sail them. He loved to write about man's struggle with the elements, and of man's courage in the face of danger. Conrad was the latest man in a long line to give us the poetry of sailing. In his own day the words were ringing, "You will all go into steam soon. Everybody goes into steam." But Conrad never did.

GERMAN LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit No. 11

THE GREAT GERMAN WRITERS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About.

Why was Weimar called the "Athens of the North"?

Why did the German people look upon Schiller as their favorite poet?

Why was Goethe's visit to Italy important for him?

What interest did Herder and the Grimm brothers take in folklore?

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Summary Statement

The great writers of Germany have given the world some of its

most beautiful and most thoughtful literature



Into this pretty garden, with its party of interesting friends, the writer Herder, standing at the gate, is about to enter. He will find himself in the midst of one of the groups that made the little German town

of Weimar famous around the year 1800. Indeed, the man who has risen to recite his verses is no less a person than the mighty poet Goethe, the town's chief ornament. And Herder himself will bring glory to the place.

A BRAIN LIKE *the* ROOT of *an* OAK

Even if Herder's Great Ideas Never Rose All the Way Out of the Ground, They Sent Up Sap to Feed the Vast Tree of Our Modern Thinking

IN THE greatest days of Germany, about a hundred and fifty years ago, there was a set of men in that land who probably had more to do with the great thinking in our modern world than any other men then living. One of the greatest of them all was a man who never finished writing any one big work that would stand as a fit monument to his genius. Yet he was so full of ideas that inspired other men from his own day to ours that he has been truly called the gatekeeper to the modern world. This man was Johann Gottfried Herder (yō'hán gôt'frēt hēr'dēr).

Herder's parents were so poor that in all his childhood they could never give him a single present. He was born on August 25, 1744, in the tiny village of Mohrungen, on the sandy wastelands of Eastern Prussia. But when he died in the illustrious little

town of Weimar (vī'mār), on December 18, 1803, he had become a nobleman and was famous as an author and as the greatest preacher and orator in Germany.

In his boyhood he had to lead a Spartan life. There were happy days, to be sure, when he used to play in the beech woods or lie beside the quiet lake reading a borrowed book. At those times he would be day-dreaming—hoping that some day he might go to a university. Luckily the dream came true. He did work as copyist for an ill-tempered author, and not only earned enough to keep him at the university but also trained himself to be a writer.

The professors at his university, among them the famous philosopher Kant, saw in Herder the gifts that were to make him a great power throughout Germany for the next fifty years. In 1764 they got him a

place as teacher in Riga, but after two years he left the post to become a preacher. In this work he finally rose to the highest rank among the churchmen of his country.

When Herder Met Goethe

He had begun to write almost as soon as he had started to teach, and he soon was widely known. As he grew famous, he decided to build up a great school at Riga, and partly to that end he started out upon extensive travels, for the study of other schools. So he first went to Paris as companion to a prince, but a short stay there caused him to dislike the French and disagree with most of their ways. He returned to Germany and settled down as a country pastor. On his travels he met the poet and critic Lessing - only to disagree with him - and the great Goethe (gû'tē), who was still only a young student. With Goethe he formed a friend-

ship that finally took him to Weimar, where he lived until his death, a member of a brilliant circle there.

One of Herder's most pleasing works is a collection of folk songs which he chose out of the literatures of many countries and then translated into exquisite German. But his greater work was in philosophy and history, and in what we call the philosophy of history. Though he really finished very little of his work, he was always dashing off fragments and essays; and these were so full of brilliant new ideas that he became a power over many other men, greater or smaller than himself, who began where he left off and finished the great thinking he began. Herder in Germany was a little like Coleridge in England—a master of the great minds in his day, who never put half of his ideas down on paper, and who is known even better for his influence than for his books.

The GREAT POET of FREEDOM

Nearly Every Play and Poem That Schiller Wrote Is a Cry for Human Liberty

ONE of the two greatest German poets, Friedrich Schiller (frēd'riK shil'ēr), is one of the greatest poets of freedom that the world has ever seen. The passion for freedom was bred in him from boyhood. At the time when he was born, the people in most of the little states of Germany were bent under a heavy load of tyranny. Their dukes and princes were taxing them to the last penny, forcing them into the armies, and even hiring them out to fight for lands that they had never seen. So little Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller could feel no love for the Duke of Wurtemberg, in whose town of Marbach he was born on November 10, 1759; and while he was still hardly more than a boy he was already raising his voice against tyranny in the plays and poems he had begun to write so early.

Schiller's father had spent many years in the army as a surgeon, and he had always thought that anything the Duke did or desired was right. Just when Schiller was ready for a higher school the Duke founded

a new military academy; and having heard about the bright young son of his army surgeon, he ordered the boy to go into the school and get ready for a life in the army. It was not in the least what the lad wanted. But he was torn away from his home, where with his mother he had long read the poets and looked forward to being one of them, sent to Stuttgart, and put into the military school. He was to study medicine and be an army surgeon.

This was his first taste of oppression. All about him he saw other boys mistreated, and he quickly came to hate the Duke and his army, and to detest his own life in the school and the future in store for him. He did his lessons well, to be sure; he won a school prize. But all his spare time, and even hours that he stole from sleep, were spent in writing. And always he was writing against injustice.

Despite his dislike for the school, the army, and the Duke, Schiller stayed at his studies till he graduated in 1780, and then at once

SCHILLER



Before he went to Weimar and met Goethe, Schiller spent three years visiting his friends - and, as always, writing. In the summer of 1786 he was at the charming little village of Loschwitz, not far from Dresden, writing the play "Don Carlos." And when he had

finished a scene or two, he would read or recite to his friends. That is what he is doing in the picture. How he must have delighted and enthralled them, reading fine poetry or spirited drama there under a leafy tree in the blooming countryside of Germany!

became an army surgeon. Life in the barracks was more distasteful to him than life in the military school. But now that studies were behind him he had more time for writing, and he soon completed his first play, "The Robbers." So eager was he to have it printed that he paid for it out of his small savings. Upon reading the play, the theater director in Mannheim was so pleased that he decided to present it. On the opening night the young author, eager to see his own play given, stole away from the barracks. When his disobedience came to the Duke's attention, he was put under arrest. Later, when the news leaked out that the young army surgeon was the author of the play, he was forbidden to do any further writing.

In his despair Schiller resolved to leave the army, and to live somehow by his pen. Already he had finished another play, "Fiesco," and with this in his pocket he fled the barracks and went to a friend's home in another part of Germany. Here he stayed for nearly a year, working over "Fiesco" and

finishing a third play, "Love and Intrigue." Meanwhile "The Robbers" had been so successful that even the Duke had relented and asked Schiller to return to Mannheim as "theater poet."

Schiller went eagerly back to his homeland. Now he saw a bright future in store for him. But his hopes were soon blasted, for the theater director refused to put on either of his two new plays. But Schiller did not give up. Still hoping to live by writing, and willing to do anything to realize that hope, he started a little newspaper. It, too, failed of success, and after some months the young writer had to accept the kindness of some friends and go to live with them. His own means were exhausted.

For three years Schiller lived with one friend or another, first in Leipzig and then in Dresden. All the while he kept on writing poems and plays, but he did not have much luck in getting them published or acted. In 1787 he resolved upon what seemed like a rather foolish plan: he went to Weimar

SCHILLER



The name of this picture is "The Golden Days of Weimar." And golden those days must have been! Here is Schiller reciting his own work to the listening group. In the gathering are other poets and dramatists, including Goethe, who stands with his hand thrust

into his bosom. Memories of those brave days still throng upon us from every side in Weimar. There stand the palace and the theater which Goethe helped to build, the fine house where Goethe lived, and the humble rooms where Schiller lived and died.

(vī'mar), hoping to meet Goethe (gū'tē) there and through him to have one of his plays presented in the famous Weimar theater that Goethe directed.

Fortunately for Schiller, this plan finally succeeded. In time he became the close friend and associate of the great Goethe, and the intimacy of the two forms one of the most famous literary friendships in the history of the world. The famous theater director saw great promise in Schiller's work and at the same time found that the young poet was handicapped by lack of means. Goethe set out to get Schiller something to do for a living, and had him made professor of history at the

university in Jena (yā'nà). Schiller wrote several celebrated histories. And from this time, the friendship of the two men grew ever closer until Schiller's untimely death, on May 9, 1805.

During the fifteen years when Schiller and Goethe were so closely associated, Schiller wrote his greater dramas, which are among the finest in the German language. These are "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "William Tell." Each deals with some form of injustice and oppression, each is a plea for freedom of one kind or another.

While he was writing his magnificent plays Schiller also wrote a good deal of poetry,



This is a sculptured portrait of Schiller, poet, dramatist, and lover of freedom.

GOETHE

much of which is strikingly beautiful, and some of which ranks with his dramas for excellence. Among his greater poems are "The Diver," "The Song of the Bell," "The Gods of Greece," and "The Ring of Polycrates" (pō-lik'rá-tēz).

When still a young man Schiller died of

tuberculosis. For years he had fought a losing fight against the disease. But he never lost his faith in life or in his fellow men. His character was as noble as are all his writings. The German people look upon him as their favorite poet, even though they think of Goethe as their greatest.



"Light! More light!" The cry came from Goethe as the world darkened about him in the hour of death. The words were the last he ever spoke. And they

have always seemed to students of his life and writings like a symbol of everything for which he stood. For always he sought "more light" in things of the mind.

The UNIVERSAL POET

***Is It Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare? No, the Universal Poet
Is Goethe, Who Stands Out with These Four Others among
the Five Great Poets of All Time***

WHEN one day when magistrate Textor of Frankfort came hurrying back to his office after luncheon, everybody knew that something must have happened. His daughter Katharina, who was the wife of the well-known lawyer Goethe (gū'tē), had just given birth to her first child. Grand-

father Textor was so eager to tell the other magistrates about his new namesake that for once he put aside his dignity. Yet even he could little dream that this twenty-eighth of August, 1749, was going to be such a memorable day for the whole world.

Little Johann Wolfgang (yō'han vōlf'gàng)

Goethe's childhood was a happy one. His light-hearted young mother treated him like a playmate. She called him "Wolf" for short, he nicknamed her "Frau Aja." His father was a stern man, and insisted that the boy and his younger sister Cornelia be very diligent and studious. Long after he was famous, Goethe said that he got his disposition from his mother, his build and manner from his father.

The children spent most of their time in the great rooms and courtyard of the old house where they lived. They were very fond of each other and hardly ever played with other children. Their mother kept them supplied with sweetmeats and playthings, and perhaps spoiled them, but made them very happy. One Christmas she gave them a puppet theater, and for weeks the house fairly rang with shouts of merriment; for little Wolfgang spent most of his time making puppets and writing little playlets for his cardboard actors. Grandmother concluded that the boy would surely turn out to be an author. She knew best.

The Boy Poet

Like all other boys, little Wolfgang sometimes got into a bit of mischief. One day when he had been left at home alone, he broke up all the dishes in the house by throwing them down on the courtyard pavement just for the fun of hearing them crash. But he was usually quiet and serious. He spent a great deal of time at his lessons, not because they were at all hard for him but because his father, who was one of his

teachers, gave him so many to do. When he was only twelve he was already writing poems—and not only in German but also in English, French, and Latin. Fond as he was of his books, he liked to wander about in the quaint old city, watching the processions that passed through the streets, and occasionally talking

with the strange people who came to the market place. He liked to visit the old city hall where his grandfather showed him around and told him of the many great events that had taken place within those very walls. Best of all things he loved the theater, and he often went to it with a French officer who was staying for a while in his home.

Of course his father wanted him to be a lawyer, too, and Goethe studied first at Leipzig and then at Strasbourg. After his graduation in 1717 he spent the next four years practising law. But he was not happy at it. Though he was not yet sure what he

did want to do, his greatest interest was in writing poems and plays. During these years he wrote a play called "Götz von Berlichingen" (gûts fôn bër'lëK-îng-ën), a wild sort of drama whose hero is a robber nobleman. It was not a very good play, though a very startling one; and it was so different from those commonly seen at the time that Goethe at once became known as an author. And his novel called "The Sorrows of Werther" (vër'tër) soon made him famous all over the world. It was probably the most popular book that had ever been written.

When his fame reached Weimar (vî'mar),



This is Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, famous as novelist, as dramatist and, above all, as poet the greatest figure in German literature, and one of the greatest in the literature of the world.

GOETHE



Photo by the Luxembourg Museum

"I am quite able to go home by myself, thank you!" Margaret is much too modest a maid to allow a strange gentleman—be he ever so handsome and gallant—to introduce himself to her on the street. Yet here is Faust, who has just drunk a magic potion to make him young again, and has already fallen in love with Margaret's picture! So this meeting is going to be, after all, the beginning of a famous, though tragic, love story. You will find it told in the First Part of Goethe's "Faust," and again in Gounod's famous opera, which uses Goethe's story. Yet there is a great deal more in Goethe's "Faust" than the sad story of "Gretchen," or Margaret. In the First Part there is also the very old and famous tale of that magic potion which was given to the grave old scholar Faust by Mephistopheles, a powerful prince of hell. The old scholar wanted youth, so that he might enjoy life once more and also that he might learn more of wisdom

and taste the power of it. Goethe was young himself when he wrote about Faust made young again, and he put into the poem all the romantic fire and excitement of the time, which is called the age of "Sturm und Drang"—Storm and Stress—in German literature. Then when Goethe grew older he wrote a Second Part to "Faust." And in it he shows us Faust grown older. This second part is written in glorious poetry and has in it all the calm wisdom Goethe learned after his time of Storm and Stress was over. It is not easy to read, as Part I is, for it is not about human people like Gretchen, but about fantastic, imaginary creatures which stand for Goethe's great thoughts. In the end Faust, become very old and wise indeed, succeeds in getting rid of Mephistopheles. Although he has sold his soul to the Devil for that magic potion, he has used his life so well that he is forgiven the debt. The story is one of the greatest in literature.

the young duke of that city at once set out for Frankfort to meet the youthful new author. The two men became firm friends, and the next year Goethe went to Weimar to act as a minister of state. Here he spent the rest of his long life, managing mines and forests, building bridges and roads, making scientific studies, directing a theater, and writing poems, plays, novels, and every other sort of literary work. His own fame and influence, and the great men he gathered round him, made the town of Weimar an intellectual center of the world. It was called the Athens of the North. Among the many famous poets who came there was Schiller (shil'ēr), the second greatest

German poet and Goethe's dearest friend.

Goethe's stay in Weimar was broken by many visits to other places. Of all these a trip to Italy was of the highest importance for him, because it gave him an intense interest in the writings of the old Greeks and Romans. From this time on, much of his own work had the qualities that have made the ancient literature so enduring.

From his boyhood until his death, March 22, 1832, Goethe was interested in every phase of human life and all that has to do with it. No person, no thing, no occurrence was too simple or too humble to win and hold his attention, nor was any idea too profound for him to throw some light upon

THE GRIMM BROTHERS

it. For sixty years he kept filling his poems, plays, and novels with his ideas of what life is, of what it means and what it ought to mean. One of his great novels, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" (vīl'hēlm mīs'tēr), tells a good deal about the author's journey through life. All that he had thought of life and all that life meant to him he put into his magnificent drama of "Faust" (foust), a play that he began when he was little more than a child, continued all through his long life, and completed only a little while before his death. From the days of the puppet theater until his last years, the great interest of Goethe was the theater. It was he who gave the world the greatest drama of the past two centuries. His gracious and delightful little lyric poems,

and his "Hermann and Dorothea," a long story-poem worthy to be called an epic, are the finest of their kind in German literature.

He was doubtless the greatest author since Shakespeare. But he was far more than an author. He was one of those exceedingly rare men who show a universal genius. In science as in poetry, and in philosophy, even in government and statesmanship, Goethe's achievements are remarkable. He knew human nature down to its very depths, and he had a noble character. He turned the eyes of all the world to Weimar. There, during a large part of each of two centuries, he was the leading poet of the world. If he was not quite the greatest of all poets, he was certainly the most universal man of letters.

WHO MADE UP *the* FAIRY TALES?

Thousands of Men and Women Who Never Knew How to Read and Write! But Here Are Two Brothers Who Wrote Down the Famous Tales for All the World to Read

DEEP within the Harz (harts) Mountains there is a high peak about which the neighbors tell all sorts of stories. They tell how goblins and fairies dance on its top by night, and how old Emperor Red-beard has his court there, and sits on a marble throne, with his long beard sweeping the ground.

Nearly every boy and girl, and most grown-ups, dearly love a tale that begins like this. Nearly everyone knows the tale of The Sleeping Beauty and of Rumpelstiltskin, of Snowdrop and of Hop o' My Thumb. Hänsel and Gretel are as great favorites as The Fisherman and His Wife. And though most children can tell the tales themselves, few of them ever stop to wonder who the Grimms were, where and when they lived, what they did, or why they wrote these stories.

Altogether there were six Grimms, children of a lawyer who lived in the German village of Hanau (hä'nou). Two of the boys, Jacob and Wilhelm (vīl'hēlm), wrote the fairy tales, and oddly enough they did not write

them just to entertain children, but for quite another purpose. Jacob, the older by a year, was born in 1785.

There is hardly any other story of brothers' love quite like that of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. From the time when they were tiny children until Wilhelm died in 1859, they were never apart for more than a few weeks. They played together, studied together, worked and lived together, and at last Jacob was buried beside his brother in Saint Matthew's churchyard at Berlin, four years after Wilhelm died.

In the little village of Hanau the Grimms were very poor. But they were good people who brought up their children in the old-fashioned way, giving them few pleasures and as much education as they could afford. Only seldom did Jacob and Wilhelm go wandering in the village, but on the days when they crossed through the market place to the pastor's house for their French lesson, they used to loiter to watch the workmen, the tradespeople, and the passers-by. The gilt weathercock that flashed in the sun

THE GRIMM BROTHERS

from a near-by steeple interested them greatly. Both were quiet children who thought a great deal about everything they heard and saw. At night, when they went to bed on their little cot in a garret room, they would talk about the things they had seen, and wonder what else they might have seen if their teacher had not lived so near their own home.

When Jacob was six years old he was sent with his brother to live with their grandfather in Steinau (sti'nou), and to go to school there. Here they had more freedom. They roamed the meadows, climbed the hills, and visited the old castle ruins. Like many other boys they collected butterflies and plants. They read all the books they could lay hands

on, and they liked especially to read the history of their own country, of its kings and castles, for they thought their country was the finest in all the world, and their king the best. At last they went to the university in Marburg.

The boys roomed together there and even used the same books. They studied law, but they had little interest in it. Old songs and stories of the German people, and even the German language itself, pleased them much better. Perhaps their childhood in castled Steinau had something to do with that. After graduating, Jacob got a place

as librarian at Cassel and took Wilhelm along as his assistant. Soon the two became professors in the university at Göttingen (gût'ing-ën), and after a few years there they were both called to Berlin as professors.

All through their lives Jacob and Wilhelm

Grimm were interested in everything that has to do with the German language and German literature. They used to work at the same desk and often at the same task. Each wrote many books, most of which were written for other learned professors. Jacob started a dictionary of the German language, one of the largest ever attempted. Above all he discovered the famous principle known as Grimm's Law, which shows how a host of words in Greek

and Latin turned into very different words in many of our modern languages—how *pater* in Latin became *father* in English, and how *quercus*, an oak, turned into *park*, a place where oaks grow. Grimm's Law is the greatest discovery ever made in the history of languages.

But both the brothers worked on one book that has made them better known than all the others they wrote. As they grew older they did not forget their happy days together at Steinau, when they wandered among the peasants and heard the old tales that were told by the people. So they decided to write



Here are Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, looking like the close friends and companions that they were. It would be hard to say whether they are more famous as learned scholars or as the writers of some of the most charming of all fairy stories.

HEINE

down the stories they had heard, just as they had heard them. They thought the world might like to have all this "folklore." So the goblins and fairies, the charming princes and beautiful princesses, even The Fisherman and His Wife, who had once

dwelt only in the dark chimney corners of German cottages, now live again in the hearts of boys and girls in many lands because of the loving interest of the two quiet brothers who wrote Grimms' Fairy Tales. Surely that is a delightful way to be remembered!



This is Heine, the intense and wayward singer of some of Germany's most haunting songs.

A GERMAN POET *with* A FRENCH WIT

*For All His Cunning Poems, the Germans Hated Heine because
He Said Such Sharp Things about Them*

ONE day in 1810 little Harry Heine (hî'nē) hurried down the main street of Dusseldorf (dus'el-dôrf) to catch a glimpse of the great emperor Napoleon, who was there to inspect his troops. Ever since a time before Heine had been born, on December 13, 1797, the French had been ruling the city and making times better for the people than did the German princes whom they had driven out. The French soldiers and officials there were well liked by most of the children, and especially by young Heine, who loved them dearly and thought the emperor Napoleon the greatest man in the world. He was resolved not to miss seeing the Emperor in all his glory.

Next to Napoleon, Heine's favorite was one of his uncles, a well-educated doctor in whose library he spent a great deal of time, for there were few books in his own home. His father was a fairly well-to-do Jewish merchant, who thought of very little except business and talked about it most of the

time. He did not want his son to be bookish, but to take up a business career. Luckily the boy's education was left to his mother, an intelligent woman from a family of cultivated physicians, and she was eager for the boy to make his mark in the professional world. She was satisfied to have him become nearly anything except a poet.

When Heine finished school at Düsseldorf he went to Hamburg to enter business under the direction of another uncle, a wealthy banker. With no taste for business life, he quickly made a failure of it, and his uncle, glad to be rid of him, agreed to furnish the money if he would go to a university and study law. After spending one year at the university in Bonn, Heine went to the one in Göttingen (gût'ing-ən), and being soon expelled for dueling, he went on to the university at Berlin. The large city pleased him. He made many friends, led a gay social life, and during the first year of his stay he published a volume called simply "Songs"

HEINE

(1827). At once he became popular and famous. Some charming travel sketches written for a newspaper soon increased his popularity, and shortly afterward he brought out another book of beautiful verses written while spending a vacation near the North Sea.

Upon hearing of his nephew's fame as an author, Heine's rich uncle in Hamburg at once insisted that he return to Göttingen and finish his studies. He did so, but during his last year at the university he refreshed himself and his admiring readers by publishing more poems, "The Book of Songs," and two delightful prose works, "A Journey to the Hartz" (harts) and "Travel Pictures." In spite of his uncle's desire for him to go into law, Heine now gave himself entirely to literature, and during the next six years he continued his writing, to the mingled joy and displeasure of the German public.

Quick-witted Harry Heine had been known for his sharp tongue ever since he was a little

boy. The man, Heinrich (hīn'rik) Heine for he had changed his name - had a sharp pen and no great love for German princes and their governments. Displeased with matters as they stood in Germany, he went to Paris in 1831 and there he made his home until his death on February 17, 1856. For twenty-five years he poured forth verses, sprightly and gay or sweetly sorrowful, and elegant prose famous for its clear language and biting satire.

As a suffering invalid helpless from paralysis, Heine spent the last ten years of his life on what he playfully called his "mattress grave." He did not lack money, and still less did he lack kind friends who tenderly cared for him until his death. When the end came he was buried in Paris, among his beloved French whom he had helped to a better understanding of his countrymen. Admirers from many nations now keep his grave bright with flowers.

Poetry cannot be so purely international as music and art, because we do not all speak the same tongue. But great poets cannot be kept in one single land. Heine is buried in France, Shelley and Keats in Italy; Shakespeare and Goethe are honored all over the world. This sculptured group is from the Goethe Monument in Rome.



Photo by Chaufourier, Rome

A MAKER of the MODERN MIND

The Great Critic Lessing Was One of the Clearest and Bravest Thinkers at the Gateway to the World of Our Day

THE age of seventeen a bright young student at Leipzig named Gotthold (gôt'hôlt) Ephraim Lessing fell in with a troop of actors, and not only shared with them the Christmas cake his pious mother had sent him but even wrote a play for them. It was called "The Young Scholar." When the news of these wild doings reached home, his father, the chief minister of the village, sent for the boy and scolded him severely. Gotthold told them how sorry he was and returned to Leipzig. Then his actor friends went off to Vienna and left him in the lurch. A little later he went to Berlin where he was destined in time to meet the great Voltaire (vôl'těr'), the most famous writer then in the world, and where he began to make his own fame as a writer for the literary journals. This was the beginning of a career that made Lessing the founder of modern German literature, a distinguished dramatist, and certainly the most fearless critic of modern times, if not indeed the best.

Lessing was born at Kamenitz (ka'měnts), then a village of Saxony, on January 22, 1729. Both his grandfathers had been Lutheran ministers, his father was one, and the boy himself was intended for that profession. Though the family was poor and a large one—there were twelve children—the parents were believers in a good education and they spared no pains to give one to little Gotthold, who astonished everybody by his brilliant mind. When only a mere child he won a scholarship to St. Afra's, a famous school of the region, and while there he won another to the university at Leipzig. Thus his education was provided for. But though he studied both theology and medicine, he never became either preacher or physician.

As soon as Lessing began to write for the Berlin literary journals, people saw at once that here was a new and capable critic. He

interrupted the work several times, once to go to the university in Wittenberg, and again to travel in Eastern Germany. All the while he continued writing for the journals and his fame steadily grew. In 1767 he was invited to Hamburg to be the official dramatic critic and reporter. No dramatic critic ever did better work. Lessing soon came into a great fame, and among other services he convinced the German playwrights that they ought to take the English dramatists like Shakespeare instead of the French for their models.

While in Hamburg Lessing disapproved of some writings on ancient art that were circulated by a scholar living there. In answer to these he wrote a lengthy criticism that immediately ranked him quite as high as an art critic as he stood in literary and dramatic fields. Soon afterwards he accepted a position as librarian at Wolfenbüttel (vôl'fěn-büt'čl), and there he remained until his death on February 15, 1781. During these years he wrote poems and fables, dramas and criticism, and engaged in several controversies with those whose opinions he considered false or unsound.

Lessing was not only a fine critic of other people's dramas, he was also a capable dramatist himself. His play "Minna von Barnhelm" (fôn barn'hělm) was the first masterpiece of German comedy, and his "Nathan the Wise" is a magnificent appeal to men to understand one another and not fight over their religion. In one of his great critical works, "Laocoön" (lă-ôk'ô-ôn), Lessing gives us a fine theory about the differences between the art of the painter and that of the poet. He laid the basis in this work for a great deal of the thinking about art and poetry in the world since his day—as indeed he did in so many of his other works in various fields. He was one of the creators of the modern mind.

THE GREATEST NOVELIST *of* OUR DAY

In Thomas Mann We Have the Greatest German Writer and the Leading Novelist of the Mid-Twentieth Century



Photo from Frederic Lewis

The face of Thomas Mann reveals the mind of our most thoughtful modern novelist.

THOMAS MANN'S two eldest children, Erika and Klaus now themselves well-known writers - tell of how when they were little they had to keep quiet all day because Father was writing, but how sometimes toward evening he would call them into his study, with its faint smell of glue and dust from books stacked everywhere, and read a tale from Grimm or "The Arabian Nights." So vivid was his reading that they vowed he should have been an actor. Or he would play the violin or make funny pictures of "the Brazilian Ambassador," complete with goatee, or of an elegant gentleman called "the Pride of the Ballroom." In fact, the great man has all his life loved the theater and music, and once actually published some cartoons. But of course his great fame rests on his stories.

He was born (1875) in the ancient German city of Lübeck (lū'bĕk). His father, whose grain business was a century old, was mayor of the town and the troops dipped colors to him when he passed. His mother was the

daughter of a Brazilian planter. Young Thomas had a happy childhood with his elder brother Heinrich (hīn'rik) also to become a famous writer and three younger brothers and sisters. He hated the military discipline of the Prussian school he went to, but it was fun to publish his poems in the "radical" school paper he and some schoolmates put out. Then his father died and the family moved to Munich. When he had finished school he followed them.

In Munich Mann copied accounts for an insurance company for a time, but soon after publishing his first story (1894) he quit business for good. He took courses at the University, spent some months with Heinrich in Rome, and came back to Munich (1898) with the unfinished but already tremendous manuscript of a novel. This turned out two years later to be "Buddenbrooks," a story of the German middle class, based on Mann's own family and childhood memories. It had a tremendous success. "The world," Mann said later, "embraced me amid congratulations and shouts of praise." People made pilgrimages to the "Buddenbrooks House," the ancestral mansion where Erika's and Klaus's grandfather had lived while they were swarming over their father's big house nearby. This book and those that followed were translated into other tongues.

After "Buddenbrooks" Thomas Mann knew a long period of happiness. He made a wise marriage with an extraordinary woman who, besides rearing six rather extraordinary children, became secretary, business manager, chauffeur, and general protector to her famous husband. They had a fine winter home in Munich and summer homes in the country. Mann was not called to military service in World War I.

Of course there were hard times following the defeat. One of Mann's most beautiful novelettes, "Disorder and Early Sorrow" (1926), gives some of the flavor of that time.

But the great stories and novels kept coming. We should mention especially the most famous of all, the long novel "The Magic Mountain" (1924), about people in a tuberculosis sanatorium who come to be symbols of the fading and falling apart of European civilization just before World War I. In 1929 Mann received the Nobel Prize—one of the highest honors a writer can have.

But the skies were already darkening over Germany. Mann had always thought that art and politics did not mix. He had called the collection of his essays about the first World War "Reflections of a Non-political Man." But now he felt he must warn the people against the threatening horror. In the year of the Nobel Prize he made a speech in Berlin which brought on a Nazi riot. The next year, in a famous novelette, "Mario and the Magician," he showed the dangers of dictatorship. He was learning that, as he said later, "a writer is lost who betrays the things of the spirit by refusing to face and decide for himself the human problem, put, as it is today, in political terms."

Escaping the Nazi Purge

In March, 1933, soon after Hitler came to power, Herr and Frau Mann, on a vacation in Zurich, received a telephone call from Erika and Klaus in Munich: "Don't come home, the weather is bad." But it was bad in Zurich too. "Don't come home, we are having spring housecleaning."

So that was it—a Nazi purge! Thomas Mann's next sight of his native land was sixteen years and a terrible war away.

The sons and daughters followed into exile. Erika, disguised as a peasant, slipped back over the border to rescue from their Munich house the manuscript of a half-finished novel of her father's. It was all they saved. Even their German citizenship was taken away. But for three years, in spite of the pleadings of Erika, Klaus, and his brother Heinrich, Mann kept silent about Hitler, still hoping that as artist-in-exile he could do more good by sticking to his art. Then, infuriated by anti-Semitic attacks on the German exiles—especially hard to bear because Frau Mann is half-Jewish—he spoke out at last. A few months later (1936),

when the University of Bonn withdrew his honorary degree, he replied in scorching words read round the world. The Nazis banned his books. But the free world welcomed him, and he has ever since been a notable worker for democracy and civilization.

In the winter of 1937-38 Mann went on a tour of the United States, lecturing on "The Coming Victory of Democracy." He was so well pleased with his reception and with the country and people in general that he accepted an appointment as lecturer at Princeton University. The next year he took out his first citizenship papers. Soon all the rest of the family, including brother Heinrich, were in the United States. Thomas Mann and his wife moved to California, where they built a house near Hollywood. New honors came, including honorary degrees from Harvard, Columbia, Yale. During the war Mann broadcast to his former countrymen in German. After the war (1949) he returned to Germany briefly and accepted awards from West Germany at Frankfurt and from East Germany at Weimar (vi'mar).

Great Novels about Joseph

But what of the novels in all these tumultuous years? Back in 1926, before Hitler, Mann had been fascinated by the Old Testament story of Joseph. He wanted to stop writing about modern well-to-do people and "pierce deep, deep into the human"—that is, to write about the legendary Joseph as if he were Everyman, representing us all. It was the unfinished manuscript of "Joseph and His Brothers" (1933), first of the four long philosophical novels in this series, which Erika rescued. The others followed: "Young Joseph" (1934), "Joseph in Egypt" (1936), and "Joseph the Provider" (1944). There have been other stories too, the most important "Doctor Faustus" (1948), in which, through the doomed hero and his biographer, Mann tries to show the soul of the German people. On the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, in 1950, there appeared a "Thomas Mann Reader," which presented in English translation some of his finest tales and passages from the novels.

A POET *of the* CANADIAN WOODS

For His Pictures of Canadian Scenery in Verse and Prose, Charles G. D. Roberts Is Important in the Literature of His Native Land

IT WOULD be hard to say which was the more delightful thing about the charming old rectory where Charles George Douglas Roberts lived as a child—the ample library where the children learned their love of books, or the towering forests out of doors, threaded with limpid streams so inviting to the canoe. The forests and streams were those of New Brunswick, Canada; and the books belonged to the children's father, who was a minister, a classical scholar, a poet, and an athlete. The children's mother was of the stock of the New England Puritans, remotely related to the great Emerson. The brothers and sisters nearly all grew up to be poets and writers.

Charles George Douglas himself was born in 1860, and he was destined to be the best-known of all that clever family. He went to school in Fredericton, the capital of the province. One of his playmates there was his cousin, Bliss Carman, who was to grow to be a well-known poet too. Both boys reveled in the woods and the river, and paddled and swam like young savages. Later they went together to the small university in Fredericton. Young Roberts was a brilliant student and won medals for his work in Latin and Greek. He learned to love the old Greek and Latin myths, and would sometimes imagine more of his own. He studied the English poets, too, longing to write verse as rich and melodious as that of Keats. When he was only twenty he published his first book of verse. It was a book of myths, and he called it "Orion" (ô-rî'ôn).

Now the stories in "Orion" were not very close to life as Roberts knew it, and his way of telling them was not very original. Yet the book is important because it marked the beginning of a new Canadian literature. Canada is a younger country even than the United States, and had not before this had

much time or thought to spare for poetry from pioneering. Besides, the people were widely scattered, and there was little unity either of thought or of government. But in 1864 all the provinces were brought together in one strong federation, and Canada became a nation, with a new feeling of patriotism for the country as a whole. Roberts belonged to the first generation who grew up in this new Canada, and his voice was only the first and clearest of a whole chorus of voices which began to sing in the 1880's.

But "Orion" did not contain the best verse that Roberts was to write. Later he turned to the woods and fields of Canada, and sang of the thrush's song or the potato harvest or the wild geese winging north. Much of this nature verse he wrote while he was teaching school in his native land. In 1885 he became a professor at King's College in Nova Scotia. There he lived with his growing family, worked prodigiously on his history of Canada, and continued to write.

In 1896 he moved to New York. There he earned his living by writing, publishing more in prose and verse. The poems are some of them about New York, especially at night; many of them are love poems. The most important of the prose work is a new kind of nature story—about animals of the Canadian woods.

In 1914 Roberts was living in England. Though he was past fifty, he enlisted and served in the World War. Then in 1925 he returned to New Brunswick, and has lived there ever since.

A list of his books would take up many pages, and would contain all sorts of things, from a history of Canada's part in the war to an imaginary history of "a sister of Evangeline." But he will probably be best remembered for certain of his poems about the great Canadian outdoors.

JONATHAN EDWARDS



Jonathan Edwards was a serious, studious little boy who began writing essays on knotty subjects before he was in his teens. He must have looked rather like this as he wrote them before the open fire in that

old New England home of colonial days. Or perhaps he is just doing his sums, and has looked up like any other boy to ask his mother's advice about some knotty point he does not quite understand.

OUR STERNEST, STRAIGHTEST THINKER

Hardly a Man Alive To-day Would Start Thinking in the Way Jonathan Edwards Began; but if Anyone Did Start in That Way, He Would Almost Surely Have to Follow Edwards to the End of the Journey

WHEN Jonathan Edwards was only seven or eight he used to slip off to the woods with other children and there lead them in prayer. And when he grew up he became a great preacher, stern and terrible in wrath and burning with a flame of devotion. His whole life was spent in telling people what he believed about God and man's duty toward God. So great was his power that he has been called the father of the religious revival sometimes spoken of as "the Great Awakening."

All this happened in Puritan New England before the American Revolution. Edwards

was born in 1703 in a little town in Connecticut, the only brother among ten sisters. His father was a minister and his mother was the daughter of a minister, and little Jonathan was brought up in strict Puritan ways. He must sit quietly through sermons and prayers hours long while his toes were getting stiffer and stiffer with the cold. He must eat his Sunday dinner cold because it was not right to do any cooking on the Sabbath.

But his father and mother taught him well, and at ten he was already writing essays on "the nature of the soul." He went to Yale

JONATHAN EDWARDS

before he was quite thirteen, and before he was graduated he had written many notebooks full of brilliant thoughts and observations on the Scriptures and the world of nature and the way peoples' minds work. He stayed on at Yale two years more, studying theology (thê-ôl'ô-jî)—the subject having to do with men's idea of God. It seemed to the young enthusiast that there was nothing of importance in all the world except this search for a clear idea of God and of communion with Him. In the year 1721 he had an experience of religious ecstasy which he always thought of as his true conversion. After that he was sure that God had spoken in his heart, and he dedicated himself to telling others what he had come to believe so deeply.

The Hard Life of a Colonial Pastor

He married a gentle dark-eyed girl who from the time she was thirteen had had mystic visions and experiences of religion. In 1726 they settled in Northampton, Massachusetts, where Edwards served as pastor for twenty-four years. He was not a strong man, but he never spared himself. Every morning he was up at four, and every day he read and studied and preached for twelve or thirteen hours; even when he walked in the woods he took along paper on which to jot down notes for his next book or sermon. He did not spare his parishioners either. His preaching was stern and brilliantly cold. He believed in predestination (prê-dês'tî-nâ'-shün), the doctrine that God has determined beforehand who is to be saved and who is to be punished for all eternity; and he believed that nothing could be done about this except to keep the heart humble and loving in the hope that God's grace might speak to it in mercy. So Edwards terrified the people by ghastly pictures of hell. He set his face like flint against all the reformers who were trying to soften the doctrines of the Congregational church, to which he belonged.

His power grew. In the early 1730's there was a revival in his church at Northampton. For a while he counted as many as thirty

sudden conversions each week. Children held prayer meetings, and one tot of four was thought to have known true communion with God. The excitement spread throughout Connecticut. After a while it died down and Edwards feared that Satan had again triumphed. But in 1740 a great preacher came to America from England, and found the ground so well prepared by Edwards and his followers that a huge wave of religious excitement swept over New England and on into the other colonies. It was called the Great Awakening. People talked of nothing but religion. At meetings many fell into fits or went mad. Even Edwards felt that the movement was too hysterical to be altogether wholesome, though he believed that on the whole it had done good.

Not long after this Edwards fell into a quarrel with his own congregation. Many of them thought him too stern and objected to his doctrines. He was much too honest and upright to change from doing what he believed to be right. So in the end (1750) he had to leave. There followed a time of great poverty for him and his wife and twelve children. After a while they went to Stockbridge, on the edge of the wilderness, and Edwards preached in a mission church among the Indians. Later he became president of Princeton College. But just as he was beginning that work, he died (1758) of smallpox. He was only fifty-five.

How to Measure Jonathan Edwards

It is hard for us now to do justice to Jonathan Edwards. Religion has changed since his day. His ideas seem to most of us cruel and harsh, his life cold and stern and lacking in outward beauty. But he had one of the keenest minds that ever thought and wrote in America, and he is honored in Europe as well as in his native land as a theologian and philosopher. And whatever we may think of his ideas, we must remember that he preached them powerfully and stood by them with great courage. He wrote a really great book on "The Freedom of the Will."



Perhaps it is fitting that the Father of American Literature should have been an incurable wanderer, for Americans have always been a restless people. Certainly it is fitting that his wandering should have taken Washington Irving to Spain and to the records

of Christopher Columbus—who was a wanderer second to none. In this picture the artist, Sir David Wilkie, has shown us the eager young Irving poring over some of the records he searched at the convent of La Rabida while working on his book about Columbus.

The AUTHOR of “RIP VAN WINKLE”

The Father of Our Country Gave Him a Name and Patted Him on the Head; and in His Own Turn He Became the Father of Our Literature

MANY a night after dinner little Washington Irving would slip secretly out of the house to a neighboring theater, tear himself away in time to slip secretly in again for family prayers at nine o'clock, and then once more escape to see how the play came out. “Oh, Washington, if you were only good!” his mother often lamented. Yet if she had but known it, her small son’s wanderings were some day to take him all over the world and give him the material out of which to build the first really solid literary reputation ever held by an American.

For Washington Irving was born in 1783,

when the last of the British troops were still parading New York at the close of the Revolutionary War; and when he began to write, people in both Europe and America looked in astonishment at this American who was writing stories and essays and histories just as if he had been born in Europe. That is why Irving is sometimes called the Father of American Literature.

He wrote about all sorts of things all over the world. For he was always restless, just as he had been as a child. Idle in school, he did not even try to go to college. He entered a law office, but often ran away from that

IRVING

too—to gossip with his friends or sail up the Hudson. He never tired of the stately river bordered by quaint old Dutch farms and sleepy villages. Between times, he scribbled sketches for his brother's journal.

But his health was not good, and his family sent him to Europe. When he sailed he looked so ill that the skipper remarked, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." But he did no such thing. On the other hand, he spent a year and a half of adventurous travel abroad, and returned quite healthy and handsomer than ever. Besides that, he had lost his heart to Europe, with its art, its long history, its traditions.

In New York Irving drifted into law again, and amused himself on the side by writing a series of humorous sketches for his journal, "Salmagundi." New Yorkers liked these so well that the young humorist ventured on a book. This was no less than "A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," which he pretended was written by one Diedrich Knickerbocker, a descendant of the old Dutch settlers. This is not a real history at all, but a most amusing imaginary account of the times when the stout Dutch worthies could hide the whole town in a cloud of tobacco smoke and when Peter Stuyvesant stumped about the little fort on his wooden leg. The book made Irving's reputation, and is in fact one of the most entertaining "histories" ever written. It was particularly welcome in America, in 1809, because almost all American writing before that time had been pretty sober reading.

This is the most truly American of Irving's books. For shortly after its publication he was in Europe again, and the old fascination of things European came on him so strongly that he became as much English as American.

But before he went he served for a while in the War of 1812 and planned to join an expedition against the pirates of Northern Africa. This expedition never sailed, and Irving set out for England alone.

He went on a business venture, but it soon failed, and Irving turned to writing for a

living. He had the help and friendship of some of the best English writers. They liked him he was charming, handsome, and gentlemanly. It was Sir Walter Scott who found him a publisher for the "Sketch Book," which appeared in 1819. This book sold well on both sides of the Atlantic; Americans liked the quaint humor and

local color of "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and Englishmen liked the sketches of English country life. He wrote other books—"Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveller"—and found that he

was no longer either unknown or poor.

Then he started wandering again. In France he wrote a series of "American Essays." In Spain he wrote two volumes of real history, dug out of musty old manuscripts and documents: "The Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828) and "The Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus" (1831). He had drifted southward, urged by an old longing to visit the strongholds once held by the Moors in Spain. For months he dwelt in the romantically beautiful old Moorish castle, the Alhambra (āl-hām'-brā). By moonlight he dreamed beside fountains whose waters made harmony with the nightingale's song. By day he wrote in a chamber overlooking the old town and the perfumed gardens. "The Conquest of Granada" is a partly imaginary history, and "The Alhambra" is a series of tales and sketches suggested by this romantic place. But eventually he was called back to Eng-

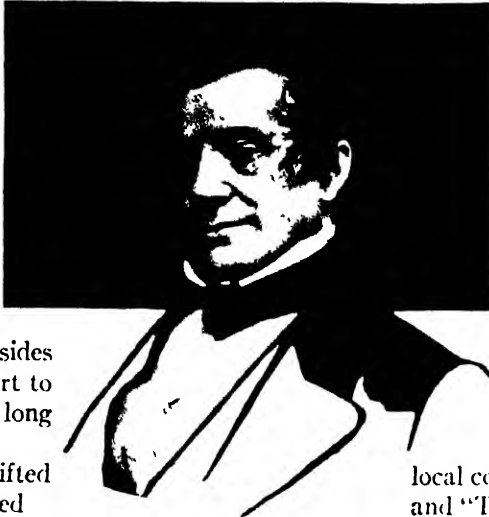


Photo by Handy

This is Washington Irving, whose tales about New York in the days when it was New Netherland are still a delight to all who read them.

COOPER



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Life on the frontier and among the Indians was doubtless not quite so noble and pleasantly romantic as Cooper pictures it in his famous tales, but for all that, they give us something of the "feel" of the forests

land and shortly after that he was in New York again (1832). He had been abroad seventeen years.

He returned to find himself famous as the first important American man of letters. He found too that the country was booming. Trade and business hummed. The great valley of the Mississippi was fast filling with settlers. The frontier was moving swiftly west. Seized again by his old restless fever, Irving visited the Western prairies. Then he built his charming retreat, Sunnyside, on his beloved Hudson, and settled down to write. Between 1842 and 1846 he was in Spain again, as United States minister. Then he returned to Sunnyside to stay. He had never married, but remained always true to the memory of his first love, who had died long before. The books of these later years are not so famous as some of the earlier ones. They are histories and biographies for the

When we close his books we are in a mood to put on deerskin jackets and coonskin caps and start out to conquer the wilderness to the rat-tat-tat of a drum, like the pioneers in this picture.

most part, the best known of them is a life of George Washington, after whom Irving had been named. This was finished not long before the author died, in 1859.

Americans have often reproached Irving for writing about the past and about Europe. They point to the swift, changing life of the America of his own day, and ask why he did not write of that. The truth is that Irving never understood very well the surging, crude youthfulness of his own America. He was a fastidious person, and fitted in better where things were gentler and more settled. Only in the "Knickerbocker History" and a few tales like "Rip Van Winkle" did he do very well with American material, and these are all about the past. But if we will not ask him for what he cannot give, we can still chuckle delightedly over the amusing pages of this pioneer of American story telling.

The MAN WHO MADE UP "LEATHERSTOCKING"

***The Most Famous Spies, Scouts, and Indians in the World Were
Given to Us by James Fenimore Cooper***

AROUND Lake Otsego in western New York the forests still stood deep and dark in 1790. Into this wilderness came Judge Cooper with his large family, moving from New Jersey to set up a town

on the western edge of the world. He was a wealthy man, and he built a stately and comfortable house at Cooperstown, a house so much more magnificent than any other that people called it the Manor. The Judge

COOPER

was a shrewd Quaker gentleman, and he prospered more than ever on the frontier.

There was a baby in Judge Cooper's house—the eleventh child, born (1789) just the year before the family moved to New York State. This youngster, named James Fenimore, was to grow up and put into books something of the life on that frontier—something of his boyhood hunting, of the still unconquered Indians of the forest of the old frontiersmen who rode in now and then to the village. The child learned to know all the animals of the forest. On cold winter nights he shivered at the howl of the timber wolf. Alone in the woods he steered away from the cry of the panther. Startled deer fled before him deeper into the forest gloom. A strange life for any boy—to be at once a frontiersman and a wealthy gentleman's son!

Little James went to school for a while at Coopers-town. Then he went back to civilization, to Albany, for further study. At thirteen he entered Yale. But he was not interested in college, and wasted his time in idle wanderings and what the authorities called "unruly conduct." Finally he was expelled, and went back home. Then, in 1806, while he was still in his middle teens, he went to sea. He sailed on a vessel bound for England, and by the time he returned he had become a full-fledged tar.

After that he learned shipbuilding, and became an expert seaman. But he did not stay in the navy long. Soon he married, and it was not hard for his young wife to persuade him to settle down ashore. They lived first on Long Island, then at Coopers-

town, then on Long Island again, quiet and happy on their farms. Often they would read together. One evening Cooper suddenly flung down the book and cried, "I could write a better book than that myself!" Mrs. Cooper laughingly reminded him that he would not even write letters. She dared him to write that better book.

Cooper never refused a challenge. So in 1820 he published his first novel—a rather bad one. People criticized it, as they well might, for being all about things he knew nothing of.

So, the next time, he took for his plot a story he had heard about a Revolutionary spy. This story he built into a vigorous and picturesque tale, in which the romantic and lonely hero moves back and forth across the country Cooper knew so well. "The Spy" was a great success, it was the first really important American novel.

Presently Cooper moved to New York City, where he learned to know many brilliant men. The next year (1823) he published his first novel about the frontier, "The Pioneers," written "solely to please myself." In this book first appears Natty Bumppo, or Leatherstocking, the

great frontiersman and wilderness scout. Leatherstocking is drawn a little after Daniel Boone, and a little too perhaps from memories of a hunter whom Cooper had often seen at the Manor in Cooperstown. He became one of the most famous figures in American fiction.

The public liked Leatherstocking so well that Cooper wrote four more enthralling romances about him, two of them almost at once, the other two, years later when Cooper



Photo by Han Is

Here is James Fenimore Cooper, writer of stirring sea tales and creator of Leatherstocking, one of the most famous characters in fiction.

had grown old. But if you want to read in its proper order the life story of the great scout, you must begin with the one written last of all, "The Deerslayer," which tells of Leatherstocking in love. Then comes the most famous of them, "The Last of the Mohicans," which we remember not only for Leatherstocking but even more for the two noble Indians, Uncas and Chingachgook, with their hopeless and heroic struggle against the white men. Third, you should read "The Pathfinder," then "The Pioneers," and lastly "The Prairie," in which the old hunter seeks the retreating wilderness beyond the Mississippi and dies among the Indians of the plains.

Meanwhile Cooper had tried another kind of adventure tale, and had written a great sea story. This is "The Pilot," and it is about the Revolutionary hero, John Paul Jones. "The Pilot" was read with such delight that writers of sea stories have been more or less imitating it ever since. Cooper himself followed it with other salty tales.

In 1826 Cooper, now a well-known novelist, took his family to Europe, and did not come back for seven years. While he was gone he was rather homesick, and began to see his native land through a rosy haze of romantic

memory. Then when he returned to it he was disappointed. Doubtless the country had changed a good deal, and Cooper himself had changed too with those years in the Old World. At all events, he felt that everything was wrong in America, and he did not hesitate to say so. Besides, there had been unfavorable criticism of some of his books, and he did not like such criticism. So for some years he wasted his fine talent writing angry books about how bad things were in the country, and carrying on libel suits against newspapers which said unpleasant things about him.

He went back to writing novels after a time, and published eleven of them in seven years. These are on various subjects, two being the later Leatherstocking tales.

During all the years after he came back from Europe, Cooper had kept pretty much to himself, living at Cooperstown; and the public had not read his books as it did at first. Yet when he died, in 1851, Irving, Bryant, and Daniel Webster united to do him honor. And even to-day his fame is secure as the writer of romantic tales of the sea and the forest, and as the creator of Leatherstocking. Best loved of all, perhaps, is "The Last of the Mohicans."

The FIRST NATURE POET of AMERICA

Astonishing for the Beauty of His Boyhood Verses, Bryant Spent a Long, Stern Life in Varied Literary Work

ONE morning in 1817 a Boston editor found on his desk a package of papers with some poems written upon them. The poems were not signed. Tradition has it that the editor, when he had read them, rushed off in delighted excitement to show his literary friends the prize. They laughed and said someone was trying to play a joke on him. "No one on this side of the Atlantic," cried one of them, "is capable of writing such verses."

But it was not a joke. It merely meant that the first really excellent poetry had at last been written in America.

The unknown poet turned out to be William Cullen Bryant. He had written the

poems six years before, and tucked them away in a drawer; there his father had found them, and had now sent them on to Boston. The best of them, "Thanatopsis" (thăn'ă-tôp'sis), had been written when Bryant was only seventeen.

It was of the fields and forests of western New England, still rather wild and lonely in those days, that Bryant mainly wrote; and it was in the midst of this same loveliness of nature that he grew up. He was born in 1794, in a comfortable Massachusetts farmhouse set among apple trees by a river. He grew up on an even pleasanter farm, fitted out complete with brooks and river, rocky hills and deep forests. Gathering nuts, fish-

BRYANT

ing, rambling in the woodlands—how he reveled in these things! He had been a delicate little boy, but his father had put him through a strict course of training—cold baths every day, for instance—and he was soon sturdy enough to climb and ramble with the best.

He did not spend much time in school, but he was well educated for all that. He could say his letters before he was a year and a half old. He learned Latin from his uncle, and studied the Greek Testament until he knew it “almost as if it had been English.” He went for a few months to Williams College, then a tiny, struggling school with only four teachers. There they still point out the wooded glen where he wrote his first great poem, that stately hymn of nature and of death, “Thanatopsis.” He hoped to go on to Yale; but his father, a country physician, could not afford to send him.

So for a few not very happy years he studied and practiced law. It was on the way to hang out his sign for his first law practice that he wrote the lovely poem, “To a Waterfowl.” This was another of the poems that went into the drawer, finally to be published by that Boston editor.

By 1821, Bryant had had enough encouragement from editors to persuade him to publish a thin volume of verses, called simply “Poems.” In the same year he married a gentle, intelligent girl, with whom he was very happy. It was not long before he decided that he could earn more money by writing than by practicing law, and as he needed money for his family and disliked the law anyway, he decided to make the change.

But though he wrote many poems at this time, and could easily sell them, he saw that he could not earn a living by poetry alone. So in 1825 he went to New York City to become a journalist. Within four years he

had become editor of the “Evening Post,” one of the most important papers in the country. He remained the editor of it all the rest of his life—for nearly fifty years.

For a while he had to work very hard indeed to build up his paper. Then he thought he could turn over more of the work to others, and in 1834 he went abroad with his family

and stayed more than a year. But the paper nearly failed while he was gone, and when he came back he had to work harder than ever to straighten things out. After that he could take things more easily again, and he even grew rich and had leisure to spend long hours in the garden of his country home on Long Island. But he always lived simply, and remained a little distant and cold, with a Puritan seriousness in his manner.

After he became a great editor, Bryant did not

write very much poetry. He turned his energy to writing the fine, dignified, and powerful editorials which made his paper famous. He fought staunchly

against slavery, for the election of Lincoln, for the carrying on of the Civil War, for a mild policy in the South after the war was over for all the things he believed in with the whole force of the Puritan seriousness of which we spoke a moment ago.

So since he died, in 1878, he has been remembered both as a great Puritan journalist and as the first, perhaps the best, of the American poets who have written mainly about nature. For first and last it was of the quiet beauty of nature in New England that he wrote most hauntingly. His first poem speaks of the “various language” Nature speaks to those who love her. One of his noblest poems begins:

“The groves were God’s first temples . . .”
In those ‘emples he never ceased to worship.



Photo by Handy

This picture shows William Cullen Bryant as he looked in his later years. The writing of his best poetry was far in the past, but he was doing a fine work for American journalism.



This is the House of the Seven Gables, Hawthorne's home, which he made immortal in the great novel named for it. Nothing in that book is gloomier or much stranger than the life really lived here by Hawthorne's mother, and later by Hawthorne himself.

of Natural History

The GENIUS of "THE SCARLET LETTER"

No One of Our Authors Has Owned a More Delicate Imagination than That of Nathaniel Hawthorne

IN A very old and quiet house in Salem, Massachusetts, there lived in the early years of the nineteenth century a little boy who would one day grow up to write such famous stories as "Tanglewood Tales" and "The Great Stone Face" and "The Scarlet Letter." His name was Nathaniel Hawthorne, and in the old house he lived in an atmosphere of quiet study and loneliness and gentle pride in his long line of sturdy Puritan ancestors. It was a family tradition that the house was still haunted by a curse which a "witch" had laid on one of these ancestors, who had been a judge in the Salem witchcraft trials long before. Could that, people whispered, be why Nathaniel's father had died when the child was only four, and why ever since his mother had shut herself up in her room all day long and had refused even to eat with her children? No matter, they could play alone. And when for three years Nathaniel was too lame to play, he could go adventuring in books. In books

one could wander in far countries or in by-gone years or even in fairyland, and learn to know all sorts of men, from kings and saints to beggars and scoundrels.

When the young dreamer was fourteen he spent a year or so with his uncles at Sebago Lake in Maine, and there he fell in love with the loneliness of the forest. He went to Bowdoin College dutifully enough when his uncles wished him to, and seems to have had a healthy good time there. But when that was over, he went back to the house in Salem. And for twelve years he spent most of his time in his "dismal chamber" under the eaves, reading and learning to write. He wanted to give his imagination a chance to roam through all literature and to muse on all life. Only about once a year he would leave his retreat and wander off over the hills of New England, perhaps once or twice venturing to more westerly country, to talk with people and learn their stories and their legends and their beliefs. Some of these he

HAWTHORNE

put down in "The Great Stone Face" and "The Ambitious Guest" and "Ethan Brand" and other tales you may have read. He liked humble folk—farmers and toll gatherers and peddlers and the people who haunted country taverns. But most of all he loved his books and his dreams, and to them he always returned.

He was very busy in his solitude. He read many books on the history of New England, and then tried to make that history come to life in the stories he wrote. He pondered on his own love of solitude and on the ways New Englanders had thought and felt from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers to his own day. And then he wrote intense, strange tales of people to whom lonely pride brings tragedy—stories like "The Minister's Black Veil," and in later years "Rappaccini's Daughter," "The Birthmark," and "Ethan Brand." He published at first in magazines, "The Token" and "The New England Magazine."

For a while no one seemed to realize that a new genius had appeared. But after 1832, when Hawthorne was twenty-eight, his stories began to be talked about. In 1837 the best of them were published in book form as "Twice-Told Tales." After that Hawthorne was increasingly well known, and never again did he live in such deep retirement.

He needed money too. So for a while he tried holding a position in the Customs House at Boston. He hated that. Then he tried staying at Brook Farm for a while. This was a famous farm set up by some Massachusetts intellectuals in the hope of finding the perfect life by laboring in the fields and

holding most of their possessions in common. Here Hawthorne lived for six months or so, plowing, digging potatoes, and chopping wood. But that did not seem to be quite what he was seeking either.

Then he found the comradeship he was looking for in his marriage. He and his young wife moved to Concord, where Hawthorne knew Emerson and became intimate with Thoreau (thō'rō), another New England writer; and in Concord were spent the three happiest and most satisfying years of Hawthorne's life. Something of his quiet joy in these years Hawthorne has told us of in the preface to the book he wrote in Concord—the group of short stories which he called "Mosses from an Old Manse" after the old house where he lived with his bride.

Poverty drove them at last from their Concord paradise. There were three more years in a Customs House, this time in Salem. Then, turned out of office by the fortunes of politics, Hawthorne withdrew to the country and began to write his novels.

In 1850 he published his masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter," which grew out of all his delving in the Puritan past and in his own family tradition. In 1851 came another study in the Puritan tradition, "The House of the Seven Gables," for which he found many hints in his own ancestral home. "The Blithedale Romance," published the next year, has a modern setting, but is not so successful as the other two. Hawthorne was now a very famous man, and no longer poor. He bought a house in Concord, where he had been so happy before.

But when Hawthorne's old college friend,

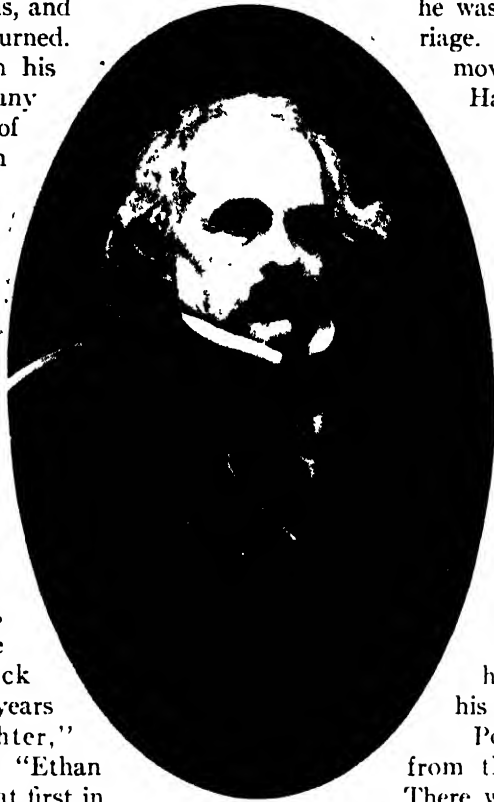


Photo by Handy

Hawthorne, whose face we see here, deserves our remembrance as a gifted novelist and also as one of the first and finest of short-story writers.

LONGFELLOW

Franklin Pierce, was elected president of the United States, Hawthorne was persuaded (1853) to go as United States consul to Liverpool. He stayed abroad for seven years, in England and Italy, but he never felt quite happy or at home there. His impressions of Italy are in his last novel, "The Marble Faun," published in 1860. He came home at last, but wrote very little more. He was tired, and though not yet sixty, he felt that he was old. In 1864 he died.

From his own day to ours Hawthorne has

been thought of as one of the greatest of American writers, perhaps our greatest novelist. Some people say that he was too much withdrawn from the world, that he lived too much in his books and his fancies and too little in life itself. But perhaps after all he took the best way to understand the proud and lonely people he wanted to write about and the background of old New England which he wanted to describe for us. Certainly he wrote beautiful and moving tales which we should not like to be without



One of the chief sights in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the Longfellow House, the beautiful eighteenth century mansion in this picture. Long ago it was known as the Craigie House. But then the poet Longfellow made it his home, and spent in it many long and useful

years. Here he lived when his fame was at its height and people flocked to the house like pilgrims. As he grew old the white-haired, kindly poet seemed like a reverend sage and the dignified old house a sort of shrine. To-day it bears his name.

The MOST POPULAR AMERICAN POET

If We Do Not Read Longfellow Quite So Much as Our Grand-fathers Did, It May Be That We Are the Losers for the Fact

THE very first verses that we learn when we are little children are likely to be by Longfellow. Who does not know "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior" and "The Children's Hour"? Poems like these sing themselves so smoothly and are so easy to understand that children and simple people have always loved them. Perhaps when we grow up we learn to prefer less sweet and more majestic poets—and even

among Longfellow's own verses some that are more profound and not so well known. But we always remember Longfellow as the poet of childhood and home—the "fireside poet," some people have called him.

When he was himself a child, Longfellow lived in an ample household with seven brothers and sisters. He came of an old New England family, and his mother traced her descent from Elder Brewster and John

LONGFELLOW

Alden. His father was a prosperous lawyer in the bustling town of Portland, Maine. Little Henry Wadsworth, who was born in 1807, grew up in the time when Portland merchants, hard-headed, shrewd, and silent,

were filling their pockets with the profits of a brisk



We have all read "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and know that this is Priscilla and John Alden. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" the arch girl is saying.

ocean trade. Trim clipper ships lay at the docks or set sail for the other side of the world. Red-faced Yankee farmers rubbed elbows with bearded Spanish sailors and Negro stevedores.

But Henry was a bookish child. While other boys played ball, flew kites, fought snow-ball battles, or hung about the docks, he thumbed grown-up books in his father's library. His favorite was Irving's "Sketch Book." Sometimes he wrote childish verses imitating his favorite authors. As he grew older he went to a singing school and pranced with the girls to the lively tune of "Money Musk." Then at fourteen he went to Bowdoin College. He continued to read and write verses, especially "pieces which touch the feelings and improve the heart."

He had set his heart on making a career of his writing. His father wanted him to study law, and pointed out that America was too poor to support professional writers. There were not many at that time, to be sure, although Irving and Cooper and Bryant had begun to write. Outside of New England

and New York, America was too busy building homes, hewing down forests, and laying out towns in the Western wilderness, to bother much with literature. Yet for all that, Longfellow was to fulfill his dream.

When he was only nineteen, an offer came to him which enabled him to start on the career he longed for. He was asked to become a professor of foreign literatures at Bowdoin. To prepare himself, he spent

three years in Europe. He learned to speak French, Spanish, Italian, and German, so that he could teach them when he returned. More than all, he came back full of reverence for the art and literature of the Old World and eager to bring some of the Old World culture to the New. To this end, while he was at Bowdoin, he even wrote textbooks of the European languages, since there were no such books to be had in America.

Fortune smiled upon the youthful professor. Among his older colleagues he was a colorful figure—good-looking, rosy-cheeked, courteous, and charming. He was extraordinarily neat in his dress, and given to bright-colored waistcoats. Soon he married a beau-



In the oval is the face of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the days of his old age, when he was at the height of his fame.



"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night."
—"Paul Revere's Ride."

tiful girl from Portland. Nothing was lacking to his happiness but a call to a more influential professorship at Harvard. And in 1834 that came too.

But before taking up his duties at Harvard, Longfellow again went abroad to study, espe-

cially to learn more about the German and Scandinavian languages. On this trip he had his first taste of real sorrow; in Holland his young wife died. For a while he felt stunned and lost. But he returned to America and took up his work at Harvard, again a bright figure among colleagues much older than he. He took rooms in a famous old house, called the Craigie House. This house later came to belong to him and was his permanent home; it is still known as the Longfellow House.

For some time now, Longfellow had written very little poetry. Now, suddenly, at thirty-two, he burst into song. His first collection of verse was called "Voices of the Night." It was at once popular. A second book contained "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Excelsior," and "The Village Blacksmith." After that, new volumes of verse appeared from time to time, and Longfellow came quickly into his great fame. His poems were read and loved all over America and England, and were translated into many languages so that other people might read and love them too.

Meanwhile Longfellow had married again, and settled himself to a quiet and studious life at Cambridge. Except for one volume of poems against slavery, he took little note of the bustling outside world. He buried himself in the European culture he had learned to love, and did a great service to

the young America of those days in thus bringing the influence of Europe to her. But this kept him, at the same time, from writing strong and original poetry with its roots in his own native soil. Even "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" are rather "bookish" and not truly American. They are good stories just the same, and many of us can quote long singing passages of them by heart.

In 1854 Longfellow was rich enough to be able to resign from his professorship and spend all his time writing—just as he had long ago hoped to do. He continued to live very quietly and happily at Cambridge. In 1861 his second wife died in a terrible accident, but he had a gentle strength which carried him through even that sorrow. He never ceased to miss her, and his blue eyes no longer smiled. But to the end his mind was clear and vigorous. He had become a sort of legend in the land. His desk was piled with letters from unknown admirers. People were always begging him for his autograph—and he was too kind-hearted to refuse. Children were brought to Craigie House to see the serene white-haired friend of childhood. When in the fullness of time he died, in 1882, the people mourned all over the land. And in England he was honored by the first memorial ever set up in Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey in honor of an American.

The MOST FAMOUS AMERICAN PROPHET

***Emerson, the "Sage of Concord," Has Stirred Up More Thinking
in This Country and in Europe than Any Other
American Philosopher***

HITCH your wagon to a star," said Emerson. That is what he did himself. He was never willing to go rumbling along the road in the same old rut—believing things just because other people had believed them, doing things just because he was expected to. His wagon must be hitched to the star of aspiration—he would follow the ideals he had thought out for himself, and he would not let a longing for mere

things like houses and money weight him down in that same old rut.

It was not that the things which money will buy came to him for the asking. He was born (1803) into the family of a kindly and intelligent Boston minister; but his father died, and after that it was hard to make ends meet. Before school the children helped with the housework, carried in wood, and led the cow to pasture. One winter little



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

This is another of the fine old houses made famous by New England men of letters. It stands at Concord, Massachusetts, and has stood there since before the days of the "embattled farmers" of Revolutionary fame. It is called the Old Manse, as it was the home

of a long line of ministers, beginning with Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather, who built it. Emerson himself lived there for a time, and wrote there his essay on "Nature." Later, Hawthorne spent three happy years there, and there wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse."

Ralph Waldo had to share his overcoat with his older brother. Yet with this fine old family, poverty was no excuse for ignorance, and the boys went to Harvard when they were old enough. Ralph earned most of his own expenses there.

He was a faithful student at college, and after graduation he taught for a while in his brother's school for girls. But he was shy and silent and fond of solitude, and he was only nineteen. The task was agony to him. Every night the serious-minded lad wrote down a record of the day, criticizing his every mistake and fault.

But the most natural thing for an Emerson to do seemed to be to go into the ministry. So in 1829 Ralph Waldo

was ordained as a Unitarian preacher. He preached stirring sermons, and threw himself enthusiastically into reform movements like that for freeing the slaves. But he soon realized that the ministry was not the star to which his particular wagon should be hitched. He had come to disagree with so many of the doctrines of the church that, honest man as he was, he did not feel right in remaining a minister. So in 1832, after three years, he resigned.

He had married, and after only a few months his wife had died. Between this trouble and his wrestlings with his conscience, his health was broken. He went abroad to mend it, and came back cured. It had been a stimulating trip for a young scholar-philosopher. He



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

Some of our early men of letters do not seem such great figures now as they once did, but the fame of Emerson—poet, essayist, and thinker still shines brightly.

EMERSON

had met many English men of letters, and in particular had formed a fast friendship with Thomas Carlyle. In fact he and Carlyle corresponded for thirty-six years.

When he returned, Emerson settled for good at Concord. He married again, and moved (1835) to a famous old house on the road to Lexington, a square wooden house surrounded by horse-chestnuts and pine trees. Here he lived all the rest of his life. Along the Lexington Road past his house the British had retreated on that historic day in 1775. Living thus on the very ground of that old battle, Emerson wrote his famous "Concord Hymn":

"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

One of the things which Emerson always preached was that America should make her political independence good by becoming independent of Europe in matters of thinking and writing too.

What Emerson Taught

Emerson found his true profession as a lecturer and man of letters. All winter he would lecture, and all summer he would labor at poems and essays which should tell people who had not listened to the lectures the best of what was in them. He taught that the way to find God is to search the loveliness of nature and the stirrings of our own hearts. He taught that we should learn to depend on ourselves, not care too much what people say about us, not be too quick to think or act as others tell us. He taught that the things in life most worth while are not to be found in "getting ahead" or in piling up money and possessions, but rather in learning to know beautiful things, in strong, clean thinking, and in self-reliance. This is something of what he meant when he told us to hitch our wagons to a star.

His best thoughts Emerson put into his poems and into two series of "Essays," published in 1841 and 1844, which he made out of his lectures. In 1847 he went for a lecture tour in England, and when he returned published "Representative Men." He learned to know England very well. His "English

Traits" has even been called the best book about the English character ever written. One of his later books, "The Conduct of Life" (1860), was so popular in America that twenty-five hundred copies were sold in two days.

For Emerson had become the center of a very famous group of writers at Concord. He knew Thoreau and Hawthorne well. His first book, "Nature," had had a good deal to do with the founding of the Transcendental (trăn'sên-dên'tăl) Club, which began to meet in 1836 and was very influential in stirring up new ideas. Bronson Alcott, Louisa May Alcott's father, and the brilliant feminist Margaret Fuller belonged to this club. For a time Emerson edited their magazine, "The Dial." He was much interested in their experiment in building an ideal community at Brook Farm. Concord was the very center of the seething new life of ideas in America before the Civil War— and Emerson was the center of Concord. The Sage of Concord, people came to call him.

He must have looked a sage, as he grew older. He was tall and slight, with a lean and finely intelligent face. His presence was dignified, even majestic. He smiled often, but seldom laughed. He was kindly and hospitable, and always calmly self-possessed. His neighbors were so devoted to him that when, in 1872, his beloved house was partly destroyed by fire they sent him abroad to recover from the shock—and while he was gone rebuilt the house for him. When he returned the whole town came out to meet him, and he went through a triumphal arch to take possession. Another time, when he gave his hundredth lecture at the Concord Lyceum, the whole audience rose as one man to greet him as he entered. Yet it is sad to think of those later years, for he gradually lost his memory and his power of keen thinking, and became as simple and almost as helpless as a little child. In 1882 he died.

Emerson is known and remembered all over the world as a writer of beautiful prose and a thinker of depth and power. He did much to make America respected abroad and to persuade Americans to respect themselves. He hitched his wagon to a star.

The QUAKER FOE of SLAVERY

In Many a Poem the Gentle Whittier Spoke to the Inner Heart of the American People

A SAINT ON FIRE" Emerson called him, and others said he was a "Yankee Galahad." So it is for his beautiful life and his fiery ideals, as well as for his quiet poetry of New England, that America remembers her Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.

He was blood and bone of New England. Born in 1807 on a stony Massachusetts farm, he grew up, like other New England farm boys, to wrestle with a nig-gardly soil. Through the brief bright summer the boy had to toil to lay in crops against the long hard winter. Then the family would gather around the fireplace while the snowstorm raged outside, and the boys would whittle and mend and carve. You may read about it in Whittier's own poem, "Snow-bound."

The Whittiers were Friends, or Quakers—quiet, simple folk, gentle and kindly. All his life Whittier went to Meeting and wore the Quaker garb. Perhaps it was from the Friends that he learned, too, his hatred of wrong and injustice, and the purity and unselfish devotion which earned him the names of a Yankee Galahad and a saint on fire. For he had a burning zeal.

He was a delicate lad, and the heavy work of the farm was too much for him. Then too, he had a natural longing for things he could not find on the farm. There were not many books in his father's house, and the young Whittier trudged miles to borrow more. The little rural school was held for only twelve weeks in midwinter each year, but when it was in session he waded to it through the snow. One winter, when he was about fourteen, he first heard great poetry,

and caught fire from it. The schoolmasters always "boarded around," living first with one family, then with another. This winter the sympathetic teacher, while at the Whittier farm, read aloud the poems of Robert Burns. Enthralled, young Whittier set himself to see if he could write like that. Some of his youthful verses were published by William Lloyd Garrison, soon to be known all over the land as a great editor and writer for the anti-slavery cause. Garrison came to the farm to see the young poet, and spurred him on to study and write.

But it was not easy. His father said, truly enough, that "poetry will not give him bread." The ambitious lad learned to make slippers and sold them to pay his way for two years at the academy at Haverhill, Massachusetts. Then for several exciting years he edited various New England papers, and met literary people and politicians. But his father died and his own health broke, and in 1831 he had to go back to the farm.

For a while he was very unhappy. He had been disappointed in love, he was sick, he was poor, he was burning with ambition that did not seem likely to lead anywhere at all. In 1835 he did serve a term in the state legislature, but he was not well enough to serve a second one. The next year, however, he moved to a pleasant cottage at Amesbury, Massachusetts, and after that things were not so bad. There was less work on the land; and he had found a new and thrilling enthusiasm.

This was the campaign to free the slaves. It was then an unpopular cause. Whittier



Photo by Graustorff Bros

John Greenleaf Whittier is loved and honored as the gentle yet fiery foe of injustice, and as the writer of such quietly charming New England poems as "Snow-bound."

WHITTIER

Young Whittier's teacher is reading him the poems of Robert Burns. The great Burns was a poor country lad, just as John himself was. Perhaps John could write poetry, too!

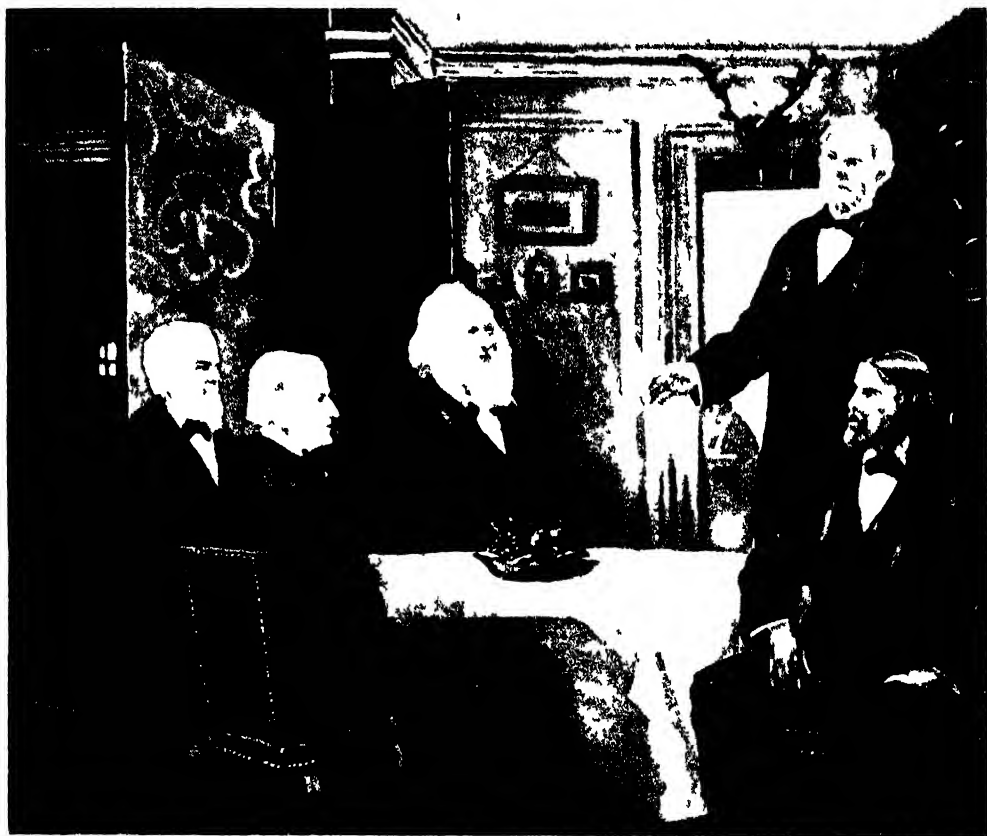


had, in fact, ruined his chances of being elected to Congress by declaring for it. North and South alike hated the men and women who insisted on talking about slavery, because talking about it meant quarreling about it, and that might very well mean civil war—as indeed it did in the end. Whittier's friend Garrison was many times in danger of his life from mobs of angry neighbors. Whittier himself was once attacked by a New Hampshire mob, and again while he was editing an anti-slavery paper his office was burned. But nothing could stop him. Quakers do not believe in war, but Whittier's religion certainly allowed a war of words! For twenty years he poured a continual stream of argument against slavery, in prose and verse. When his weakened heart made it necessary for him to give up editing and active campaigning, he went back to Amesbury—and kept on writing. You have probably read the poem

called "Ichabod"—"How fallen, how lost!" It was aimed in scorn and sorrow at Daniel Webster, who had deserted the cause of abolition because he was afraid it would lead to war.

The Happy End of Whittier's Life

But when war actually came, Whittier, the Quaker, was shocked and sorrowful, though he rejoiced that emancipation soon came to crown the long fight with victory. In his writing he turned back to New England. He wrote quiet little poems of country life, like "Snowbound" or "Maud Muller," and spirited ballads like "Skipper Ireson's Ride." These are much better poetry than the anti-slavery poems. People liked them better too, and Whittier began to earn a large income and to forget the pinch of poverty. So he lived on with his sister at Amesbury, quiet and happy, till 1892, when he died.



What a gathering of notables is here Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, with the witty Dr Holmes holding forth for the delight of all! No meeting of

these famous friends could be wholly a solemn one, for Holmes always had a clever sally for every occasion, and was a past master, too, at waking wit in others

The WIT of the BREAKFAST TABLE

On the Drowsiest Late Afternoon, with the Driest Medical Subject, Oliver Wendell Holmes Could Keep the Harvard Students Wide Awake with His Humor

IF YOU had been a student in the Harvard Medical School in the eight-
teen fifties or sixties or seventies, you
would probably have had a course or two
under Dr Holmes—who taught so many
subjects that he declared he occupied “not
a chair but a settee.” Your course under
him—so wise were the University Fathers—
would probably be at the very fag-end of
the busy day. You would be sitting there
two-thirds asleep in your chair, when a brisk
step would sound outside and in would come

a plain featured, smiling little man with a
jaunty air. He would mount the platform
and begin to talk. And the first thing you
knew you would be sitting up and laughing
merrily, and learning a good deal too, with
all your drowsiness gone. Who but Oliver
Wendell Holmes would think of calling the
tiny coiled-up sweat glands in the human
body “fairy intestines”? You couldn’t tell
what he would say next. No wonder the
students liked him!

Aristocratic Bostonians of Holmes’s own

HOLMES

generation liked him too. His ready wit and genial smile were welcomed and courted at many a dinner table. There was no one like him for keeping the table in a perfect crackle of witty repartee. Even at the dinners of the famous Saturday Club, where he met Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and other brilliant men, no one could talk like Oliver Wendell Holmes. A good deal of the sparkle of this talk Holmes managed to capture in the best of his books, a series of amiable and witty monologues called "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," and "Over the Tea Cups."

His wit had not served him so well when he had been practicing medicine. After he had been graduated from Harvard in 1829, he had gone to Paris to study medicine, and then returned to Boston to practice. But though he was a good doctor he was only moderately successful. People thought he was frivolous because he did not always wear a long face and express himself with proper solemnity! He did not even keep his humor and human kindness out of the papers he wrote on medical subjects; but one at least of them was an important event in medicine for all that. As he grew older, however, he usually just threw out brilliant suggestions and let more patient scholars follow them up.

It was in 1847 that the gay little doctor gave up practice and started to lecture to tired students at Harvard. He continued to lecture to them for some thirty-five years. Meanwhile he continued also to talk and to write.

While still a student he had published the

verses called "Old Ironsides," which had rescued from destruction the historic old frigate "Constitution" of Revolutionary fame. In 1836 appeared his first collection of poems, and after that another collection came out every little while throughout his life. These verses were mostly charming

trifles written for some special occasion, such as a reunion of his college class. The best are among the most amusing humorous poems we have—for instance, "The Deacon's Masterpiece, or The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay." There are a few serious poems too, like "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus."

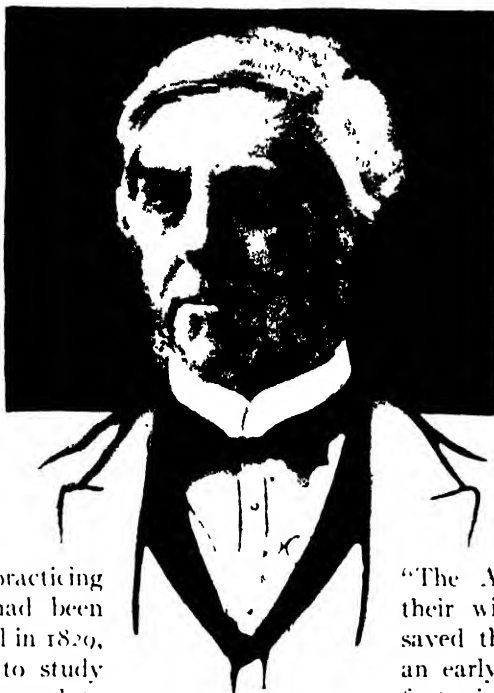
The prose is perhaps even better fun. The Breakfast Table sketches came out in

"The Atlantic Monthly," and their wit and charm doubtless saved the magazine from dying an early death during the very first winter after it was founded (1857), when business was very bad and people needed just such reading to cheer them up. Later

Holmes wrote several novels, the best of which was "Elsie Venner." "Over the Tea Cups" was written when he was more than eighty. His wisdom was still undimmed, and the book is full of zest. It was a remarkable work for a man of his years.

A Writer of International Fame

Before that time his genial wit was well known far beyond the limits of Boston, which he had dubbed the "hub of the solar system." When he visited Europe again in 1886 he was gladly received everywhere. The universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh gave him honorary degrees. So he grew old in peace and honor, and died at eighty-five, in 1894.



To look at this picture of Oliver Wendell Holmes is to realize that here was a kindly, intelligent, and humorous man.

THOREAU



Most of us like to go camping now and then—if we get a chance—but how many would be willing to spend two whole years alone in a little cabin in a wood? We should have to be sure that going to theaters and making money and even talking with friends were less dear to us than thinking quiet thoughts and listening

to the secrets of Nature. One great American, Thoreau, was sure of that; and when he had lived his two years by Walden Pond he wrote of the joy and wisdom he had found, so that all might read. He must have looked somewhat like this in his solitude, as he listened and pondered, and wrote down what he heard and thought.

The HERMIT of WALDEN POND

Thoreau Went to Walden to Get Away from the World, and Then Wrote a Book That Might Make Half the World Want to Go to Walden

AM NOT married. I don't know whether mine is a profession or a trade, or what not . . . I am a Schoolmaster, a private Tutor, a Surveyor, a Gardener, a Farmer, a Painter (I mean a House Painter), a Carpenter, a Mason, a Day-Laborer, a Pencil-maker, a Glass-paper-maker, a Writer, and sometimes a Poetaster. . . . The last two or three years I lived in Concord woods, alone, something more than a mile from any neighbor, in a house built entirely by myself."

Thus Henry David Thoreau (thō'rō) described himself in a letter to his Harvard classmates, ten years after graduation. He really was all those things. He was also one of the most original and fascinating geniuses who ever lived in America.

He was born in Concord, Massachusetts,

in 1817, and he never wandered far or long from the quiet country around his birthplace. He hated cities and crowds. He loved the New England countryside, and said that he cared not who owned the land so long as he could enjoy the beauty of it. Above all he loved the woods, and delighted to be alone in them. As a boy he drove his mother's cows to pasture. At twelve he was making collections of specimens for the great botanist, Agassiz (äg'â-sê). All his life he loved Nature and knew her moods and her living creatures as few men have known and loved them.

Thoreau could see no sense in the way most men and women live—toiling and worrying from morning to night, until they have no time or energy left to listen to the birds and read quiet books and think. He

believed that men would be much happier and better off if they would work only one day a week and live the other six in frugal leisure. He believed, as his friend Emerson did, that a man should be sufficient to himself, and should need no help or even companionship from others. He went further than Emerson, and said that one ought not to be forced even to be a citizen and taxpayer just because one happened to be born in a certain place. He loved nothing, not even nature, so dearly as he loved freedom.

Unlike most people, Thoreau put his philosophy of life into practice. He found that, since his wants were very simple, he could support himself by working six weeks in a year. He did not try to make money or to get on in any profession or trade. He really worked at all the things he mentioned in that letter. While Emerson was away lecturing, for example, he would take care of Emerson's household and do the chores. He would not let work or the need of money enslave him.

He loved freedom for others too. He hated Negro slavery, and disapproved heartily of the Mexican War, because he thought it was being fought to add more slaves to the Union. Once he went to jail rather than pay a tax which he felt might help to fight this war. He was very angry when his aunt paid the tax and set him free. Emerson came to see him in jail and said, "Henry, why are you here?" "Waldo," replied Henry, "Why aren't *you* here?"

One day a few years before this, in 1845, Thoreau borrowed an axe from a neighbor,

walked into the woods near Concord, and began to fell trees. He built a cabin with his own hands—at a total cost of \$28.12½. There, beside Walden Pond, he lived alone for two years. When he had to have money, he would go out and do odd jobs for the neighbors. The rest of the time he wrote and read and cultivated his garden and made friends with the little creatures of the woods. Birds learned to come at his call, beasts caressed him, even the fishes would swim serenely between his hands. By moonlight he would lie in his boat, playing his flute and watching the fishes swim about in the path of the moonbeam. All these things he wrote down in his masterpiece, "Walden, or Life in the Woods."

Nearly ten years passed before Thoreau published this book. When it did appear it made him a name. He had written books before, and had published poems and prose pieces in Emerson's magazine "The Dial." But it was "Walden" which brought him fame, and indeed it is "Walden" on which his fame still largely rests. Who but Thoreau would have thought of living like that with nature and his own thoughts in the woods? Who but Thoreau could have told of it so delightfully?

After the publication of "Walden," Thoreau did some lecturing here and there in New England. His leisure he spent tramping. Finally, on one of these expeditions, he caught a cold which ran into tuberculosis, and in a few months he died (1862). "For joy I could embrace the earth," he had said; "I shall delight to be buried in it."

The CHIEF AMERICAN ESSAYIST

***With His Wide Literary Scope, His Wit and Learning, and His
Urbane Tact, James Russell Lowell Shed Luster
on American Letters***

LOWELL always loved a joke. And his sense of humor was so good that he enjoyed the joke as much when it was on himself as when it was on somebody else.

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb

With a whole bale of *isms* tied together
with rhyme."

That is how James Russell Lowell once described himself. Do you see the picture? Parnassus, you know, was the mountain where the Muses lived; and what Lowell meant was that he found it very hard to be

LOWELL

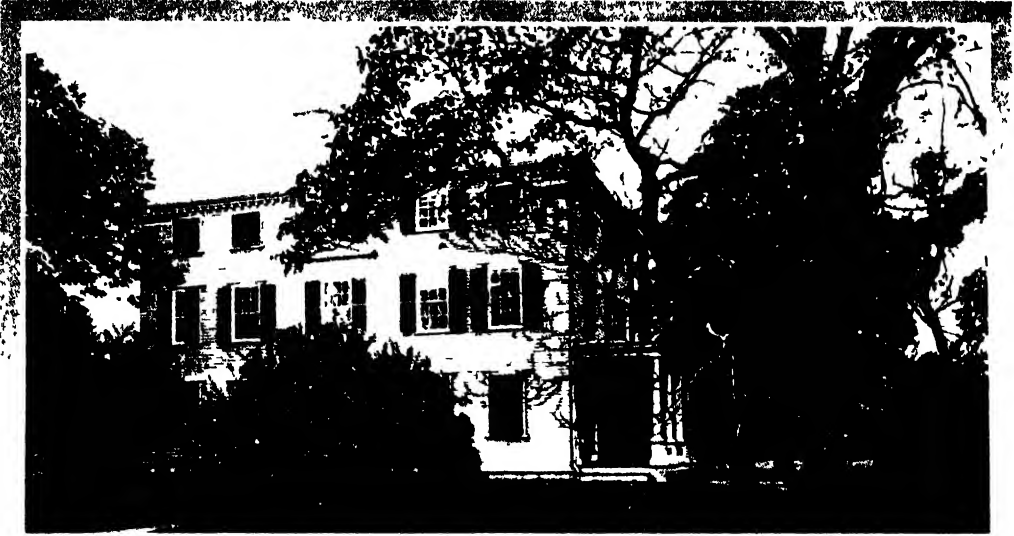


Photo by Gramstorff Bros

In this beautiful old house at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Lowell lived most of his life. If the ghosts of departed Lowells still haunt it, as young James used

a poet because he was interested in so many other things besides poetry—things ending in “-ism,” like abolitionism and political liberalism and anti-tarism. He was never quite sure whether he would rather write a great poem, or do something to help free the slaves or stop the Mexican War. So sometimes he tried to do one sort of thing and sometimes the other; and often he tried to do them both at the same time. Indeed, he came as near success in writing really good poems which were also good arguments for reform as anyone else you could mention.

Lowell was born in 1819 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and grew up on an ancient wide-lawned estate, where the house seemed thronged with the ghosts of many earlier Lowells. The fanciful boy often imagined that the ghosts whispered to

him. And in the dearly-loved woods not far away he listened to the voices of Nature. When he grew up, the best of his poetry which was not also argument was about nature or family affection.

But as the boy grew older, he listened also to the voices of books.

His distinguished family regarded learning and study as a matter of course. They sent him to Harvard, and grieved because his school-days were rather lazy and dreamy. Everyone liked his frank ways and merry wit.

But he was so inattentive to his regular college duties that he was not allowed to read the class poem he had written for his graduation, and was banished from the campus instead. He went on to study law, as so many well-born New Englanders did then.

But he was not much more interested in that than he had been in his under-



Photo by Handy

This is James Russell Lowell, critic, essayist, and poet, as well as the first editor of “The Atlantic Monthly.”

LOWELL

graduate courses. He was not at all sure that he was enthusiastically interested in anything, except perhaps poetry.

Then he fell deeply in love with Maria White. Maria White too was something of a poet; and her enthusiasm flamed even higher for the great reform movements which were sweeping the country, particularly the movement to free the slaves. From his lady's practical idealism Lowell too took fire. She inspired the poet in him, and she made him a reformer. It was now that he began to take an active and intense interest in slavery and in other public questions. He began to tie "isms" together with rhyme.

Because he was very much in love, he set to work in earnest to earn enough money to get married. He was admitted to the bar. He founded a new magazine, "The Pioneer," and showed that he knew good writing when he saw it by publishing contributions from Emerson, Whittier, Poe, and Hawthorne, although none of these had as yet become very famous. This magazine, however, lasted only for three numbers, then tailed, and left Lowell's pocketbook slimmer than ever. But Lowell was beginning to be known for his poems. He published a volume of poetry dedicated to Maria White, and it was so well received that he decided to stop practicing law. After they had been engaged for five years, he and Maria White were married.

The young couple moved to Philadelphia (1844), where Lowell edited an anti-slavery paper. But within a few months they were back at Lowell's old home, Elmwood, living with Lowell's parents. The years there were none too happy, in spite of their love for each other. The lovers were very poor. Maria's health was frail, they lost two babies, and Lowell's mother was slowly losing her mind.

Yet it was during these years that Lowell wrote his best poetry, and did his best work, too, for the causes that he and his young wife loved. Besides the anti-slavery poems, there was "The Vision of Sir Launfal," with its delight in nature and its story of long ago, and there was the series called "The Biglow Papers," which has some of the best of

Lowell's reform poetry in it. "The Biglow Papers" are written in vigorous Yankee dialect and are full of sly humor and racy comment. They are aimed against the Mexican War, of which the Lowells violently disapproved. Hosea Biglow and Birdofredom Sawin, who are supposed to be doing the talking, turn out many a remark that must have made politicians in Washington squirm - and might do so yet, for the matter of that! Lowell was thinking about the Mexican War when he wrote "The Present Crisis," which contains many noble and familiar lines, such as

"Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for
the good or evil side."

After his mother's death, Lowell took his delicate wife to Europe. There they lost their little son. Mrs. Lowell never rallied from that blow, and soon after their return to Elmwood she died. To forget his sorrow and relieve his poverty, Lowell plunged into new schemes of activity. He lectured on literature, and began to gain a reputation as a critic. When Longfellow retired, he was appointed lecturer on languages at Harvard, and after a year of travel in Europe he took up his work there (1856). For twenty years he held this position at Harvard. Besides, he became the first editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and wrote a great deal, mostly prose, for it and for "The North American Review." Now that he no longer had his enthusiastic and idealistic wife to spur him on, he wrote fewer poems and grew more conservative in his ideas.

In 1876 Lowell became a diplomat, and served his country first in Spain and later in England. He became a fine orator, and was much liked and honored abroad. He even thought of settling in England permanently. But his second wife died, and in his loneliness he returned to Elmwood. There he spent quiet years, and there (1891), "full of years and honors," he died. He is remembered as a critic and essayist, and as a poet of occasional power and of great moral enthusiasm.

Here is the face of that strange and troubled genius, Edgar Allan Poe.

The city has grown up around Poe's cottage on Fordham Road, New York, but the little house is still kept as nearly as possible as it was when he lived there, and lovers of his tales and his poetry come from far and near to visit it.



The METEOR of AMERICAN POETRY

Everyone Will Guess That This Is the Story of That Child of Genius, Edgar Allan Poe

THINGS never happened to Edgar Allan Poe as they do to other people. Even the circumstances of his birth were unusual. Both his mother and his father were actors. They were from Richmond, Virginia, but when Edgar was born they were on a northern tour, and the future poet first saw the light (1809) in Boston. And before he was three years old the misfortune that dogged him all his life had taken from him both his parents.

He was luckier than many orphans, however; for some kind-hearted Richmond people, Mr. and Mrs. John Allan, adopted him and gave him their name. Mr. Allan was a wealthy tobacco merchant, and could give little Edgar a comfortable home and an excellent education. He never cared so much for the boy as his wife did, however; it was to Mrs. Allan that Edgar turned for understanding and love.

Edgar was a precocious child and a brilliant student. He could read, draw, dance, and declaim poetry at six. When his foster father took him to England for five years, the boy

made a good record at his English boarding school. Returning to Richmond, he became a brilliant student there, though his snobbish schoolmates sometimes made fun of him because his parents were actors.

But things could never go smoothly for very long with Poe. He was a wayward lad. During his first year at the University of Virginia he gambled more than he studied, and got himself badly in debt. Mr. Allan would not pay this debt for him, but put him to work in his own office instead. This did not suit the boy at all. So he ran away to seek his fortune. He went to Boston and published a volume of poems, which were not very good and did not make any stir. Then he enlisted in the army, but was soon released by his foster father's influence. Next he was sent to West Point. But that did not suit him either, and pretty soon he began to break rules so that he would be expelled. That was not hard to manage, and it was soon accomplished. The rash young man decided to earn his living by his pen. He had already written two more books of poems.

Naturally Mr. Allan did not approve of these proceedings, and by this time (1831) he and his foster son were not on very good terms. Yet he sent Poe a small allowance when the young man settled in Baltimore. Poe lived with an aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and wrote industriously. He was very poor. But after a while he won a prize of a hundred dollars for his story about "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle," and almost won another prize for a poem. He was getting on. But before the time when a friend found a position on a magazine for him, he had been so poor that once he could not accept an invitation because he had no clothes to wear. And he was no more the sturdy, wiry boy of school days, but a man whose health was breaking under the strain of overwork and poverty. His stories and poems were changing too; they had taken on a new weird magic of beauty and terror.

In 1835 he moved back to Richmond, taking Mrs. Clemm and her daughter Virginia with him. Later he married this delicate little cousin, although she was only fourteen; he wanted to make permanent the only happy home life he had ever known. His foster parents he had lost altogether; Mrs. Allan was dead, and the quarrel with Mr. Allan had never been made up. Here in Richmond Poe found regular work. He wrote stories, poems, editorials, and magazine criticism. He had excellent taste and a melodious style in prose. His haunting, strange poems sang in people's ears. His stories held readers with their rich, gloomy imagination. It began to look as though he had a future in Richmond.

Then suddenly, in 1837, he resigned his position. He wanted to go North and found a magazine of his own. His stormy pride rebelled against continuing to work on other men's papers. Once more he refused to go on in the beaten path like other people.

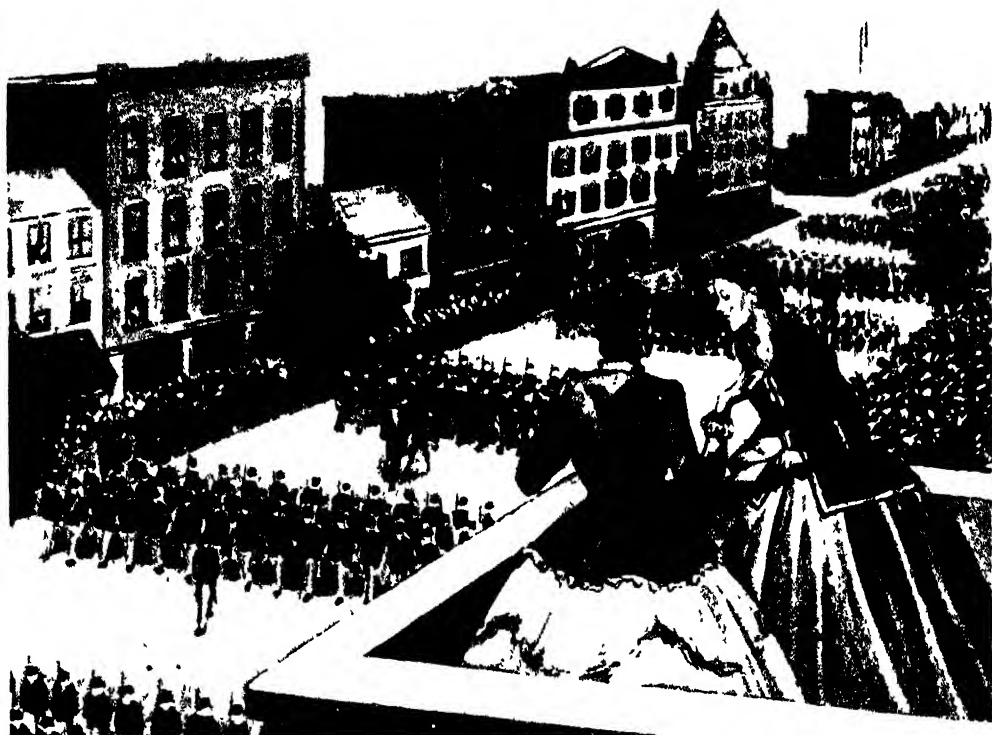
But tragedy seemed to stalk his footsteps from that time on. In New York he was very poor again, and Mrs. Clemm had to help by taking boarders. He went to Philadelphia, and held various positions on various journals. But he always quarreled with his employers and left. And he could never

seem to get enough money together to start that journal of his own and keep it going. People admired what he said about other writers, but did not buy what he wrote himself. Virginia, his young wife, was taken seriously ill, and in his anxiety Poe began to drink too much and to take opium. After ten years of writing he was as poor as when he began.

The writing was better than ever. Much of the time Poe seemed to live in a strange dream world peopled by lovely girls who always die young, by youths who live through the most gruesome nightmare adventures, by demons and angels and genii and ghosts. And he told about this world in eerie tales like "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Pit and the Pendulum," and in melodious poems like "Ululume" and "The Raven" and "The Bells." He had begun also to write a very different kind of tale—detective stories like "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." These grew out of his love of puzzles and ciphers and such things. He said once that no man was clever enough to think up a cipher or code which some other man would not be clever enough to solve. People sent him cryptograms, or writings in cipher, from all over the country, and he solved them all. But people were, sad to say, not so quick to see that here was a real genius half-starved for bread.

Once more (1844) Poe moved to New York. But it went no better. Virginia sickened again, and Poe himself was ill. For a while they lived on charity. Then Virginia died. Poe tried twice to persuade himself to marry again, but never did it. The second fiancée lived in Richmond, and he was on his way North from there to arrange for the wedding when he died. No one knows exactly what happened in Baltimore on that day in 1840. Certainly Poe had had too much to drink, and some say he had been drugged. At all events he was found unconscious and soon died in a Baltimore hospital. So his death too was unlike other men's, and misfortune and his own recklessness undid him in the end. He was only forty when he died.

To-day we consider him one of the greatest of our literary men.



Through the streets of Washington march Union troops on their way to the front, and they are singing "John Brown's Body." On a balcony stands young Julia Ward Howe. As the blue-coated soldiers swing by to that brave marching tune, Mrs. Howe's friend turns

to her with the suggestion that is to bear fruit in the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Though it was born in the tragic days of the Civil War, this song now belongs to all Americans—and indeed to any nation which dedicates itself to some mighty task.

The "BATTLE HYMN" of AMERICA

*Though It Is Not Our National Air, the Poem of Julia Ward Howe
Is Now Sung All Over the World*

ONE day during the early months of the Civil War, Julia Ward Howe was waiting with some friends in Washington, D. C., to watch a review of Union soldiers. Someone started to sing. It was "John Brown's Body," the stirring air so popular with the army. One of Mrs. Howe's friends turned to her and suggested that she ought to write some words for that air which should be worthier of it.

That night Julia Ward Howe could not sleep. The words of the song began to sing themselves in her brain, and she arose and wrote them down:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. . . ."

She called it the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Some time after it had been published, Union prisoners at Libby Prison, stirred by news of the victory at Gettysburg, celebrated by singing—not the old words about John Brown, but these new words of Mrs. Howe's stately battle hymn. Since that time few American songs have been better loved.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

This is the achievement by which Julia Ward Howe is best remembered. But she lived many long, full years before and after that memorable night, and did other things worthy of remembrance.

She was one of the most learned women of her time. From her birth in 1819 till she was sixteen, she led a quiet life with her rich banker father. Her mother died when she was five, and her father taught her things that girls of that day seldom learned—Latin, French, and Italian, as well as music and dancing. By the time she was ten she had begun to write verses. After she left school at sixteen, she went right on with her studies.

Then one day her brother returned from Germany, where he had been studying. After that, life was not nearly so quiet, but it was much more interesting. Julia learned German and studied German literature and philosophy. At the same time, her brother introduced her into New York society. Soon the Ward home became the scene of many a gay party, and Julia came out of her solitude to become one of the most brilliant and charming of the belles of New York.

Later she was as much a favorite in Boston as she had been in the city of her birth. In Boston she met such people as Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and young Charles Sumner, and through them the man

who was to become her husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.

After her marriage to Dr. Howe, life became more serious again. Her husband was famous for his work with the blind, and now she too worked at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Boston, where they lived. In the course of time she had six children. Yet she kept right on writing. Her first volume of verse, "Passion Flowers," was very popular, and she followed it by another. But then she became so much interested in the abolition of slavery that she stopped writing poetry to help edit an anti-slavery paper, and to do anything else she could for the cause.

When the Civil War broke out, she was heart and soul in the Union cause, and mourned that there was so little that she could do. The popularity of her "Battle Hymn" must have given her great joy.

After the war Mrs. Howe became a tireless leader in many good causes. She lectured and labored endlessly for woman's suffrage. She went to London in the cause of world peace and prison reform. She preached in Rome, in Santo Domingo, and at home in the United States. She lectured in Concord on philosophy. Thus she grew old, the most famous member in a family full of well-known men and women, and died in 1910, among the most honored women of her time.



Ph.
Julia Ward Howe lived to be a distinguished old lady, and died full of years and honors.

The NOVEL THAT HASTENED the CIVIL WAR

Many of the Millions Who Read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Were Stirred Up as Never Before to Fight against Slavery

DID you know that there was an American novel which is supposed to have taken a large part in causing a great war and freeing three million slaves? This novel was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it was written by Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was not

even a great novel, artistically—books written to make people angry about some terrible evil are not often so strong in art as they are in morality. But seldom, if ever, has a single book about imaginary people done so much to make history as did "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



Everybody is glad now that we have got rid of slavery. And so, since they do not have to quarrel about it any more, Northerners as well as Southerners can safely admit that not all slaves had so bad a time as Uncle Tom. Look at these gay people, for instance. It will be strange if the mere looking does not set you smiling

or shuffling your feet! Slave or free, no one knows better than the Negroes how to have a good time. And many were the shouts of merriment and the strains of gay music and song that floated up to the "big house" from the slave quarters of every well-regulated plantation "befo' de wah."

Harriet Beecher was born (1811) into a family of preachers, and teaching people to do the right and hate the wrong came naturally to her. Her father was the distinguished preacher Lyman Beecher, and her brother was the even more distinguished Henry Ward Beecher. Harriet herself married a well-known preacher named Calvin Ellis Stowe. Her elder sister was a brilliant teacher, one of the pioneers of education for women, and Harriet first went to school to this sister, Catherine Beecher, and later taught under her. Litchfield, Connecticut, where Harriet was born, was one of the most intellectual communities in New England at a time when New England was a center of culture for America. No wonder the serious-minded girl grew up to do her part in trying to educate America!

Harriet Beecher Goes "Way Out West"

In 1832 Harriet Beecher went with her father and sister to the raw young town of Cincinnati, "way out West" on the northern

bank of the Ohio River. Here her father was president of a new college, and Catherine carried on her work for women's education. Here it was that Harriet met and married Calvin Stowe. She worked with her sister, and wrote a good deal—sketches for the local journals and a school geography. People looked at her in some amazement, for it was not usual in those days for women to be so learned.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

But Mrs. Stowe's kindly heart and New England conscience would give her no rest. Just across the Ohio lay the slave state of Kentucky, and during the eighteen years which Mrs. Stowe spent at Cincinnati she could not shut her eyes to the fate of the slaves. Many were the terrified fugitives who passed through Cincinnati in those days, traveling north to Canada by the "Underground Railroad," a route along which escaping slaves were passed in secret from one friend to another and helped on their way

to freedom. Mrs. Stowe visited the South, too; and once in Ontario, Canada, she met a Negro preacher and lecturer named Henson, whose tale of past hardships gave her the clue for the character and story of Uncle Tom. And when her husband and she had gone back to New England (1850), where he was to teach at Bowdoin College, she set herself to write down what she thought of slavery, that her countrymen might read and be inspired to do something about it.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1852) was written, like all her books, in snatches amid thronging household duties, for the Stowes were poor. But she felt, as she wrote this book, like one inspired, and put into it all the moral and religious feeling that her father or her brother would have put into a sermon on the same subject. The picture she drew of slavery was not fair—she hated it too much for that.

But though the people of the South raised a great cry against the book, the people of the North believed every word of it. And there is no doubt that in her desire to help the slaves the author deepened the bitterness that led to the tragedy of the Civil War.

This is the kind, determined face of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," one of the most famous of American novels.



Photo by Granatort Bros

For the story of Uncle Tom took the country by storm. Five hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States in five years. It was translated into more than a score of languages. It was dramatized again and again, and for generations Eliza crossing the river on the ice floes while the bloodhounds bay at her heels, and funny little black Topsy, who had no mother but "just growed," were to be seen on every stage in the land.

When the Civil War came, Harriet Stowe gave a son to the Union cause. He came home wounded, and she bought an estate in Florida—the days of poverty were over now—and went there to nurse him until he died. The Stowes were living now at Hartford, and Mrs. Stowe was writing for "The Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines. The best work of these years is in a series of novels and short stories of New England life—"The

Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Old town Folks," "Pogonuc People," and others. Professor Stowe died in 1886. After that his widow lived

Even if she had never written her much-read book about slavery, Mrs. Stowe would deserve to be remembered for other books and for her useful life.

The AUTHOR of "LITTLE WOMEN"

Louisa May Alcott Is a Name That Boys and Girls Have Reason to Remember for a Very Long Time

OF COURSE it is a privilege to have a famous man for a father. Little Louisa May Alcott must have been proud to know that there was a club named after her father in far-off London and that

at home in Concord he could talk deeply of philosophy with very clever men like Emerson and Thoreau (thō'rō). Indeed she listened greedily to all of them, and they gave her about all the education she ever had.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

But being a philosopher's daughter may have its disadvantages, too—especially if the philosopher is of the dreamy kind, and is much better at feeling himself in tune with the universe than at earning money to pay the grocer's bill. Unhappily, Bronson Alcott was this kind of philosopher, and Louisa, who was the second of his four daughters, never knew what it was not to be desperately poor, from the time she was born in 1832 to the time she began making money herself as an author.

Bronson Alcott was full of schemes for reforming the world. About education he really had excellent ideas, but his schools always failed because he was too far ahead of his time. He had other schemes, too. When Louisa was twelve he tried the most famous and the most impractical of all of them—a farming community called Fruitlands, where a small group of philosophers were to live simply by the work of their hands and fill their leisure with exalted talk. Everyone rose at dawn, bathed in cold water, ate scanty meals, worked, and went to bed at dark. The meals were strictly vegetarian, with no animal food, not even cheese or eggs. The men flapped about in loose linen trousers, blouses, and big straw hats. Young Louisa and her mother and sisters wore some of the first of all bloomers. They would not have minded all this especially, if only the men had lived up to their share of the plan. But pretty soon these philosophers found that spading made them lame and that it was much more pleasant to sit about and reform the world by talk. Besides, they did not know much about farming. Yet all the time Mrs. Alcott and the girls had to wash and cook and bake and mend. And then during harvest time the men went off to a reform

meeting and the less philosophical women folk had to hustle in as much of the crop as they could before it was spoiled by a sudden storm!

Of course that sort of thing could not go on for long, and before the second winter was over, the Alcotts, deserted by all the other "apostles," were bundled into a sleigh by sympathetic neighbors and taken back to Concord. After that, little Louisa bravely set out to help her mother support the family. She had earned her first money when she was still a child, by making doll clothes.

Now she sewed, taught school, and even worked as a "hired girl." At seventeen she dreamed of becoming a great actress. But even before that she had begun to write.

She used to tell stories to the children of the great Emerson. When she gathered some of them together and called them "Lower Fables," they were published as her

first whole book. There were poems and short stories, too, in magazines. How good it was to be able to earn a few dollars to help "Marmee" and the girls!

When the Civil War broke out, Louisa Alcott went to nurse the wounded soldiers in a hospital near Washington. She wrecked her fine health doing it. But out of the tender and humorous and pathetic letters she wrote home about her experiences, she built her first really successful book, "Hospital Sketches."

After the war, Miss Alcott tried her hand at a novel, then visited Europe, where she met a Polish lad who later appeared as Laurie in "Little Women." When she came back she edited a magazine for children. Then her father, who was very proud of his clever daughter, talked about her to a certain publisher till the publisher suggested that she should try her hand at a book for girls. To prove that she could not do it,



Photos by American Museum of Natural History and Grantstorf Bros

The comfortable-looking house above is the home of Louisa M. Alcott at Concord, Massachusetts; and at the right is the face of the lively and gifted Miss Alcott herself, whom thousands of girls still know and love as Jo in "Little Women."



she wrote the first part of "Little Women" (1868). It is the story of herself and her sisters, told in her own quaint, racy way. The publisher gave it to his little niece to read, and she loved it. When it was published, other children loved it too. Louisa Alcott had written her masterpiece, and was now a famous author.

Jo Marsh in Real Life

She wrote many other books, several of which are also still read with delight by children, and sometimes by grown people, too; "Little Men," "Jo's Boys," "Under the Lilacs," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," and "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag" are some of them. She always wrote in a hurry, for she always needed money. At first she needed it badly, because the family was so very poor. Later, her generosity showered it on family and friends until even her large royalties seemed nothing at all. And her life, until she died in 1888, she was eager and hopeful and energetic, like the charming people in her own books.

Indeed, she must have been very like Jo in "Little Women." As a child she was strong and active and a bit of a tomboy. She loved to run. One who knew her well describes her even at twenty-eight as "a black-haired, red-cheeked, long-legged hobbledehoy." But he adds quickly that she was a delightful, humorous, and charming person, a born leader.

Like Jo she enjoyed nothing more than a merry prank. She played a clever one once

on this same friend, a son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. There was vague talk that the youngest sister, May—the Amy of "Little Women"—was to marry a mysterious English cousin, who was expected any day to arrive in Concord. One day young Julian Hawthorne, who was May's friend and liked to pose as a jealous suitor, came upon May with a handsome young stranger who had his arm about her. The stranger was introduced as the English fiancé—and immediately began to flick his cane about and say insolent things to Julian. When Julian replied with spirit May fled laughing, and the cousin fled after her—but not before tearing off the false mustache and shaking out long hair from under the hat. It was Louisa! Even if Julian had not already known from watching her in private theatricals that Louisa was a fine actress, he would have known it now.

His "Best Contribution to Literature"

But, again like Jo, Louisa Alcott loved one thing even more than fun. It was her family. Jo did not grieve more over Beth's death than Louisa over that of Beth's original, Betty Alcott. There was never, surely, closer love and understanding between mother and daughter than between her and her "Marmee." As for the dear, impractical father, they all loved him through thick and thin. And no one appreciated Louisa better than her father; he was not even jealous that she should be called his "best contribution to literature."



DICKINSON



Photo by Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

Some such delightful little girl as this, Emily Dickinson must surely have been, genius though she was. Though she hid herself away from the world later on, she never lost the impish humor and quick intelligence we can

see in the face of this pretty child. And she added to them such poetic fire that some have even claimed for her the honor of being the greatest woman poet who ever wrote in English.

The CHIEF AMERICAN POETESS

*Do You Know Who She Was? No One Knew until Very Recently,
for All Her Life She Hid Her Poems, and Indeed Her
Own Self, from the Eyes of the World*

EMILY'S brother Austin was making frantic signs to her behind her father's back. It was something about the piano. As soon as she had a chance, Emily peeked under the cover of the piano, and there she found—a book! Having devoured it in secret delight, she thought, "This, then, is a book, and there are more of them."

Some of the others were left for her in the old-fashioned box tree by the front door. It all had to be very secret, because the children's father, stern Edward Dickinson, did not like them to read anything but the Bible. To the end of his life he seems to have frowned a little if he saw a book in Emily's hand; and he did not in the least approve of her being a poet. Yet first and last, Emily must have read a good many books. Books and letters were her way of traveling—

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry —"

she later said.

As for traveling by railways and steamships, or even on her feet up and down the streets, Emily Dickinson did very little of it. She was born in 1830 in Amherst, Massachusetts, and there she lived all her life until she died in 1886. Her father was a very great man in Amherst, so important that people called him the Squire. He was a lawyer, once in a while a politician, and treasurer of Amherst College, with which the family had been connected since it was founded. Emily studied at Amherst Academy for a while, under a brilliant young teacher named Leonard Humphrey. This

DICKINSON

beloved teacher saw that Emily was a poet, and told her so; but he died shortly, and his young pupil never quite got over the loss. Later, Emily went for a year to Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

In those years, indeed, before she was twenty, Emily Dickinson lived a normal, lively existence. Besides her long walks and her gardening, there was her interest in music, and her delight in dancing, in writing valentine verses, and no doubt in flirting a little. According to one version of the story - we really do not know just what happened--she fell in love about this time. The climax of this period of gayety was a trip to Washington and Philadelphia in 1854, when her father was a member of Congress. Others say that it was on this trip that she fell in love.

Certain it is that she did fall deeply in love, and that the man she loved was just as deeply in love with her and urged her to run away with him. But she refused. It may be that he was already married; it may be that she sent him away only because the stern father, whom she dearly loved, forbade her to marry him. For whatever reason, she gave up the idea of marrying at all, and settled down at home.

Why Emily Never Published Her Verse

At first she did not write much poetry, even in secret. Then one day in 1802 she suddenly decided to take a great chance. She sent four poems to Thomas Higginson, who was connected with "The Atlantic Monthly." They were accompanied by a quaint little note asking him if they were "alive." Decidedly they were alive, but they were also very odd, and, according to the taste of the day, a little rough and unpolished. Emily never bothered, for instance, to rhyme very carefully if it seemed to her that the word that rhymed was not exactly the right one - you can see this in the bit we quoted a moment ago. Since this was so, Higginson suggested that she polish the poems and not publish them for a while. But it was not Emily's desire to write the way other poets of the day wrote; except for a couple of verses printed without her signa-

ture or her consent, she published nothing.

Instead, she began to lead an odd double life. She became queerer and queerer. She took to wearing nothing but white, and to hiding herself even from her best friends. Sometimes a friend would come miles to her house, and she would write afterwards an affectionate little note saying that she just "couldn't" see her. Or another friend would talk with her while she hid behind a half-open door. Her only companions were the children next door, where her brother Austin lived with his wife, whom Emily called her "sister Sue." With these children Emily would have "secrets," and to them she would write little notes in verse, which she let down by a string from her bedroom window. And there was her dog, who was her dear friend, and there were always her flowers.

Emily's Great Secret

But all the time, in exciting secrecy, she was writing poetry. She would write it in her room by a guttering candle and hide it away in a drawer or send it in letters to her friends. Father never saw it—he would not have approved. But Lavinia knew she wrote it, and after Emily died, Lavinia would see that the world knew too. She wrote about the delight of sunrise, and the robin on the walk, and the new railroad train, "punctual as a star"; about the joy and pain of her hidden love for the man she had sent away; about what she thought of life and the ways of God and what it must be like to die. She thought and wrote so intensely that she sometimes feared she would go mad.

The poems began to appear in 1890, when Emily had been dead some four years. Amherst was surprised, you may be sure, to find that the queer Miss Dickinson was after all a genius. When the "Complete Poems"—they were not really complete—appeared in 1925, there was a real sensation. For by that time other people had come around much nearer to Emily Dickinson's idea of how poetry should be written, and so the literary world was all ready to welcome her as a great "discovery." In 1929 "Further Poems" came out—forty-three years after the author's death. Her fame is now secure.



Sometimes life or death may hang on a quick-witted answer, or even on a daring guess. So it was with Herman Melville and his companion that day when

they found themselves suddenly surrounded by a troop of cannibal warriors as you may read on these pages, or, better yet, in the book Melville wrote about it

An AUTHOR LOST and FOUND AGAIN

How the Exciting Tales of Herman Melville Were Almost Forgotten until Very Lately, When Men Began Reading and Admiring Them Once More

SUPPOSE you were lost in the jungle-covered mountains of a tropical island, in a country being fought over by rival tribes of cannibals, and all of a sudden you found yourself surrounded by dusky warriors of one tribe or the other—no telling which!—who demanded whether you were for Typee or Happar? What would you do?

That is only one of the incredible adventures which really happened to Herman Melville and which he tells about in "Typee" and "Moby Dick" and his other books. In the cannibal-island adventure Melville was lucky. "I paused for a second," he tells us, "and I know not by what impulse it was that I answered 'Typee.' The piece of dusky statuary nodded in approval, and then murmured 'Mortarkee?'" Melville had guessed right! The dark warriors leaped to their feet and clapped their hands and shouted. So instead of being eaten, Melville and his com-

panion were treated like honored guests. Finally they both escaped, and Melville later wrote a book about his four months among the South Sea Islanders and called it by their name, "Typee."

Melville had begun adventuring when he was only eighteen. He was born in New York in 1819. His father died when Herman was a child, and the boy had to support himself as soon as he could. He shipped on a freighter for Liverpool, and thus began his seafaring years, which he called his "Yale and Harvard" education. After his first voyage, he taught school for three years. Then he went to sea again, this time on a whaler.

No more adventurous career could be found than life aboard the picturesque sailing vessels which in those days scoured the seven seas hunting the giant of the ocean. Sometimes a voyage lasted for years. There were

MELVILLE

heroism and skill and high excitement in the long chase and the fierce fight when the whale was harpooned and killed. You may read of these things in the immortal story of *Moby Dick*, the great white whale which Ahab followed all over the waters of the world and in killing which he perished at last. But it was not all high adventure. Sea captains in those days were brutal, and the life of a sailor was harsh and cruel. That is why Melville deserted that time on an island in the South Seas and spent his four months among cannibals. Yet when he was rescued it was by another whaler. He was involved in a mutiny on this ship, and spent some time in jail. After a while he made his way to Honolulu. Then he went to Japan on a man-o'-war. That was his happiest voyage, though on it, too, he saw too many officers punish the seamen brutally.

Melville was still only twenty-five when he came back to New York. He was full of his strange adventures, and set out enthusiastically to write them down. "Typee" told of his stay with the cannibals, and "Omoo" was a story of missionaries in the South Sea Islands. Melville had learned to like the pagan life of the South Sea Islanders. He felt that no matter how well-meaning they might be, the white people were spoiling the innocent, simple ways of the natives without being able to teach them much of civilization except its vices. But when he put these things down in his books people did not like it at all, and a storm of abuse broke upon the young author.

The truth was that Melville had been born

too soon. He adventured so far, not only in his voyaging but in his thinking, that the America of the middle decades of the nineteenth century did not understand him or approve him. People did not like him be-

cause he saw good in heathen savages, and because he saw much evil in American society. On his part he thought American civilization shallow and ignorant and dead to the things which seemed to him most worth while. He slowly lost faith in nearly everything, and became more and more bitter. He wrote on, no longer expecting people to like what he had written. Through his stories runs an increasing note of sadness and disappointment.

This is perhaps strongest in his masterpiece, "*Moby Dick*" (1851), wherein the whale triumphs over the man at last after all his struggles. Yet you may read this superb sea story, one of the greatest ever written, without realizing the sadness that lies under the sparkling surface of it.

"*Moby Dick*" was written on a farm near Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Melville had married—but not very happily—and had withdrawn to the country to write. While there, he knew Hawthorne, who was writing his novels not far away. Later, Melville worked for a while in the Customs House at New York. Toward the end, he seems to have tried hard to write in such a way as to be read and understood. But it would not do. A month after finishing his last novel, he died.

That was in 1861. A generation later the country which had not appreciated him when he was alive had learned to count him among its finest artists and greatest story-tellers.



Photo by Keystone View Co.

When he was a good deal older than at the time of his adventures among cannibals, Herman Melville looked like this. It is a sad, wise face, as befits the author of "*Moby Dick*."



The MOST AMERICAN of POETS

The People in Europe Found a Great New Poetic Voice in Walt Whitman Even before the Americans Awoke to See Him as Their Most Typical Poet

NO POET who ever lived is more intensely American than Walt Whitman. Yet no American poet, not even Poe, has been more admired abroad, or has had more influence on later poets both in Europe and in America. For through America Whitman's generous thought reached out and took in all humanity - "I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter," he said. And he chanted his songs of pain and joy in so new and vigorous and beautiful a way that poets are scarcely yet done imitating him.

Whitman was born in 1819, on Long Island, New York—the "Pau-monok" of the stately and beautiful poem from which we just quoted. This poem takes its name from its opening words:

"Out of the cradle
endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-
bird's throat,
the musical
shuttle. . . ."

It tells of nights the poet remembers from his boyhood—nights when he slipped away barefooted to the shore of the ocean to listen to the sad crying of a bird that had lost its mate.

But from the first Whitman loved cities and men as well as the lonely sea. He grew up in Brooklyn, but left that city at the age

of twelve or thirteen to work on a Long Island newspaper. He worked on other papers too, and taught school for a while in the summers. By 1846 he had become the editor of the "Brooklyn Eagle." But within two years he lost his position because he would not keep still about his dislike of slavery.

There followed three or four years of wandering, when the poet-prophet learned to know and love his America. He went on long walking tours. He visited the South and West with his brother. He worked for a time on a paper in New Orleans. He was interested in everything he saw, and in everybody he met. He imagined all America as part of himself. Later he put it this way:

"I celebrate myself,
and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me
as good belongs to you."

He goes on to say: "I loaf and invite my soul"—for it takes time, you see, to think about all these things. He has been called the "magnificent idler"—but his eager mind was never completely idle.

In 1850 he was back in Brooklyn, working at various things, from printing to carpenter-



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

It is strange that we have come to think of Whitman as an old, white-haired man stricken with paralysis, as he was in the latter years of his life. For in his youth he was a very vigorous person, and all his life he had a vigorous mind. In his poems there is nothing of weariness and age, but the healthy energy and high hope of youth.

MARK TWAIN

ing. In 1855 he helped with his own hands to print and bind his famous book of poems, "Leaves of Grass."

"Leaves of Grass" was something so new in America—so new in the world, for that matter—that most people at first did not like it at all. It was neither the sort of thing they had been used to from the New England Puritans, nor the sweet sentiment so popular in that day. It was vigorous and realistic and full of love of life. It was not even written in ordinary meter and rhyme. If you look at the few lines we have quoted just above, you will see that they do not rhyme or even "scan"—that is, divide up into equal parts that sing themselves, "*te dum te dum te dum*." It is what we now call "free verse"

a thing hardly known before Whitman invented it. So no wonder it took a really good critic like Emerson or Thoreau (*thō'rō*) to see that these poems were full of power and poetic fire

During the Civil War Whitman spent many months nursing the sick. He was a tender and skillful nurse.

"I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the wounded person,"

he said. He kept on writing poems, meanwhile—mostly poems about the war. You will find these in "Drum Taps," which was first published in 1865. The book contains Whitman's well-known dirge for Lincoln, "O Captain, my Captain," which, oddly enough, is far from being one of his best poems; it contains also that other and greater dirge for the dead President, "When Lilacs last in the

dooryard bloomed." Meanwhile new editions of "Leaves of Grass" came out, and there was a great buzz of talk about the book. Over against the people who did not like it arose a group that thought it even greater poetry, perhaps, than it was. One defender wrote a pamphlet about Whitman which he called "The Good Gray Poet," and the name has clung to Whitman, though it does not catch the vigor of his personality and writing.

When Whitman left off nursing he went to work in Washington at clerical positions, first in the Department of the Interior, later in the attorney-general's office. But in 1873 he was obliged to give up work entirely and go to live with his brother in Camden, New Jersey. He had been stricken with paralysis, partly owing to his labors in the war. After a time he was able to do some writing again, and sent verse and prose to magazines. While still at Washington he had published one notable book of prose, "Democratic Vistas," in which he set forth his hopes and fears for his beloved America. Now he continued to write a little, and even lectured once in a while. But his health was gone, and much of his inspiration too. In 1884 he went to live by himself—he had never married—in a small house in Camden. He had by this time a good income from his books, and friends and admirers gave him presents too. So he lived in comfort and increasing public honor, till in 1892 he died.

We love him to-day for his lusty energy and his bigness, and cherish some of his great, sweeping poems as among the most precious treasures of American literature.

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MAN

Do You Know the Real Name of Mark Twain, the Man Who Kept All the World Laughing?

THE little frontier town of Hannibal, Missouri, would be drowsing lazily in the morning sunshine. A lanky clerk or two would be asleep with his hat tilted over his eyes and his chair tipped back against the wooden front of the grocery or

the harness store facing the river. A small boy would be swinging meditatively on the gate in front of one of the little white houses. Then suddenly far up the great river would sound the call of a steamboat whistle—and the almost empty streets suddenly burst into

MARK TWAIN



Off down the river chugs the steamboat, flying its proud banners of smoke. And young Sam Clemens, like many another lad who grew up along the Missis-

sippi in the days of the steamboats' pride, watches it and dreams of far-away towns and brave adventure and the fine, mysterious doings of jaunty rivermen.

life. Wagons come rumbling, men and women jostle each other, small boys are everywhere underfoot. When the gaudy snub-nosed steamer swings in alongside the wharf, amid a great commotion of bells and whistles and thick smoke hoarded up for the occasion, all Hannibal is there to give it lusty greeting. And when the packet has steamed off down the river and the town has gone back to sleep, the boys turn away from the docks with a far-away look in their eyes. The look means that they have one and all resolved once again that as soon as ever they are old enough they will run away and be steamboat pilots!

Young Sam Clemens made the resolution often enough. And after a while he kept it. Meanwhile he and his friends could amuse themselves playing pirate and Indian, or exploring the great cave up the river, or playing tricks on each other or their parents or the girls at school. Besides, Hannibal was still more than half a frontier village, and those were exciting times in the 1840's. You could never tell when there would be a shooting or a mob or a runaway slave. You may read what Sam's boyhood was like in the books called "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." For Samuel Langhorne Clemens

(1835-1910) was no other than "Mark Twain," and he modeled the boy Tom Sawyer very much after himself. The Judge in these books is more or less after Sam's father, Aunt Polly after his mother, and Sid after his brother Henry. They say that Huckleberry Finn and the Negro Jim really lived in Hannibal too.

Sam's father died when the boy was only twelve, and, as the family was poor, that was the end of school for Sam. He learned printing by working for his brother on "The Hannibal Journal." Helping to print things seems to have had more effect than school in making him want to read. He even began to write a bit in a small way. But the great Mississippi, flowing forever into the romantic distance, carried his romantic thoughts with it. At first, when he was about eighteen, he tried to find his adventure in cities to the east—St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia. But the call of the Mississippi was too strong. In 1865, when he was twenty-one, he started down the river toward New Orleans with some vague plan of going on to South America. But on the way he suddenly apprenticed himself to a river pilot. So the old boyish dream came true.

Now learning to be a river pilot in the

MARK TWAIN

1850's was as hard as learning to be a first-class flying ace to-day—as you may read any day in Mark Twain's own fascinating story of it in "Life on the Mississippi." Shut your eyes and see whether you can describe every

curve and corner of every house and tree in your block, going either way. Then imagine making your way along the street and around the corner at blackest midnight—with no street lights. Then imagine that while you are down town something changes the curves and corners, moves the trees over, puts up obstacles, and yet that when you come back, you will know by instinct what has happened. That is about what a Mississippi river pilot was supposed to be able to do with hundreds of miles of river in Mark Twain's time! For the river was full of snags and always changing, and there were no lights as there are now, and the pilot had to be able to know things that he didn't quite know how he came to know.

Mark Twain learned so much being a pilot that people have called the river his university. He loved this job more than anything else he ever did, and wrote better about the Mississippi in the books we have mentioned—than about anything else. He even took his pen name of Mark Twain from the river. It means "exactly two fathoms"—"twain" is "two" of course—and is a cry of the leadsmen, or measurer of depth, as a

steamboat slides over shallow places: "Mark three," he would cry, "M-a-r-k three! . . . Quarter-less-three! . . . Half twain! . . . Quarter twain! . . . M-a r-k twain! . . ."

But when the Civil War broke out the

Mississippi was blockaded, and Mark Twain's occupation was gone. He went with his brother to Nevada. That was the real frontier, not just half frontier like Missouri. Carson City, where the brothers went, was a boom town, and everyone thought he was going to find gold. Mark Twain himself hits it off neatly with his headlong catalogue of what Nevada was full of.

"The country is fabulously rich," he wrote,

"in gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, iron, quicksilver, marble, granite, chalk, plaster of Paris, thieves, murderers, desperadoes, ladies, children, lawyers, Christians, Indians, Chinamen, Spaniards, gamblers, sharpers, coyotes, poets, preachers, and jackass rabbits." He was supposed to be acting as secretary to his brother, who was secretary to the governor. He tells about this rough-and-tumble life in "Roughing It."

Mark Twain's First Success

But all these books were written later, from memory. Up to this time—the early 1850's— young Clemens had written nothing but breezy frontier journalism. The great humorist Artemus Ward, whose real name was Charles Farrar Browne, met him while he

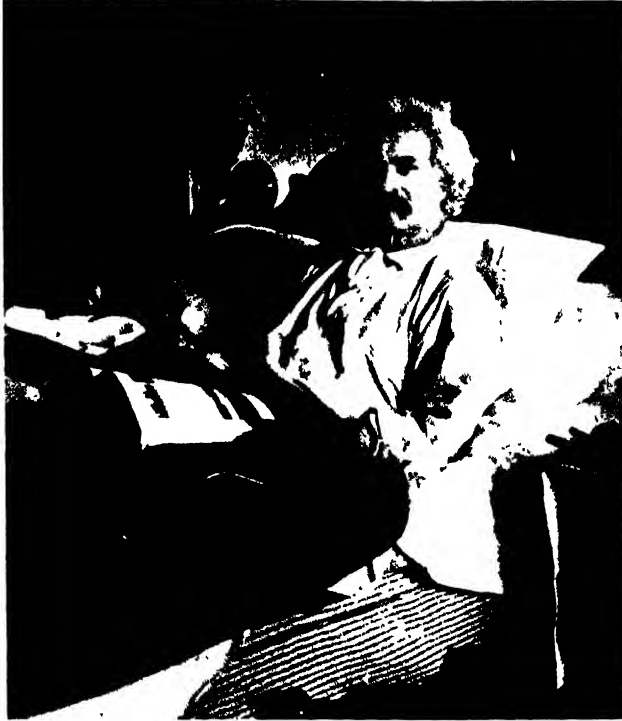


Photo by Keystone View Co.

This is Mark Twain, old and ill and far away from his beloved Mississippi but loved and honored by thousands of people young and old, who have laughed delightedly over his stories.

MARK TWAIN

was in Nevada, however, and fired him with ambition really to write. Soon he was in San Francisco, working for newspapers. Here he wrote the short story which first made him well known—"The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

He started on a long career of lecturing and acting as traveling reporter. He visited the Sandwich Islands and wrote about them for a San Francisco paper. He lectured in the Rocky Mountain states, in "opera houses," mining camp "academies," and dance halls; his breezy wit and exaggerated drawl sent his audiences into roars of helpless laughter. Then he started around the world on another reporter's trip, but only got as far as the Holy Land and the Mediterranean countries. Out of this trip, however, he made that gayest and most irreverent of travel books, "Innocents Abroad." That's just what most Americans who traveled felt like in 1869—"innocents abroad"—and the book made a huge hit. Mark Twain's fortune was made.

The World Listened and Laughed

On this trip he had fallen in love with a picture—the miniature of the sister of a new friend. So when he came back he married the original of the picture—her name was Olivia Langdon—and settled down in the East to write.

For twenty years he turned out masterpieces of the high-spirited swaggering humor so dear to the frontier—and to all America, even to the whole

world. Besides "Roughing It" (1872), "Tom Sawyer" (1876), "Life on the Mississippi" (1883), and "Huckleberry Finn" (1884), there were "A Tramp Abroad" (1880) and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (1889). He worked and wrote with furious energy. By this time all the world was listening to him and laughing at him.

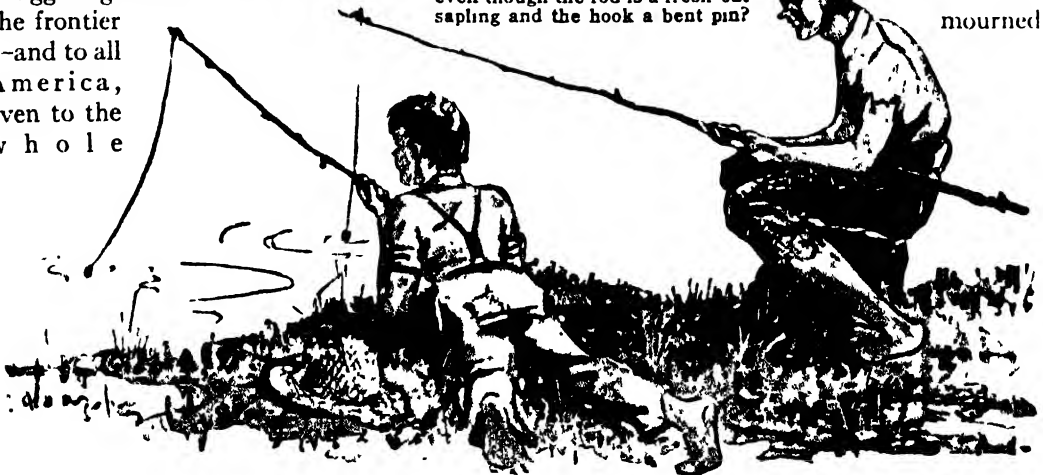
It got so into the habit of laughing at him that when he wanted to publish a perfectly serious book about his boyhood heroine, "Joan of Arc," he did it without signing his name. Some of his other later books too showed that he was not always laughing, or that sometimes the laugh was a rather wry one. The most important of these bitter books, however, "The Mysterious Stranger" and "What Is Man?" were not published until after his death.

It is often the people who laugh the most blithely who can weep the most bitterly too. As for Mark Twain, along with his many honors he had many misfortunes, in the last few years of his life at least. He went bankrupt, lost all his money, and bravely set about paying a huge debt when he was sixty years old. He paid it in three years by going on a lecture tour all around the world. Also he lost his wife and one of his daughters, and he worried about things which he did not like that were going on in the world about him.

Yet when he died in 1910 he was mourned as

no other American writer has ever been mourned

Who would not like to go fishing with those two merry runaways, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn even though the rod is a fresh-cut sapling and the hook a bent pin?



DEAN of AMERICAN LETTERS

For Many a Year the Genial Howells, Chief of Our Novelists in His Day, Presided over the Fortunes of Our Literature

ALMOST as soon as he could read, little William Dean Howells was writing verses and printing them on his father's printing press. By the time he was twelve he could qualify as a regular typesetter. At twenty-two he was writing for "The Atlantic Monthly." He was a born writer and a born editor.

He came of a family which had loved literature for generations. His father had a good library, mostly poetry, in which as a child William delighted to browse. But as for education in school, he got little enough of it. For his father was a newspaper editor, and from the time when William was born, in 1837, to the days of the Civil War, the family was forever on the move from one Ohio town to another—always busy, usually poor, with little chance at high schools and colleges. Young William, however, took to editing as a duck takes to water; and found time in addition to educate himself very well indeed, and to learn to write an easy, clear style.

The young man was ambitious. At the age of twenty-three he had already worked on several papers, bettering himself at each change; and he had already begun to publish. Now it was 1860 and Lincoln was running for the presidency. Howells wrote a campaign life of the great candidate. Whether this book brought Lincoln votes or not, it did bring its author a chance to follow his ambition. With the money he received for it, Howells visited Boston, then the center of American letters, and met Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. That was high excitement

for a raw young writer from the West—for Ohio was still West in those days. Further, when Lincoln became president, he rewarded his biographer by sending him as consul to Venice, in Italy.

So while the Civil War was raging in America, it was Howells's pleasant duty to live quietly in the loveliest and most romantic city of Italy. The poet in him responded joyfully to the lure of blue Italian

skies and ancient palaces and singing gondoliers. The verses that

he wrote, like all his other verses, are forgotten. But he brought home a love and understanding of Italian art and customs which stood him in good stead all his days.

When he returned to America in 1865, Howells did not go back to Ohio. He had found the older and more settled East much more to his taste.

He wrote for a while in New York for the "Tribune" and the "Times" and "The Nation."

From 1872 to 1881 he was editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," the most influential literary magazine in the land. He settled in Cambridge, and was adopted into the circle of New England writers there. Longfellow, in his ripe old

age, was translating Dante, and Howells's knowledge of Italian helped to make him a welcome guest in the old poet's home.

He had completely ceased to be a Westerner. Yet one of his dearest friends was the Western humorist, Mark Twain. He made suggestions to Mark Twain about his writing. Mark Twain often visited him. There would be a week or so of busy, head-long days, and nights spent in pungent talk.



This is William Dean Howells, who at the time of his death was called the "Dean of American Letters."

Then the energetic guest would depart, and the Howells home would slowly straighten itself out again and make up its lost sleep.

Howells had begun to write novels. The first one appeared in 1872, and was so much liked that the author took courage to write more. He wrote quietly and calmly of everyday things. He made it very clear that he did not approve of too much sweetness and weeping in novels, or of too much improbable romance. He was a realist. Yet his realism was of a gentle and well-bred kind. He did not believe in writing about cruel and horrible things, and he thought a book should always be good for our morals. The best of all his many novels is "The

Rise of Silas Lapham," an excellent story about the goings-on in the American business world. Howells kept close to the everyday things he knew.

Looking Honestly at America

He had not worked out this new idea of realistic fiction all at once. His earliest stories are lighter and more humorous—Howells always had a delicious, though quiet, sense of humor. He liked to put very different types of people side by side and laugh quietly at the odd contrasts between them. So some of his books, such as "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Foregone Conclusion," have been called "comedies of manners."

But even before Howells wrote "Silas Lapham" he had begun to be more serious, as in one of his other well-known stories, "A Modern Instance," which is about an unhappy marriage. After "Silas Lapham" he knew just what he was trying to do: he was

trying to show American life as he saw it around him, good and bad together, being careful above all not to exaggerate either the one or the other.

The ideas which he put into practice when

he wrote his novels he explained in many an essay and editorial. After he resigned from the "Atlantic," he took his family abroad. When he returned, he settled in New York, where he lived until his death in 1920. The most important editorial position he held in New York was on "Harper's Magazine." In his department, "Editor's Study," he talked for many a year about books. His word had come to be considered very im-

portant by this time. Many good novels were planned by ambitious young writers according to his ideas. In his prime he fairly earned his title of Dean of American Letters.

Now if a person is going to be dean of anything there are several things which ought to be true of him. He ought to know a great deal about his subject, whether it is law or letters or the conduct of college undergraduates; and he ought to be interested in younger people—students—and to give them understanding sympathy and a helping hand. In both these ways Howells deserved his title. For not only had he written a great deal himself, he had also read very widely and knew how to talk and write about what he had read. And nobody could have been more generously helpful to young writers than he. So these younger people kept right on honoring him even when literary fashions had changed and most of them did not agree with him any more.



Howells began his apprenticeship for the unofficial position of Dean of American Letters when he was still a small boy. Here he is setting up type in his father's printing office.



Such scenes as this were very familiar in the California which Bret Harte knew. For those were the exciting days of the "forty-niners," who poured into the Cali-

fornia hills in a mad search for gold. It is the rough and colorful "mining frontier" made by the gold rush which we learn to know in Harte's best tales.

ROUGHING IT *with* BRET HARTE

How the Racy Stories of This Author Drew the Eyes of All the World to the Far West in the Days of the Gold Rush

ONLY four years after the great gold rush of '49, a lad of eighteen landed in San Francisco. No one could have suspected it at the time, but young Francis Bret Harte was as important a person as had arrived in California for some years.

He was not seeking riches in the gold fields. Like his father, he was an open-handed, happy-go-lucky sort of person—not a fortune hunter. Born in Albany, New York, in 1836, he had lived in half a dozen eastern cities before setting out for the romantic West. The Hartes were perpetually moving—and perpetually poor. After his father's death Bret had to leave school and go to work, and by the time he was sixteen he was shifting altogether for himself. Yet he had never lacked for books—and how the lad had always reveled in them! Many were the long hours he spent in his father's library, turning the pages of Shakespeare and of Washington

Irving and—best beloved of all—of Dickens. Now, with his love of fine writing and his vagabond spirit, he had come to join his mother in the land of gold.

What a revelation California was to the young tenderfoot! The territory was a meeting ground for the men of every race and nation. No one asked or cared who you were. Along the main streets of San Francisco, Jewish merchants bought and sold. In the Chinese quarter coolies rubbed elbows with aristocrats. Indians, Mexicans, and South Americans fought and danced in "Little Chile." In the Spanish quarter, wealthy old families held themselves aloof from all invaders. Along the wharves, the "Sydney Ducks" from the penal colony in Australia lived by robbery and gambling. Everyone—except the professional gambler—worked with his hands. Everyone carried pistols and bowie knives. Men played rough prac-

HARTE

tical jokes, told barefaced yarns, and made fun and trouble generally. Everyone was slightly mad from the excitement of gold mining and the feeling of starting life anew in a new country on the edge of the world.

Young Bret Harte became a Californian. He was a Jack-of-all-trades. For a time he rode as a messenger on a stagecoach—and by great good luck escaped being robbed or shot by the “road agents” who lay in wait to seize the gold always carried by the stage in a chest. He learned the printer’s trade, worked in a drug store for a while, and helped to edit a paper. He seems to have lost this last job for bravely speaking his mind about some white ruffians who had massacred a group of defenseless Indians.

After this he returned to San Francisco for some eleven years. He worked on “The Golden Era,” and later edited “The Overland Monthly.” He married a girl from New York, and more or less settled down. For he had at last found what he wanted to write about and had begun to publish. In fact, during those years in San Francisco he did all his most distinguished work.

He wrote about the “forty-niners” and the quest for gold. He told about the raw mining towns, with plenty of whiskey and shooting but never a decent woman, about prospectors and cattle thieves and gamblers and all the wild life of the California frontier. The most

famous of these stories are “The Luck of Roaring Camp,” “Tennessee’s Partner,” and “The Outcasts of Poker Flat.” He wrote verse too; one humorous poem, “The Heathen Chinee,” made an even greater stir than the

short stories. Remembering his beloved Dickens, he salted his writings with a good deal of humor, and sweetened them with sentiment.

These pictures of California life were even more popular in the East than they were at home. So in 1871 Harte received such tempting offers from the East that he left California

and, as it turned out, never went back. When he arrived in New York, he was under contract to write twelve stories for “The Atlantic Monthly” during the next year at a salary of ten thousand dollars—a good deal of money in those days. He was greeted everywhere as one of the most promising young writers in America.

But Harte never lived up to that promise. He kept on writing, but nothing he wrote after 1871 was so good as those early stories. Gradually people stopped talking about him so much or expecting such great things from him. They stopped

buying his stories, too. He lost courage and confidence, and was always running deeper into debt. At length he was in such straits that his friends got him appointed consul at a town in Germany. He sailed for Europe in 1878—never to return. He died in 1902.



Photo by Brown Bros

Here is Bret Harte, one of the most famous of American short-story writers. By his tales of the California gold rush he helped set the fashion for stories of “local color.”

The MOST MUSICAL of OUR POETS

For Liltng Melody Sidney Lanier Has No Rival among the Poets of America

DID you ever notice how much alike poetry and music are? Keep on humming a melody and pretty soon you will find yourself fitting words to it; say over and over the swinging lines of a poem and it will begin to make a tune. A very long time ago all poems were probably sung, and we still talk about how poets sing their "songs."

Perhaps there never was a poet whose poems were nearer pure music than are Sidney Lanier's. Try for yourself his poem about a river:

"Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry ~~amain~~ to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall . . ."

His lines fairly sing themselves. He meant that they should. He was nearly as good a musician as he was a poet, and knew well the craft of both arts.

Even when he was a little boy Lanier (lă-nēr') had a hard time deciding which he liked more—music or poetry. He was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842, and grew up in a home where he could study them both. But his parents did not have a great deal of money and could not send him to an expensive school. He went to college near home, at the little Presbyterian school of Oglethorpe. He wanted to go to Europe after graduation, but had to stay on and work as a tutor at college because he was poor. Then the Civil War broke out, and all plans were forgotten for a while.

On fire with patriotic excitement, Lanier enlisted in the Confederate army. He served as a common soldier, as a scout, as a signal officer, and as a blockade runner. At length he was taken prisoner, and lay for months in the Federal prison at Point Lookout in Maryland. Like most prisoners of war, he suffered cold, dampness, privation, and exposure. On top of the hardships he had known before, it was too much for his health. When he

returned home after the war was over, he was being slowly consumed by tuberculosis.

Life was hard in the South after the war, even for a man in the best of health, and for a sick one it was difficult indeed. But Lanier did not lose heart. He went to Alabama, where he worked as a clerk in a hotel, then as a teacher. In his free time he read German literature and worked at his music. And he wrote a good deal of poetry. Perhaps he suspected that he would not have many years in which to write. In 1868, he returned home to Macon, and studied and practiced law with his father. Then he had to go to Texas, in search of health in its dry, bracing air. There he found friends who loved music and poetry as he did, and who urged him to give his life to these arts. He finally made up his mind to do it.

So he went to Baltimore, where he played first flute in a symphony orchestra. He saw something of musical life in New York, too, for he was an unusually fine artist on the flute. A cantata which he had composed was presented at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, and he kept on writing poetry, also. In 1879 he was asked to lecture on English literature at the Johns Hopkins University. Afterward he published his lectures. One of these books is called "The Science of English Verse," and is full of Lanier's ideas about the closeness of poetry and music.

But never since the war had he been well. Now he grew so weak that he had to sit all the time he was teaching his classes. He was always having to go away on trips for his health. It was on such a trip, to the hills of North Carolina in 1881, that he gave up the fight at last. He had never had a fair chance, on account of the war, the hard times after it, and his gnawing disease. But there is both music and poetry in the best of his poems, such as "Corn," "The Revenge of Hamish," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and "The Marshes of Glynn."

The NOVELIST of TWO NATIONS

Of the Two Famous Brothers, People Used to Say That Henry James Was Too Good a Psychologist to Be a Novelist, While William Was Too Good a Novelist to Be a Psychologist

HENRY JAMES belongs both to America and to England. He was born in America and graduated from Harvard University, but he lived the best years of his life in England and died a British subject. He wrote about Americans and about Englishmen, and particularly about Americans in England. Surely he may fairly be called an international novelist.

Even as a boy the young Henry had begun to think of Europe as a Promised Land. He was born in 1843 in New York City, of a distinguished American family; his father was a well-known theologian and his elder brother William grew up to be one of the most famous psychologists and philosophers of America. But the father could never get used to the raw edges of American life, in those days, and taught his small sensitive son to be bothered by them too, and to long for the gracious culture of the Old World. He took his "four stout boys" abroad for three years, in order that they might not "import shocking bad manners from the streets." From that time forth Henry James was really lost to his native land.

He returned with his parents, however, and lived with them at Newport, Rhode Island. He even went to the Harvard Law School with his adored brother William, though while he was there he listened more eagerly to the lectures of the poet-professor Lowell than he did to his law courses. He had decided that he was going to try to be a novelist, and he was studying the great new novels of the Frenchmen—Flaubert, Daudet, Maupassant, and Balzac—wondering if he could learn to write like that. Living in Cambridge, he also had a chance to meet American literary men. He and William Dean Howells became good friends, and Howells published some short stories of his in "The Atlantic Monthly," of which Howells

was editor. But all the time James was dreaming of his Promised Land, and in 1869, when he was only twenty-five, he decided to make Europe his home.

It is not hard to understand why James became a willing exile. The United States just after the Civil War was not a very pleasant place for an artist. Most Americans were much more interested in the latest political scandal or the price of railway stock than in trying to write like Flaubert. It was a crude and blaring sort of age, very little concerned with beautiful writing or the fine art of gracious living. And these last were the things that Henry James loved best.

He found something of them in Europe, though sometimes he would get homesick, too. He sought them in England, in France, and in Italy. In France he met the great novelists whose work he had studied so eagerly, and his Puritan soul was a little shocked by their private lives. Then, in his early thirties, he settled in England; and there he remained, except for trips to the Continent and occasional visits to America, all the rest of his life. He gradually became a part of the aristocratic society of London, and began, as he had planned, to "turn English all over." In 1896 he bought a country house in Sussex, in which he spent his summers. In 1915, a year before he died, he became a British subject.

Yet all the time he was partly American. It made him rather lonely, this having two half-countries instead of one whole one. But he turned it to excellent account in his books. Some of them, like "Washington Square" and "The Bostonians," are all about Americans; some of the later ones are all about English people. But none are more famous than those about the misunderstandings that come to Americans when they try to live among Europeans: such studies are "The American" and "Portrait of a Lady."

RILEY



In the circle is the face of James Whitcomb Riley, and at the left, the handsome memorial to him at Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

The CATCHY TUNES of the HOOSIER POET

For the Homespun Notions of Their Simple Melodies, the Verses of James Whitcomb Riley Have Been Dearer to Many Hearts than Some of the Loftier Strains in American Poetry

IF THAT boy must read in school, thought the teacher, he might just as well be reading something good. As it was, he was always hiding a dime novel behind his schoolbook. There was apparently no chance of persuading him to pay attention to his arithmetic and spelling. So the wise teacher gave him Scott, Dickens, and Bret Harte to read.

This youngster, whose name was James Whitcomb Riley, never would do what was expected of him. He had been born in 1849 in the tiny town of Greenfield, Indiana, "just across the alley from the country." When he was not reading Diamond Dick or Dickens in the little rustic schoolhouse, the lad was idling about the shop of the kindly, wise little shoemaker. There he was soaking in the speech and ways of the "Hoosiers," or Indiana folk. Some day he would find their quaint humor and racy dialect of more use to him than even his arithmetic would have been.

He refused to do farm work for his father, and when a "doctor" came to Greenfield selling patent medicines, James asked him for a job painting his advertising signs. The

"doctor" already had another lad for sign painter, but he took young Riley along too. They rode merrily over hill and dale in the "doctor's" spring wagon. James would make up jingling rhymes to advertise the cure-all, and the boys would paint them on barns and fences.

After a while Riley went back to Greenfield to study law. But this did not last long; soon he was with a troupe of strolling entertainers advertising another cure-all. He could play the bass drum, the violin, and the guitar. He could make up songs and jingles, tell stories, and mimic. A born actor, he made his country audiences shriek with delight. He dreamed of learning to play the violin really well, but broke his thumb and had to give it up.

People said that "young Riley" was "sort of flighty and no good." He was in debt, and was beginning to wonder if he ought not to settle down a little, now that he was in his early twenties. Then suddenly he decided to write. All this time he had been gathering experiences which would later go into his writing.

He went into newspaper work for a living,

HARRIS

writing at first for the Greenfield "News" and the neighboring Anderson "Democrat." His jingles brought him local fame, and when he sent some of his better poems to his ideal poet, Longfellow, the older man graciously encouraged him. Soon the whole country was talking about Riley's imitation of Poe, which for a while deceived even the critics. When the joke was discovered, Riley scarcely knew whether to be sorry for the foolishness he had been guilty of, or glad for the fame it had brought him.

But in 1883 he published his first real success, "The Ole Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems," which was supposed to be by one "Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone." By that time Riley was working on a paper in Indianapolis. He was thirty-four, and well on the road to success. Soon he began to publish his poems under his own name, and they were liked all

over the country. Indiana awoke to the fact that her good-for-nothing son was a celebrity. Riley was now kept busy lecturing and writing. The lecturing he did not altogether enjoy; he was miserable when he had to appear in public, and he was a very bad traveler. He lost his railroad tickets so often that he once exclaimed ruefully, "a place for everything and everything somewhere else!"

Riley's verses are sweet and sentimental. The best of them are in the Hoosier dialect, and tell of the joys and sorrows of simple country folk. Some of the best-known of all are for and about little children. Who does not know, for instance, how Little Orphan Annie threatened bad little boys and girls with Black Things and Gobble-uns? Though his fame had already begun to fall off before he died in 1916, Riley is still remembered for verses like these



Photo by Brown Bros

Joel Chandler Harris is remembered and loved not only in his native Georgia but over all the English-speaking world for his charming stories about Uncle Remus and the friendly animals.

The MAN WHO GAVE US "BR'ER RABBIT"

Joel Chandler Harris Wrote the Best of All Tales about the Darkies and Their Animal Friends

IMAGINE what fun it would be to sit in front of his cabin with old Uncle Remus himself, and hear him tell about Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Tarrypin, and Br'er Wolf, in his soft Georgia drawl! Many were the hours that the little red-haired Joe Harris spent listening to just such stories, with his freckled face turned intently toward the old slave's head. For that was in the days before the Civil War, when the author of the Uncle Remus stories was a small boy, who still had no notion that he would some day retell those tales.

The boy, whose whole name was Joel Chandler Harris, had been born (1848) near the little village of Eatonton, Georgia. He lived with his mother and grandmother in a tiny house on the edge of town. The women plied their needles busily all day, earning a few pennies to keep them all alive, and little Joe hunted rabbits, 'possums, and 'coons by himself, or, on rainy days, slipped unseen into the post office to read the papers. He was very shy, and remained so to the end of his days. He did not even like school. He would much rather be alone and free,

with his merry companions, the birds and squirrels and clacking grasshoppers.

It was when he was twelve that he went to work as "printer's devil," or assistant, for Colonel Joseph Turner, who was printing a paper on his plantation in the neighborhood. Colonel Turner had a number of slaves. They all adored the "Massa," who never punished them for singing and sunning themselves about their cabins. Soon they adored the small Joe too. Among them he was not shy, but his own natural, joyous, friendly self. In the quarters he sat by the hour, telling his troubles to a sympathetic black mammy or listening to the old men's tales. He heard all about the animals that act like men and women, and learned to know every sound and cadence of the dialect these Georgia Negroes spoke.

Meanwhile he was learning the printing trade, and getting an education while he was about it. The school caught him slipping paragraphs he had written himself into the type he was setting up. After that, being a wise and kindly man, the Colonel turned the lad loose in his great library to read to his heart's content, and also read and criticized and even published the pieces young Joel wrote. The two of them used to discuss how the South should build up its own literature; they both thought the Negroes should have in such a literature a colorful part.

But the Civil War came, and broke up this pleasant life. Georgia lay desolate in the wake of Sherman's army. Harris became a real journalist, and worked on various papers in various towns and cities of the South, mostly in his beloved Georgia. Finally, in 1876, he settled for good in Atlanta, writing for the Atlanta "Constitution." He

stayed with this paper twenty-four years.

One of his very first assignments for the "Constitution" was to write some Negro sketches to follow a popular series by an author who had resigned. Harris remembered the tales he had heard as a boy on Colonel Turner's plantation, and wrote some of them down almost in the teller's own words. Soon Uncle Remus and his stories of the animals were known and loved all over the United States, and even in England. In 1880 and 1883 Harris gathered the tales into his two most famous books, "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," and "Nights with Uncle Remus." By the humor and mischief and charming innocence of these stories he has made himself friends among grown people and children alike from that day to this.

In later years there were many more Uncle Remus stories, some of them meant especially for children. Besides these, Harris wrote a novel or two, many articles for papers and magazines, and several books of short stories. Some of the short stories, like those in "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White" and "Free Joe and Other Georgian Sketches," are pictures of life in Georgia.

All the fame which his books brought him could not change Joel Chandler Harris from the quiet, shy country journalist he had always been. Mark Twain tells us a story of how Harris was once too shy to read his own "Uncle Remus" to a group of adoring children. But among people he knew very well he was gay and sociable. The people of his state loved him so much that, although he died in 1894, the school children of Georgia still celebrate every year the birthday of the creator of Uncle Remus.





Photo by Burlington Kty

Off to the Klondike, in search of gold and adventure! Jack London found the adventure, though he did not find the gold. But then, Jack London was always finding adventures; if he did not see any handy at home, he would set out to look for them. Then he

would write about them in vivid novels, which thousands thrilled to read. Scenes like this in our picture gold seekers on the way to the Klondike are plentiful in these novels. The most famous of the stories of Alaska and the Yukon is "The Call of the Wild."

The ADVENTURES of JACK LONDON

When You Have Read His Own Varied and Perilous Life, You Will Know Why His Novels Voice "The Call of the Wild"

[S]TREET urchin—factory worker—oyster pirate—able seaman—tramp—prospector—Socialist agitator—war correspondent—and popular novelist! Surely Jack London packed more various adventure into his forty years than most of us would ever get around to if we could live to be a hundred and forty. And he tells about it all in his books, so that we may read it for ourselves if we care to.

Many of these adventures were much less pleasant in the living than in the telling. As a ragged little street gamin—to begin at the beginning—the small John Griffith London saw much misery and even a certain amount of crime. His father had been a frontiersman in the early days of the California settlements, but after the Civil War had become very poor. Little Jack lived in the country from the time he was born in 1876 to about his ninth birthday; then he found himself selling papers on the streets of Oakland, and

learning more than was good for him about the ways of the slums and the underworld. At fourteen he was hobnobbing with opium smugglers on the water front. At fifteen, his schooldays ended, he was toiling ten hours a day for ten cents an hour in a cannery.

After a few months of that, he recklessly joined a gang of oyster pirates. An oyster pirate goes out in a boat to rob oyster beds that belong to other people, and then sells his gains in the markets. Jack took in a good deal of money in this way—and spent it. But fortunately his boat burned before he had got himself sent to the penitentiary or had quite ruined himself in riotous living. Then for a while he joined a gang of young hoodlums who were terrifying Oakland, but he soon left them in disgust. Not long after this, to his great joy, he was hired to sail before the mast on a vessel bound to hunt seal in the Bering Sea. Though young Jack had never sailed beyond San Francisco Bay,

O. HENRY

he signed himself "able seaman" -and proved the title good among veteran sailors before the voyage was over.

When he came back from that adventurous voyage, London published his first story. But he could not seem to find publishers for any more, and had to go back to working with his hands. For a while he turned tramp and "rode the rails" to New York. But his experiences as a "hobo" were not encouraging, and he determined to get an education and really learn to write. He did go through high school, and started his freshman year at the University of California. But he was too poor to finish and perhaps he thought, too, that he could learn to write better by himself.

But Jack London could never resist an adventure. In 1897 there was great excitement over the discovery of gold in the Klondike, in Alaska. He was one of the first to join the great rush for the mines, and one of the very few who managed to make their way through the Chilkoot Pass. But after amazing adventures he came home poorer than ever. This time he set himself resolutely to write.

At first he wrote only of Alaska, land of

gold and arctic cold and romantic adventure. The public loved it. But later he wrote of other things—of adventure on the sea, for instance, and often of the hard lot of the poor, which he knew himself from bitter experience. He had become

an ardent Socialist, hoping that through Socialism more of justice and happiness might be brought to the oppressed.

This plea for justice and happiness rings through "Martin Eden," "The People of the Abyss," "The Iron Heel," and "The War of the Classes." But perhaps he will be remembered longer for the best of his adventure books, such as "The Sea Wolf" and "The Call of the Wild."

The popular young novelist was not yet, however, done with his adventuring. During the war between Russia and Japan (1904) he went to Korea as a war correspondent. Again ten years later he was reporting to American

papers the progress of the revolutionary troubles in Mexico. If he had lived, he would doubtless have gone to France as war correspondent for some American paper during the World War. But in 1916, just before the United States entered that conflict, he died



by Keystone View Co

We should know that this alert and mirthful face belonged to a man with a knack for adventurous living, even if no one told us that the face was Jack London's.

The TRICKIEST SHORT STORIES

How the Clever "O. Henry" Tied a Firecracker to the Tail of Nearly Every Story He Wrote

O HENRY'S life reads like one of his own tales. Or rather it is like a sort of super-O. Henry story, made up of bits out of all the many books he wrote. Perhaps that is more natural than you would think at first, for O. Henry wrote mostly about the real things he saw about him. He had a knack of discovering adventures.

His real name was William Sydney Porter,

and he was born (1862) at Greensboro, North Carolina. He went to school for a while—not very long and later worked for five years in his brother's drug store. Then one day he picked up and left town, for the West. He headed for Texas. He wanted adventures, and already he had a vague notion that he might some day write his adventures down.



Photo by Keystone View Co

O. Henry spent fourteen years in Texas, soaking in the atmosphere which he re-creates in such books as "Heart of the West." At first he was on a cattle

ranch, then he lived in towns Austin, Houston, San Antonio. The picture shows the cottage in San Antonio where some of his Western stories were written

Out in the "cow country" he became a Texas ranger. He learned Spanish from the Mexicans, who are plentiful in the Southwest, and in leisure moments he amused the ranch hands by drawing cartoons for them, or wrote some of the stories he had planned to write. He stayed on the range two years.

Then he took his \$250 and went to the town of Austin. He bought a paper and called it "The Rolling Stone." His idea was to amuse the people of Austin with his cartoons and his humorous editorials. But the people of Austin were merely shocked that anyone should take journalism so lightly—and the paper failed. The young editor left for Central America amid an angry buzz of gossip accusing him of having taken with him stolen funds. He was to hear more of the matter.

Whether or not he actually had taken some

money is to this day not quite clear, though most people now think that he probably had not. But guilty or innocent, he was to find this adventure very bitter.

He soon came back from the South to take care of his sick wife, but in spite of his care she died. Then he had to face his trial and he was found guilty.

He was in prison three years. It was an unhappy time, but it was not wasted. He learned a gentleness and sympathy with misfortune which kept his heart and his purse strings open ever after. And he wrote and sold his first successful stories. While his trial was going on, he had received the news that a magazine had accepted one of his stories. Now he wrote twelve more, about the things he had done and seen, and he sold them all. His odd and

amusing pen name he took from the name of a Frenchman whose wares he had often seen



Photo by Brown Bros.

This is William Sydney Porter, "O. Henry," whose stories delight us because they are so human and so clever and because we can never tell how they are going to come out.

in his brother's drug store. When he came out of prison he was already well known.

In 1902, when he was forty, O. Henry drifted to New York. He agreed to write a story a week for the New York "World." Such a contract would keep most writers pretty busy. But it was nothing to O. Henry. He had plenty of time left over to write for the magazines. And as for material, was not the great city bubbling and sizzling with it? Every shabby tramp on a park bench, every jewel-decked dowager at the opera, was a story. He could not see a man standing alone under a street lamp without imagining a romance about him. So he put it all down in "The Four Million" and "The Voice of the City" and his other books about New

York. He continued to go quietly about New York, peering curiously into its corners, until the end. He was only forty-eight when he died, in 1910.

These endless tales about Texas rangers, Central American consuls, and New York shopgirls, are not among the deathless stories of the world. O. Henry did not see deeply enough into men's hearts and lives for that. But they are good stories. They have a tang of racy humor, and they move so swiftly that we get breathless trying to keep up. They are about such ordinary people that we begin to suspect that there may be stories in *our* lives, too, or in the lives of people about us. And they are so clever that they fairly crackle.

The AUTHOR of "LITTLE BOY BLUE"

If the Witty and Lovable Eugene Field Had Never Written Anything but That One Short Poem, His Name Would Deserve to Be Immortal

GREAT peals of laughter were coming from the nursery. The grown folk in the parlor looked at each other and smiled. They were in a good humor anyway, for they had just come home from listening to Eugene Field read to them from his works - and the tall, lanky poet had read his dialect verses and funny character sketches very well indeed. He had slipped away from them now, and they were beginning to suspect where he was. Sure enough! When they threw open the nursery door, there was the guest of honor, coatless, with hair rumpled, prancing about on all fours and grimacing at the children!

That was just like him.

He would laugh with the youngsters, tell them funny stories, mimic funny people for them, sing to them. They loved him, and they loved his verses—pathetic stories like

"Little Boy Blue" and "The Lyttel Boy," fantastic trifles like "The Naughty Doll" and "The Fate of the Flimlam," crooning lullabies like "Lady Button-eyes" and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" and "The Sugar-Plum Tree." In the 1890's he published several volumes of these verses, and it is easy to get them all now in one volume of collected poems.

Of course Eugene Field did other



Photo by Mentor Magaz

This is the kindly, humorous face of Eugene Field, to whom growing up did not mean forgetting how it seems to be a child.

FIELD

things besides play with children, and wrote other things besides his children's verse—which grown-up people frequently like too, by the way. He was born (1850) in Missouri, but he lost his mother when he was still a little boy, and was brought up by relatives in Amherst, Massachusetts. He went to college for a while at Williams, then at Knox, and finally was graduated from the University of Missouri. He did not go back East again, but worked on various papers in the Middle West and as far west as Denver. Finally he settled down to work for the "Chicago Daily News" (1883) and did not change again.

All this time he was winning many friends by his poems and humorous essays. People tittered at the grotesque things he put into the mouths of dignified statesmen and self-satisfied millionaires. They laughed still more at his amusing dialect poems, in "A Little Book of Western Verse" and elsewhere; and grown men were not ashamed to wipe tears from their eyes at the pathetic sentiment of some of his other verses. The public liked to laugh and weep at his lectures and readings too. Field was an excellent mimic, and once had even planned to go on the stage. It must have been fun to hear him read.

People in the East and in the West liked him, but perhaps no one, not even the children, liked him better than did the grown boys of the mining camps and frontier villages among whom he worked in his youth. They liked him because he liked them and because he was writing about them for the rest of the country to read. And particularly they liked his prankish humor. No one was so good as he at a practical joke. They tell a story of how he

put a notice in the paper one day saying that a certain storekeeper had just received a large shipment of fine watermelons and would give one away to any Negro in the town who called for it. Imagine the man's consternation when next day he was besieged by an eager mob of colored folk all clamoring for their favorite dainty!

Field had more grown-up hobbies too. In

particular he was always collecting rare books, and built up a very fine library of first editions and other book collector's treasures. The last book he wrote was a series of essays about fine books; he called it "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." A bibliomaniac is a book lover and book collector, and he meant by the title to poke a little fun at his own loving enthusiasm. He died, widely mourned, in 1895.

Perhaps we cannot do better than to end with a stanza from the most famous of Field's lullabies:

"Wynken, Blynken, and
Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden
shoe,—

Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.

'Where are you going, and what
do you wish?'

The old moon asked the
three.

'We have come to fish for the
herring fish

That live in this beautiful
sea;

Nets of silver and gold have
we,'

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod

"The old moon laughed
and sung a song,"

But that is enough for a
start. You can look up
the rest yourself!

In Chicago stands this fine monument to Eugene Field. It particularly celebrates, as you see, his charming lullabies, for is it not Lady Buttoneyes herself who is scattering sleepy poppy-fragrance over the two children?

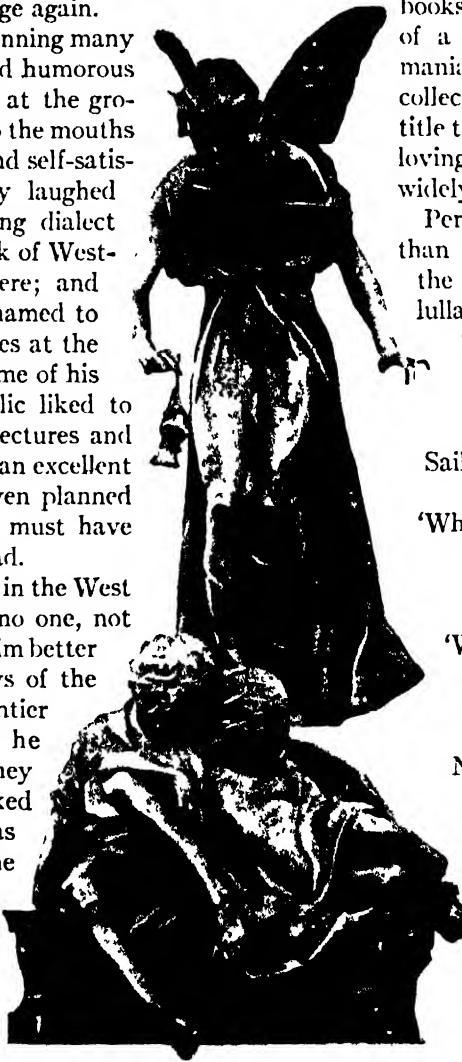


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WRITERS ONE MAY MEET TO-DAY

Twentieth-Century America Has Been Described by a Vivid, Gifted Band of Novelists and Poets Who Are Searching for New Ways to Paint the Picture of Their Native Land

SOMETHING happened to American literature about 1900, as if writers had decided that new things should go with a new century. Of course our novels and poetry did not change all at once such things always happen gradually - but change they did, so that twentieth-century American writing is on the whole very different from nineteenth-century American writing. Some of the changes were part of general movements that affected British writers too and also writers in other languages than English. But one change in particular was peculiarly American.

Somebody has called it getting over the colonial complex. It used to be that Americans felt inferior about their own writers: publishers would much rather republish British novels than publish American ones; magazines wanted British names in their tables of contents rather than unknown American names. And most of the writers themselves studied English models and tried to write like Englishmen. At the close of the 1800's the best American-born novelist was Henry James (1843-

1916), whose story is told elsewhere in these books; he had become a British citizen. It was rather as if the United States were still, culturally speaking, a British colony.

Now for the first thirty or thirty-five years

of the new century there continued to be plenty of "expatriates" (ěks-pā'trī-āt), people who, like James, ran away from the roaring, sprawling materialism of America's machine age to seek quiet and art in the Old World. But they went as much to France as to England. And meanwhile at home a multi-

tude of writers were springing up who

were trying not to escape American life but to interpret it, and to interpret it in their own way.

Without saying much about it, they put into effect a sort of literary declaration of independence.

It was high time for this to happen. All through the busy decades since the Civil War the nation had been growing and changing, until now it was a great, modern, industrialized world power.

The frontier was gone, the whole vast land from Maine to California was bound together by railroad, telegraph, and telephone, and the share-cropped plantations and smoking factories of the new America were served by thronging Americans of many races and cultures. Perhaps no nation in the world has a more bewildering and fascinating

unity-in-variety than the United States. And more and more consciously, through the last thirty or forty years, Americans have been taking stock of America. We have discovered our own past and what a flood there has



Photograph by Southern Syndicate

Sinclair Lewis, whom you see above, made the life of our villages famous when he wrote "Main Street." In other novels he pictures other phases of the American scene. He is hard on our foibles, for he loves his country too much to overlook her shortcomings.

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been of biographies of our great men and of books giving a new slant on our history, what a scurrying around to find Colonial furniture and Early American glassware, what an overhauling of forgotten American pictures, plays, poems, music! We have discovered American folklore, folk art, and folk poetry—cowboy ballads, Negro spirituals, Indian art in picture, dance, and chant. Most of all, along with our poets, novelists, and playwrights, we have been discovering the bewildering drama that makes up modern America.

What Is "Realism"?

Some of the writers who looked at America still saw it through a romantic haze, as so many had seen it in the 1800's. But the second big change which was coming over most of the best writing was a change shared by writing in other countries—the trend toward realism. "Realism" means just what you would think from the name, an attempt to see and set down things as they really are. That means mentioning that fly which is said always to get into the ointment. Sometimes, in practice—because people who are afraid of being thought sweet often take special pains to be sour—it means talking more about the fly than about the ointment. But on the whole it has probably been a very healthy thing for us to stop trying to escape from the hard things and look them square in the face.

Some Clever Writers of the Nineties

The new kind of writing began a little before the death of the old century, with several clever fiction writers, some of whose books still make excellent reading. Hamlin Garland (1860–1940) told powerful stories of the terrible hardships and loneliness of prairie folk—in "Main-Traveled Roads" (1891) and "Prairie Folk" (1892) and later in his account of his own boyhood, "A Son of the Middle Border" (1917). Garland was a friend and follower of William Dean Howells (1837–1920), about whose almost realistic stories we have told elsewhere. Two other clever writers of the nineties were Stephen Crane (1871–1900) and Ambrose Bierce (1842–1914). Bierce (bērs) wrote bitter short

stories, mostly about the Civil War—"In the Midst of Life" (1891) and "Can Such Things Be?" (1893). Crane's best novel, "The Red Badge of Courage" (1895), is also a realistic account of war; these two men were the first story writers to see the Civil War stripped of the trappings of romance. Just after the opening of the new century appeared another promising writer who, like Crane, died young—Frank Norris (1870–1902), author of two novels about the growing and marketing of wheat, "The Octopus" (1901) and "The Pit" (1902). And finally there was Jack London (1876–1916), about whom we have a separate story; sometimes he was romantic in the Wild West style, but sometimes he too was a realist.

Two Ways to Write a Novel

Now recent story writers who have tried to give a real picture of life have usually done one or both of two things. Either they have tried to show how their characters' lives are shaped by the things over which they have no control—the sort of parents they have, the way they are brought up, the way society treats them, their environment, in short; or the writers have tried to follow the minds and emotions of their characters, so that the story goes on more inside the main characters' heads than outside. Of course most novelists mix the two methods, but on the whole naturalism—the first method—and psychological analysis—the second method—have been the two most important modern trends.

Henry James used the second method, and Edith Wharton (1862–1937), one of the writers of short stories and novels to become important in the years before the World War, was a follower of his. Mrs. Wharton had an intelligence keen as a surgeon's knife, and used it to show us the tragic shams of "high society," as in "The House of Mirth" (1905) and "The Age of Innocence" (1920), or the bleak lives of New England country people, as in "Ethan Frome" (1911). She told her stories with fine restraint, leaving the facts to speak for themselves, except that she could not always resist letting her telling wit play over them.

Theodore Dreiser (1871–1946), who was the most influential novelist of this time, is about

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as complete a naturalist as you will find anywhere. A naturalistic novelist presents man as a part of nature, not ruling nature as we like to imagine but subject to all her laws with little or no will of his own. So most of Dreiser's (dri'zēr) people seem like little more than superior animals. In telling their stories he at first shocked many people who were not used to such plain speaking. His first novel, "Sister Carrie" (1900), though one of his best, was suppressed for a while. But by 1911, when "Jennie Gerhardt" came out, people were getting used to the new frankness, and in 1925 no one objected to his masterpiece, "An American Tragedy," except on the score that it was badly written. For Dreiser certainly does have a very awkward style. But there is so much raw power in these books that people continue to be deeply moved by them. "An American Tragedy," the story of Clyde Griffith, young, weakly ambitious, set upon by society, leaves the reader overwhelmed with a sense of the blind cruelty of present-day American life.

The Rise of the Muckrakers

Other writers in the years before the war saw this cruelty and burned with a desire to do something about it. Americans were in the midst of discovering a great many things that they did not like about their country—it was part of their general awakening to the new industrial America. About 1908 the papers, magazines, and publishing houses broke out in a rash of "muckraking"—a

vivid term which means just what it says, raking muck. The muckrakers were uncovering all sorts of scandals, about the way big fortunes had been made, the horrors of the slums, the crying injustices of factory and sweatshop, the corruption of democracy by graft and the power of wealth. The novelists joined the chorus, and for the next few years there were many "problem" or

"thesis" novels. Winston Churchill (1871-1947), having started his career with such well-known historical romances as "Richard Carvel" (1899) and "The Crisis" (1901), began writing about young political reformers or "modernist" ministers. Ernest Poole (1880-

) wrote "The Harbor" (1915), showing the starved lives of workers on the New York water front. Most famous was one of the earliest of these novels, "The Jungle" (1906), by Upton Sinclair (1878-). This story of a poor immigrant worker in the Chicago stockyards was translated into various foreign languages, and at home led to the passage of

the first Pure Food Act.

Meanwhile America was finding voice in an exciting revival of poetry. It was 1912 which was the banner year of the poets. Most of the poets who were later to become famous published early work that year—Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, Sara Teasdale, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robinson Jeffers, Edgar Lee Masters. And this was the year of the founding of Harriet Monroe's famous magazine, "Poetry, a Magazine of Verse," published in Chicago. In this little magazine at last the writers of



Eugene O'Neill has tried many interesting experiments in stagecraft and has created a really American theater. His plays are known and admired all over the world; and in 1936 he received the Nobel prize.

the "new" poetry found a way to get their work before the public. Soon also they found an editor and critic in a minor poet of their number, Louis Untermeyer (1885-), whose "New Era in American Poetry" (1919) is a landmark of the movement, and whose many anthologies, especially "Modern American Poetry" (first edition 1919) and "Modern British Poetry" (first edition 1920) continue to keep the work of the newer poets in the public eye.

It really was a *new* poetry these poets were writing.

"We are breaking up the
moulds
With a rattle and a
clatter,
Wielding hammers at
strongholds,
Laughing as the frag-
ments scatter."

So wrote Hortense Flex-
ner, another of the minor
poets of the time.

One of the moulds they
were breaking so gayly was
that of the colonial complex;
all these poets are intensely
American. They use American
materials, American rhythms,
American language. Carl Sand-
burg's most famous poem, for
instance, is about Chicago:

"Hog-butcher for the world,
Tool-maker, Stackers of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's
Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders."

What could be more American in subject and
language than that?

Breaking the Bonds of Meter

This poem illustrates also the breaking of
another mould, that of the old forms of
verse—the swinging, easy-going meters you
could "scan" so easily by counting the unac-
cented syllables between accented ones.
Sometimes, like Edwin Arlington Robinson
and Robert Frost, the new poets use the old
forms but pay very little attention to the
rules. Here is a line of blank verse—five

stresses, *te dum te dum te dum te dum*
—written by Tennyson:

"So *all day long* the noise of battle rolled."
And here is one by Robert Frost:

"And makes *gaps even two can pass abreast*"
—where one has to accent "gaps" and thus
spoil the pattern. The new poets did this
sort of thing on purpose, so as to give more
the movement of ordinary speech.

Sometimes, like Sandburg and Amy Lowell,
they entirely put aside meter—that is, *meas-*

ured lines with a certain number of ac-
cented and unaccented syllables

and wrote in free verse,
or "cadenced (*kā'dēnst*)
verse," as Amy Lowell
called it. In this there
is no definite number of
stresses or syllables, but
it takes you roughly the
same time to say each
cadence. Like this:

"Whirl up, sea
Whirl your pointed
pines."

In this quotation from a poem
by H. D. Hilda Doolittle

the first line, Miss Lowell tells
us, is one cadence, the second
another. It is all left to the
poet's ear, so though very
beautiful poems have been

written in free verse, a great deal of plain
prose has been printed as free verse by poets
who did not know any better. When Amy
Lowell first started reading her poems and
lecturing about free verse, people got un-
believably excited about it, and at some
meetings she was heckled as if she had been a
political orator. But soon free verse was
sweeping the country like a fad for some new
game or a fashion in hats. For a time the
magazines and newspapers were running over
with it, and many little poetry magazines were
born and "died to make verse free." Now
that the shouting has died down poets calmly
accept free verse as merely one good way
to write a poem.

Three important poets of the Revival
came from New England—Edwin Arlington
Robinson, Robert Frost, and Amy Lowell.
Many feel that Robinson (1869-1935) is the



Photograph by Southampton Syndicate

Willa Cather has written exquisite
descriptions of life on the American
deserts and plains. One of her best
novels is a story of pioneer farm
life—"My Antonia."

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finest poet of the whole Revival. He was one of the pioneers, starting to publish in the nineties. He was a reserved, silent man, who lived much to himself and brooded over the dark destinies of man. His best-known poems are short, biting character sketches like "Richard Cory" and "Miniver Cheevy," or long narrative poems in his own purposely roughened blank verse, such as "The Man Who Died Twice" (1924), "Cavender's House" (1929), and the three tales of King Arthur, "Merlin" (1917), "Lancelot" (1920), and "Tristram" (1927). These long stories in verse are always tragic, often studies of men who have failed. They are full of careful analysis of the thoughts and feelings of the characters, like so many of the novels of the time.

Robert Frost (1875) writes shorter incidents in blank verse and many brief songs.

As we might guess from the titles to his books—"North of Boston" (1914), "Mountain Interval" (1916), "New Hampshire" (1923), "West-Running Brook" (1928)—he is very bone and sinew of New England. He invites us to look with his own humorous, affectionate eyes on the New England countryside:

"I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long. —You come too."

Poet of New England's Countryside

He tells about a little colt that ran away or two deer he and a companion met one day in the mountains, about "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" or saying good-bye to his orchard in autumn—"Good-

bye and Keep Cold." Or he tells us about his neighbors—the man who thinks "Good fences make good neighbors" or the poor old hired man who came "home" to die. His rhythms, too, are based on the speech of his New England neighbors; that is what gives his poems their peculiar flavor.

Amy Lowell (1874-1925) wrote a few fine things in free verse, such as her famous "Patterns," but she is better remembered as critic and historian of the Revival and sturdy campaigner for it. Her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" (1917) is as important a landmark as Untermeyer's book, and her "John Keats" (1925) is a scholarly study. She was especially interested in the ideas of a group of experimenters calling themselves Imagists. Though most of these poets lived in London, about half of them were Americans—Ezra Pound, who left the group later, John

Gould Fletcher, and H. D. Amy Lowell herself was in and out of London, but spent most of her time in Boston writing or here and there in the United States lecturing on the new poetry. The Imagists believed in free verse—new rhythms for new ideas, they said—and in trying above all things to give hard clear *images* in their verse—hence the name. They studied the tiny condensed little poems of Japan, the *haiku* (ha'kōō), for inspiration, and helped in the wider movement to learn more of the art of the Far East.

Meanwhile the most assertively American voices of the Revival were coming from the Middle West. Chicago, where "Poetry" was published, was for a while the literary center of the nation. The three most important of the Middle Western voices in



Carl Sandburg, one of our western poets, is the son of Swedish immigrants. He has collected old American ballads and often sings them to his audiences, accompanying himself on the guitar. But most of all he is known for his swinging poems of modern American life.

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poetry were those of Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Vachel Lindsay.

In lusty free verse, often full of harsh realistic details and rough, slangy language, Carl Sandburg (1878-) sings the joys and sorrows of corn-belt farmers and immigrant steel workers. "Chicago Poems" (1916), "Corn-huskers" (1918), "Smoke and Steel" (1920)- the very titles speak volumes. In him and a host of minor poets of the 1910's there grew up, as with the social novelists, a sort of religion of democracy, rooted in passionate rebellion against the wrongs of the common man. More breakers of moulds!

Vachel (vā'chēl) Lindsay (1879 1931) too writes in the words and rhythms of the people. He wanted to make poetry a popular art again. He once tramped the country trading rhymes for bread, and he later went about giving readings of his poems, chanting them like an ancient minstrel. His most famous poem, "The Congo," has great free thumping rhythms and is fitted out with directions for reading, like a piece of music.

The Poet of Spoon River

Edgar Lee Masters (1869) is a poet of a single famous book, "Spoon River Anthology" (1915). This is a series of short poems written as though they were inscriptions on tombstones spoken by dead people about themselves. They build up a powerful, bitterly realistic picture of a small Middle Western town--rather more like a novel than an ordinary book of poems.

"Spoon River" was, indeed, part of the movement in fiction sometimes called "the

revolt from the village," which came to a head about 1920. The early twenties were almost as exciting a time for fiction as the years just after 1912 had been for poetry.

Promising young realists were arising to carry on Dreiser's work and give it new twists of their own, and the theories of Freud (froid) and other recent psychologists were being eagerly drunk up by the novelists to help in analyzing their characters' minds.

Like Masters, many of the younger novelists now turned their attention to the small American town, usually in the Middle West. In 1920 alone there appeared four such books "Miss Lulu Bett," by Zona Gale, "Moon Calt," by Floyd Dell, "Poor White," by Sherwood Anderson, and that popular best seller, "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis. In the same year appeared "An American Credo," by H. L. Mencken (1880), who had already earned himself a reputation as the critical bad boy of America, going around

puncturing people's balloons of self conceit and generally "showing up" the middle class American--or member of the "booboisie," as he liked to call the middle class. Critics and novelists and poets together were off on a great crusade against dullness, against all the small town seemed to them to represent lack of art and beauty and modern thought, the prying gossip of neighbors who will not let one live one's own life.

Sinclair Lewis (1885-) used a biting humor to attack the things he did not like. He is a born mimic, and can catch the very accent of a small-town dullard or a back-slapping booster. The village he laughed at in "Main Street" was named Gopher



It seems strange to us now that people could get so excited over the free verse championed by Amy Lowell. This New England poetess was a gifted narrator, and could write in conservative couplets when she chose to.

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Prairie, and now any dull village is called by that name. In "Babbitt" (1922) he carried the attack to the city, and created in George F. Babbitt a type of vulgar middle-class booster that has walked out of the novel into our everyday language. The next book, "Arrow-smith" (1925), which some think Lewis's best, satirizes medical men, and others have followed, including a bitter anti-fascist satire, "It Can't Happen Here" (1935).

Sherwood Anderson (1876-1941) was another of the Middle Western rebels. Though Anderson wrote several novels, his best work is probably in the short stories collected under the titles "Winesburg, Ohio" (1919) and "The Triumph of the Egg" (1921).

These stories have sometimes a dreamy, poetic quality that comes partly from the "impressionistic" prose, with its frequent series of sentences that are mere fragments — words or phrases set in succession to follow the thought-stream of some character. For Anderson is one of the many recent writers who try to follow the "stream of consciousness," often giving the story to us only as it tells itself in the inner thoughts and feelings of the characters. He is a Freudian too, and most of his stories have something to do with inhibitions (in'hī-bī'shūn), complexes, and such matters of modern psychology.

All the Freudians are much interested in

sex, and this has sometimes caused them to displease many people. One of the best-known of the books of James Branch Cabell (1879-) was for a time suppressed. Cabell (káb'ěl) in the days when he was one of the

promising novelists of the twenties, was not a realist like most of the others, but a wordly-wise romanticist. On the other hand the gifted young F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896-1940) in books like "The Beautiful and Damned" (1921) shows the terrible effect upon young people of the debaucheries of the '20's. In his early death we suffered a severe loss.

All of these people are sadly out of sorts with life. But perhaps the most thoroughly out of sorts of them all is a younger man, Ernest Heming-

way (1896-), who is a member of the generation that went to World War I — the "lost generation," to use a phrase Hemingway quotes from Gertrude Stein. Gertrude Stein (1874-1940) herself was much talked about in the twenties as one of the most extreme of the experimenters with words, in both prose and verse. She was among the literary expatriates, living in Paris; it was there that Hemingway knew her.

Novelist of the "Lost Generation"

Hemingway's best novels and short stories — "The Sun Also Rises" (1926), "Men without Women" (1927), "A Farewell to Arms" (1929) — are about those who were



Photograph by SAUL LOEB, NEW YORK

Edith Wharton, one of the only two women who have been members of the American Academy of Letters, was at her best in stories of modern social life.

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"lost" through the war, not by being killed but by losing their belief in life and humanity. There is something hard and cruel about these stories, as if neither the author nor his characters were willing to admit they had any feelings left. The stories are told with fierce restraint, in short, simple sentences, sharp and effective as hammer blows.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

(1940), a moving tale of the Spanish Civil War—in which Hemingway fought against the fascists—is much more profound and less bitter in tone.

Much pleasanter reading is the last of the important novelists of the twenties whom we shall mention: Willa Cather (1876-1947). Miss Cather (kă'thēr) is a realist but not a Freudian. With exquisite art she has given us a series of pictures of pioneer and contemporary America, especially of Nebraska and the Southwest, which she knew and loved. She wrote, in "O Pioneers!" (1913) and "My Antonia" (1918), of the simple, earthy strength of the woman who belongs on the soil, the stuff of which pioneers are made; in "The Song of the Lark" (1915) and "The Professor's House" (1925), of the struggle of the artist or scholar in the modern world; in "A Lost Lady" (1923) of a woman who was not strong enough to be either pioneer or artist and was therefore "lost"; and in "Death Comes for the Archbishop" (1927) and "Shadows on the Rock" (1931) of the pioneer past, in the Southwest and in Quebec.

Willa Cather's pictures of the American plains and deserts are only one novelist's contribution to a great and growing wealth of stories about different sorts of country and people in our vast and varied land. Ellen Glasgow (1874-1945) wrote understanding studies of life in Virginia, such as "Barren Ground" (1925) and "The Sheltered



Edwin Arlington Robinson, perhaps the finest poet of the Revival, concerned himself not with social questions, but with men's motives and ideals.

Life" (1932). Elizabeth Madox Roberts (1885-1941), author of "The Time of Man" (1926) and "The Great Meadow" (1930), told in her richly poetic prose of life past and present in the Kentucky country. Ruth Suckow (1892-) writes in "Iowa Interiors" (1926) and other books of everyday

Middle Western folk. Ole Rolvaag (rûl'vôg) (1876-1931) tells in "Giants in the Earth"

(1927) of immigrants to Dakota. Thomas Wolfe (1900-1938), in "Look Homeward, Angel" (1929) and "Of Time and the River" (1935), told, in a strange but impressive way, of life in a small southern town.

Meanwhile what were the poets doing? Most of the poets of the Revival continued to write, and some of their best work came out in the 1920's.

This was especially true of the writers of lyrics (lîr'îk) — or songlike poems—who made a whole group within the movement. Perhaps Conrad Aiken (1889-) should be mentioned here, for his melodious rhythms, though he does

not fit nicely into any group. Sara Teasdale (1884-1933), who began to publish as early as 1907, uses largely the old meters for her delicate songs of nature and love. Elinor Wylie (1887-1928), though only three years younger, published all her work in both verse and prose during the twenties, and used the newer rhythms and tricks. Her poems are like exquisite carvings, chiseled and perfect; they are so restrained that they seem almost cold, but burn underneath with intense feeling.

The most popular of the lyricists was Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-), who has also tried her hand at poetic drama, as in "Ariada Capo" (1921) and in the libretto for Deems Taylor's opera "The King's Henchman" (1927). Her lyrics and sonnets have appeared in a succession of slender volumes beginning with "Renascence" (1917). The

earlier ones have simple singing lines that fairly throb with the joy of life and love, broken into by brief sighs that youth and love do not last. She is the author of the famous description of herself:

"My candle burns at both ends;

It will not last the night;

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends--

It gives a lovely light!"

--and of the intense little poem which begins

"O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!"

As she grows older, she has brooded more over death and the suffering and injustice of society, and has written such more solemn lyrics as the title poem in the volume "The Buck in the Snow" (1928).

The "Modernist" Poets

The newer poets of the 1920's were many of them "modernists," or "metaphysicals" (mēt'ā-fiz'ī-k'l). They were still experimenting with new rhythms and meters, though by no means all of them write actual free verse. They are called "modernists" partly because they have been trying to find just the right rhythms and words to express the modern world. The older poets wrote of moonlit waters and flying birds, but many modern poets know more about electric-lighted streets and airplanes. How put the new world of machines and cities and science into poetry? And how put into poetry the new thoughts of our world, all its complicated notions about science and society and the universe? When the poets try to find a way to do this last, they are called "metaphysicals," because they have tried to make metaphysical ideas philosophy, psychology, and such things into poetry. The name comes from John Donne (dŭn) and other "metaphysical" poets of the early seventeenth century in England, who wrote verse, as these modern poets discovered, in many ways more "modern" than that written only fifty years ago.

The leader of this movement was T. S. Eliot (1888-), who was born in St. Louis and educated at Harvard, but who has lived in London since 1913 and has now become a British subject. He is a poet-critic, like Dryden or Matthew Arnold, and

has had a very great influence through both his ideas about poetry and the poetry he has written. In 1922 he published a longish poem called "The Waste Land" which seemed to catch the very spirit of bewildered disillusion and despair so widespread at the time, as we saw it in the novelists of whom we have spoken. Later he found a way out of the confusion through the faith of the Catholic church, and his later works, such as "Ash Wednesday" (1930) and the poetic play "Murder in the Cathedral" (1935), have been on religious themes.

"The Waste Land"

It was the earlier poem, "The Waste Land," which practically started the metaphysical school of poetry. It is a very difficult poem to understand. Eliot leaves out words and expects us to imagine them. sets unexpected things together without telling us the connection, often has a hidden meaning under what seems plain, and puts in lines in foreign languages or makes hidden references to poems or other things not everyone knows about. This was the signal for other poets to do the same sort of thing, and it looked for a time as if ordinary people were going to have to stop reading poetry altogether. But there is great beauty and power in Eliot's verse for those who are willing to work at understanding it; and this is true also of much of the more recent metaphysical verse, such as that by Léonie Adams (1890-) and Hart Crane (1899-1932). Furthermore, as people get used to the new ways of saying things, and as the poets on their side begin again to write more simply, poetry gradually comes back to ordinary folk.

The Poet Who Wrote "Roan Stallion"

Another important poet of the twenties was Robinson Jeffers (1887-), who has lived largely in California. He has studied science deeply, and his way of expressing the modern world is to show men as a part of nature, somewhat as Dreiser does in prose. During the twenties and early thirties he published a series of powerful narrative poems—"Tamar" (1924), "Roan Stallion" (1925), "The Women at Point Sur".

(1927), "Cawdor" (1928), and others written largely in long swelling lines that shake out, some critic has remarked, like the reins over galloping horses.

As fine a narrative poem, and a much less gloomy one than those of Jeffers, is "John Brown's Body" (1928), by Stephen Vincent Benét (1898-1943), which gives a stirring and finely impartial account of the Civil War. Another fine poem about American history is "Conquistador" (1932), by Archibald MacLeish (măk-lēsh') (1892-).

Playwrights of 1900

Dramatists as well as poets and novelists were trying in the twenties to tell us about ourselves and our world. The new life that began stirring in American literature in the 1890's came to flower last of all in the drama. In the years around 1900 the best-known American playwright was Clyde Fitch (1865-1909), who turned out adaptations from the French and German and neat but undistinguished original plays by the dozen; his best is "The Truth" (1907). Augustus Thomas (1857-1934), another professional playwright of the time, occasionally tried his hand at plays with ideas in them, as in "The Witching Hour" (1907) and "The Copperhead" (1918), perhaps his best play. The poet William Vaughan Moody (1869-1910) drew praise from the hopeful young enthusiasts for a new American drama by his sincere handling of strong American material in "The Great Divide" (1906) and "The Faith Healer" (1909).

The 47 Workshop at Harvard

For by 1909 Professor George Pierce Baker had already set the students of the famous course English 47, at Harvard, to writing and producing plays in their own little theater—the 47 Workshop, they called it. Dramatic courses and schools of the theater were springing up in and out of the colleges all over the country. Young people interested in the theater now began to go abroad and study the new stagecraft and playwriting that were taking Europe by storm; Americans began to hear of Gordon Craig's theater sets and of the exciting new plays of Bernard Shaw. Little experimental

theaters appeared here, there, and everywhere. Everyone was talking about plays, great numbers were doing amateur acting or producing, many were trying their hands at writing. In 1916 was founded the magazine "Theatre Arts," which stood to the dramatic revival somewhat as "Poetry" did to the poetic revival. Then in 1920 the first full-length play by Eugene O'Neill was produced and the American theater had come of age at last.

The Fine Plays of Eugene O'Neill

Since then Eugene O'Neill (1888) has produced a succession of fine and challenging plays which have won him a name all over the civilized world. In nearly all of them he tries to combine poetry with realism. *His* way of helping us understand the modern world. But every one is different from the one before, for this playwright is as tireless an experimenter as any of our experimenting poets. He will write a play like "The Emperor Jones" (1921), which is practically all one scene with only one character in it, or a long evening's performance made up of three connected plays, as in "Mourning Becomes Electra" (1931). In "Strange Interlude" (1928), another very long play, he lets the characters speak all their secret thoughts out loud. In "Desire under the Elms" (1925) he shows us the outside and both stories of the inside of a house all at once on the stage. Or he will express what is going on in the characters' minds by actual things on the stage, this is a type of "expressionism," a term explained in our story of the theater. Thus the room gets smaller in successive scenes of "All God's Chillun Got Wings" (1924), as the hero feels more and more baffled and shut in; the Emperor Jones's thoughts in the jungle are acted out on the stage; and the characters in "The Great God Brown" (1926) wear masks that show various things about them. Most of the plays are tragedies; "Desire under the Elms" is probably one of the most powerful tragedies of modern times.

Sidney Howard (1891-1939) wrote sincere and realistic dramas of everyday life: "They Knew What They Wanted" (1925), "The Silver Cord" (1926). So did George Kelly

(1887-), as in "The Show-Off" (1924) and "Craig's Wife" (1925), and Elmer Rice (1892-), as in "Street Scene" (1928), the action of which all takes place in front of a cheap apartment house in New York.

A Nightmare Is Dramatized

In another play by Elmer Rice, "The Adding Machine" (1923), the action of some scenes is "stylized," the actors moving in stiff, artificial rhythms like puppets. In one scene the hero, Mr. Zero, climbs up and down the keys of an enormous adding machine in Heaven. Like this play, several others were fantastic and witty attacks on some cruelty or folly of our life. "Beggar on Horseback" (1924), for instance, acts out the wild nightmare which decides a young writer not to marry a girl for her money. One of the two authors of this play, George Kaufman (1889-) also had a hand in the musical play "Of Thee I Sing" (1931), which makes merry fun of everybody from the sentimental American voter to the Supreme Court.

A Modern Miracle Play

The other author of "Beggar on Horseback," Marc Connelly (1890-), later wrote a famous Negro folk play, "The Green Pastures" (1930), which is a sort of modern miracle play showing us De Lawd and His blessed in Heaven and many Biblical scenes on the earth. Other plays tell more realistically of Negro life, such as some of O'Neill's and the moving "In Abraham's Bosom" (1927), by Paul Green (1894-). Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy" (1927) was made into an opera with music, "Porgy and Bess" by George Gershwin (1898-1937), the distinguished American composer who wrote his most serious works in jazz rhythms.

There was smart "high comedy" too, like "The Road to Rome" (1927) and "Reunion in Vienna" (1931), clever plays by Robert Sherwood (1896-). And one important dramatist, Maxwell Anderson (1888-), after starting with a tragi-comedy puncturing the idea of "glory" in war—"What Price Glory?" (1924), written with Laurence Stallings—went on to experiment with historical plays in verse: the dramas of "Elizabeth the Queen"

(1930) and "Mary of Scotland" (1933).

By the time these last-named plays were being seen on the stage, the boom of the late twenties had burst and the dreary years of depression had set in. A deeper, more earnest note began to be heard in the best writings of poets, novelists, and playwrights alike. Many of the expatriates came flocking home, deserting the "ivory towers" where they had tried to hide from everyday American life. The literary magazines were suddenly full of spirited arguments about whether "art" ought to have anything to do with "propaganda"; this usually meant the question whether an author ought to argue against war or uphold the cause of organized labor or preach some other cause.

The New "Leftist" Writers

Many of the most interesting writers, old and new, began more and more to treat such themes, though of course the best of them were not visibly *preaching* anything, but simply writing out of different experience and from a different point of view. Thus Maxwell Anderson wrote "Winterset" (1935), a play suggested by the Sacco-Vanzetti case; Robert Sherwood wrote "Idiot's Delight" (1936) to show the insanity of war; the promising young playwright Clifford Odets (1906-) began his career with "Waiting for Lefty" (1935), a powerful play about a taxi strike. Of the poets, MacLeish wrote "Panic" (1935), a poetic play about the financial crash, and "Public Speech" (1936), a book of poems on public questions; and several of the most promising of the younger poets proved to be frankly "Leftist," that is, radical, in their political ideas. Of the novelists, John Dos Passos (1896-), author of "Three Soldiers" (1921), one of the earliest novels to treat realistically of World War I, continued to write of lives warped by society; and a whole group of "proletarian" (prō'le-tā'ri-ăn), or Leftist, novelists appeared—James T. Farrell, Jack Conroy, Josephine Herbst, Grace Lumpkin, and others—to champion the cause of the down-trodden. The enthusiasm of these writers and their quarrels with those who do not agree with them keep things lively and interesting in the literary world.

BIOGRAPHIES of SCIENTISTS

Reading Unit

No. 13

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

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Summary Statement

Because men of science have given their lives to patient study, we enjoy the great advantages of

a fuller knowledge of the laws of nature.

HIPPOCRATES



Photo by Giraudon Paris

Hippocrates, the first real physician, is refusing the gifts of Artaxerxes, king of Persia. The story goes that the King promised Hippocrates a rich reward if

he would rid Persia of a plague which was devastating her people. But Hippocrates refused because he would not help his country's enemies.

The FATHER of MEDICINE

The Great Hippocrates Made War on the Magicians Who Were "Charming" Away Our Aches and Pains, and Began the True Science of Human Health

IT MUST have been a terrible thing to have a broken arm or even a bad toothache in the days of long ago before there were any doctors or nurses to offer help. Of course the good mothers and sisters of those days would do what they could, in their rude and ignorant way, to ease the pain, but for many a century there was no one who knew anything at all about medicine or could do anything for a sick man except to put him away in some quiet place and let him take his chances.

And for many a day, even after "medicine" began, it was merely an affair of magic and superstition. The doctors were nearly all priests, of one sort or another, who knew next to nothing about bones and muscles, and who merely muttered prayers and charms to chase away the evil spirits who were supposed to cause all of our aches and pains.

It was a long time before some bright genius thought of feeding a feeble person with powdered lion's teeth to make him strong! And it was longer still before anyone began a real study of the complicated human body, to find out what it is that makes us well or ill.

After many centuries of this blundering study, there came in ancient Greece the man who is now known as the "father of medicine." It was the great Hippocrates (hĭ-pŏk'-ră-tēr) Born in 460 B.C., he lived in the golden days of Greek art and philosophy; and he gave his long life to thought and study of science in general and of medicine and surgery in particular.

He read everything that he could find about the subject and learned of all that had been done by men before him. He copied and studied thousands of records of diseases. For in those days people who were sick were

often taken to a temple of Apollo, the god of medicine, in the hope that they would get well; and if they were healed, they often left a tablet in the temple to tell about the trouble and the cure. So Hippocrates studied a great many of these tablets in his search for the secrets of disease. He examined the organs of the human body with all the care he could. He also traveled widely, and wrote a good many books to tell of his discoveries and remedies. And the result of it all was that he was about the first man to make medicine into a science, and to break the hold of the priest with their charms and sorceries, over the sick and suffering in his land.

It was the prayer of Hippocrates that the gods would give him, not money or pleasure, but health and long life, success and fame. The prayer was amply granted. He was always strong, and at least one story tells us that he lived a hundred and nine years; and the men of Athens loved and honored him so much that they voted him a crown of gold and a free living for himself and all his family. Kings and rulers honored him, in his own land and elsewhere, and great poets sang his praises. He was the most skillful doctor of his own day; and the fame he prayed for has lasted down to our time.

In spite of all the things that we have since learned in medicine—things that the wise Hippocrates could never dream of—

some of his principles are still honored in every school of medicine. And after all this time the noble oath that he is said to have asked his pupils to take is still taken by our medical students when they leave their colleges and go out to help the sick and

suffering. If you ever get to be a doctor, this is the solemn oath that you will take, in memory of Hippocrates, upon your graduation day:

"You do solemnly swear, each man by whatever he holds most sacred, that you will be loyal to the profession of medicine, and just and generous to its members; that you will lead your lives and practice your art in uprightness and honor, that into whatsoever house you shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power, you holding yourselves far aloof from wrong, from

corruption, from the tempting of others to vice; that you will exercise your art solely for the cure of your patients, and will give no drug, perform no operation, for a criminal purpose, even if solicited—far less suggest it, that whatsoever you shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, you will keep inviolably secret.

"These things do you swear. Let each man bow the head in sign of acquiescence.

"And now, if you will be true to this your oath, may prosperity and good repute be ever yours; the opposite, if you shall prove yourselves forsworn."

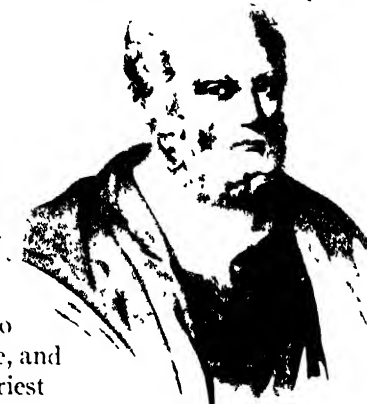


Photo by the National Museum

No one really knows what Hippocrates looked like, but since he is such a famous man, many artists have painted pictures of him. They all try to show him as you see him here—a noble sage with massive brow and thoughtful expression.

WHO WAS *the* MOST FAMOUS of ALL DOCTORS?

It Was the Great Galen, Whose Word Was Law in Medicine for More than a Thousand Years

THE city of Pergamus (pûr'gâ-mûs) was at one time famous. It had a great medical school, a great library, and a center of learning which rivaled that of Alexandria. It possessed temples, churches,

amphitheaters, and other buildings of great beauty, and some of the finest sculpture in the world. It was at Pergamus that parchment was first used as a material to be written on, and it was here that John addressed the



Gladiators were slaves and could be bought and sold like cattle. But since their value as fighters depended very much upon the condition they were in, they were carefully looked after by a doctor. Galen himself was

once a physician in a school of gladiators. In the picture above you see a gladiator on the point of being sold. The buyer has brought along a doctor to examine his prospective purchase.

early Christian church. But its greatest claim to fame lay in the fact that it was the birthplace of a great man who will be remembered as long as men study medicine. This man's name was Claudius Galen (gā'lēn), and for over twelve hundred years he was considered the greatest physician who had ever lived.

Galen Goes to Rome

Galen (130-200) was the son of Nikon (né'kōn), an architect and scientist who had a cultivated mind and was highly honored by his fellowmen. In his seventeenth year Galen began to study medicine under teachers in Pergamus. After his father's death he went to Smyrna and Alexandria, where there were excellent medical schools. When he returned to Pergamus he was appointed physician to the school of gladiators. Later he went to Rome, where he became famous for his knowledge and for his ability to cure sick people. Other doctors became jealous of him and tried to make fun of him, and to hurt him in every way they could. But they did not succeed in harming him, for the

good emperor Marcus Aurelius summoned him to be court physician, a position he kept some time, lecturing and writing certain of his most important books. He wrote in Greek but he also knew the Latin, Persian, and Ethiopian languages. His books were translated into Arabic and he became the leader in medicine in the East as well as in the West. Until the sixteenth century any physician who questioned Galen's authority in England had to appear before the Royal College of Surgeons and take back what he had said.

Galen's mind was open to all wisdom. He was a great observer and collector of facts. He did not rely on what others believed about the structure of the body but dissected apes and other animals in order to learn about the organs and tissues at first hand. His book on anatomy, or body structure, was the best in existence up to the fifteenth century. He was sober and temperate, kind and considerate, and treated beggar and king with equal justice. No wonder later physicians have taken him for an example!



Photo by Huchings

In this picture William Harvey is showing His Majesty Charles the First how the blood circulates in the hu-

man body. Harvey worked on this problem for ten long years before he made his discovery public.

WHO FOUND OUT HOW OUR BLOOD MOVES?

And Why Did We Have to Wait until Three Hundred Years Ago for William Harvey to Tell Us How It Circulates?

MOST of our inventions and discoveries surprise us because they came so early, but there are two or three that often seem to have come very late. For instance, why did men go on copying so many books with their pens for so many centuries before anybody ever thought of some kind of type that would simply stamp the letters on the page—in other words, before anybody invented printing? And why did we have to wait till just about three hundred years ago before we found out what the heart beats for and what the blood does in our bodies?

Whatever the answer is about printing, the reason why we did not know what the blood does is simply that it was very hard to find out. For a long time we had known that it did not stand still, but we had very little notion of how it ran around, or what made it go. We had to wait for William Harvey to tell us that in 1628—to show us that the heart is the pumping station which gets the blood from the veins, sends it to the lungs to be purified by the air we breathe, then takes it back and pumps it all over the body through the arteries, only to have it brought back once more through the

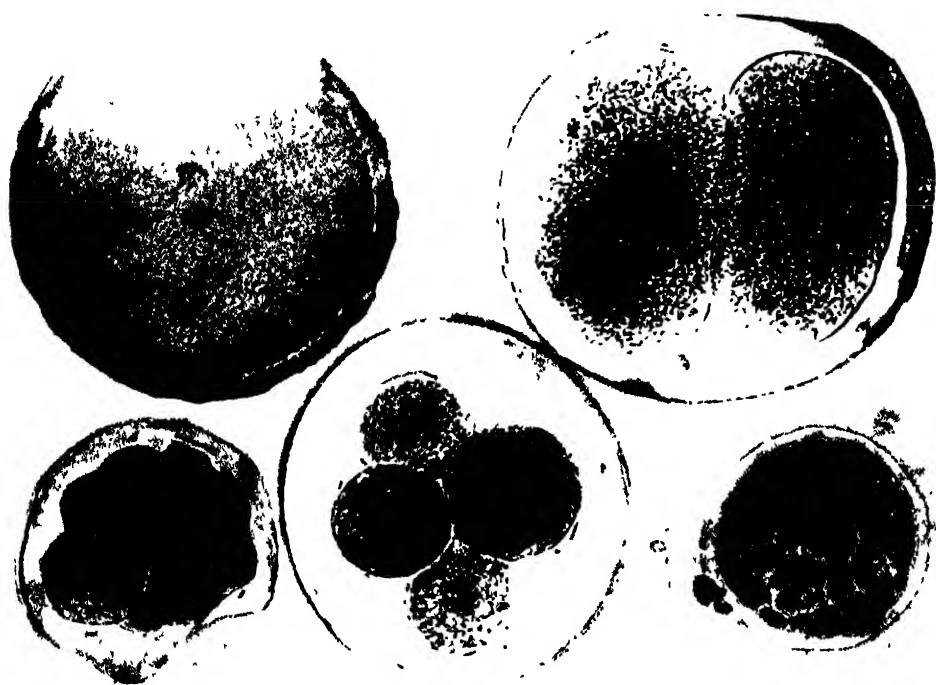


Photo by General Bode and Supply Heist

Harvey studied many things besides the circulation of the blood. He studied the stages living creatures go through before they are born. He found that the order in which chicks, baby animals, and human babies develop is very nearly the same. Especially, he worked

veins and start around again on its perpetual circuit. All that we had never known before, and we owe it to the English physician Harvey.

William Harvey was born in 1578, and studied at Cambridge and in Italy, where he took his medical degree. He then settled in London to practice medicine and soon became prominent. In due time he was made physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and later physician to the king; and he went with King Charles I in his wars with Cromwell. These are only a few of the many distinctions that came to him.

For some ten years or more before he told the world about the circulation of the blood, he had been lecturing on it to his students in London, and most of them had accepted his discovery. But he waited to finish all his proofs before he printed his book to tell everybody about it. Of course he wrote the little book in Latin, for all

with eggs, for, he said, "Eggs are cheap and easy to get . . . besides, almost all animals, even those which bring forth their young alive, and man himself, come from eggs." The picture above shows you the first stages of development in the egg cell of a rabbit.

learned books were still written in that language at the time. That little book, published in 1628, is one of the most important ever written in the history of medicine.

It was by no means the only work of Harvey. He made many other studies, besides always practicing his art on the sick. The most important of his other studies were those about how animals and human beings are born into the world. To find out all he could about that, Harvey made vast collections of specimens of many kinds, and examined all sorts of baby animals. He found out a great deal by breaking open eggs in all stages of hatching, to see what was happening. And about all this he wrote an important book too. But his fame rests mainly on the fact that he was the first man to explain the heart and the circulation of the blood. He lived to be seventy-nine, dying in 1657.

LEEUWENHOEK



Here is Anthony van Leeuwenhoek in his shop, where he is grinding lenses for a microscope. To the right

is one of those strange scenes of water life which can be seen only with the aid of a lens.

HE FOUND *a* WORLD *in a* DROP of WATER

A Humble Clerk in Holland, Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, Found the Way to See Millions of Tiny Creatures Never Seen Before

IN ORDER to find a new way to a part of the world never before reached by water, Columbus left the shores of Europe in a small sailing vessel and braved the dangers of an unknown ocean. Four hundred years later, Lindbergh, in a small airplane, left the shores of the New World, which Columbus discovered, to find a way to reach Europe through the air.

We call these two men great discoverers and we admire their willingness to risk their lives for an idea. It is possible, however, to make great discoveries without getting into either sailboat or airplane, and anybody can become a discoverer who is eager to learn the secrets of nature.

One of the most interesting of the many discoverers who have lived in this wonderful world is Anthony van Leeuwenhoek (van la' wën-höök). His home was in the city of Delft, in Holland, where he lived about three

hundred years ago (1632-1723). He did not care to cross the ocean, but was content to explore the world of living things too small to be seen by the unaided eye. He had been told that lenses make small things look big, so he went to the shops where spectacle lenses are ground and learned to grind lenses for his own use. These lenses he mounted in little microscopes, (mī'krō-skōp), which he also made for himself out of gold and silver that he extracted, or separated, from their ores.

Think how many things he had to learn before he could make a microscope! First he had to find out how to separate gold and silver from the rocks, or ores, in which they occur. Then he had to build the frame of the microscope out of these metals and, most important of all, he had to grind the lenses exactly right in order to be able to see through them clearly. He did all these

LEEUEWENHOEK

things accurately and successfully, in addition to working in a merchant's office and serving as janitor of the City Hall in Delft.

After his microscopes were made he used them to discover many things about the living world around him. He examined seeds, flies, fleas, lice; the hair of animals and of man; the skin, the eyes, muscle fibers, the saliva of his own mouth; the film that forms on teeth; the food canal in frogs, horses, and man; the water in ditches and ponds; and new-fallen rain in clean jars. He saw the capillaries (kāp'ī-lā-rī)—or tiny blood vessels—in the tail of a fish and the red cells from his own blood. He collected oysters and examined their eggs and young under his microscope. He was probably the first person in the world to see bacteria (bāk-tē'ī-ā)—or microscopic plants—and he discovered that they devour animal matter. He called them "wretched beasties," and he experimented to prove that his observations were correct. He heated the water in which bacteria were living to see if heat would kill them. He put them into pepper water and found that this did not hurt them at all but, on the contrary, that they grew and multiplied in it. He wrote to the Royal Society in London and told them that there were millions of these tiny things in one drop of pepper water. So the members of the Royal Society built microscopes and began to study

bacteria and other small living things; and they honored Leeuwenhoek by electing him a Fellow of their society. They published his discoveries in their "Transactions." For fifty years Leeuwenhoek sent them reports of his discoveries, but he would not give, or even lend them one of his microscopes.

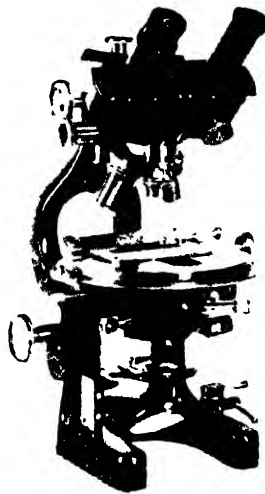
He also sent reports of his work to the Paris Academy of Science and was elected a member of this organization. His works were published in the Dutch language and in Latin, and he became known all over Europe. Peter the Great of Russia, the Queen of England, and many other famous people came to visit him at his home in Delft. He showed his visitors his collections of oyster eggs and bacteria, but he did not permit anybody to touch his precious microscopes. To peer through them at his collections, he thought, was enough.

In his ninety-first year he was still at work; and when he was dying he gave a friend two reports which he wished to have sent to the Royal Society in England.

Leeuwenhoek found his greatest happiness in searching for the Unknown in nature and in learning as much of the truth as he could about the world around him. The more he learned the more humble he became, like all sincere discoverers, and the greater his reverence grew for the Creator of all things, great and small.



You may have thought of your skin as something quite smooth, but if you were to examine a slice of it through a high-powered microscope, you would see it as in the picture above.



Photos by General Biological Supply House, and Bausch & Lomb Co.



To the left is a modern high-powered microscope. It is set at an angle so that the observer can look into it more comfortably. Above, is a bit of the scalp, very much magnified.

HUNTER



Ambroise Paré (ôN'brwaz' párá'), one of the most famous surgeons of the sixteenth century, began his medical career as an apprentice to a barber-surgeon.

In the picture above you see him operating on a soldier. It is amazing to see what could be done even in days before antiseptics and anaesthetics were known.

EXPLORING in the HUMAN BODY

Just after the Time When the Surgeons Stopped Being Barbers, the Great Dr. John Hunter Did Heroic Work to Lay the Foundations for Modern Surgery

UP TO about two hundred years ago there was an odd partnership, and a very bad one, between two kinds of men who are now miles apart—the barbers and the surgeons. Often the same man was a barber and a surgeon both—and if he was not shaving off your beard he might be pulling out your tooth or lopping off your leg, if you had to lose it.

That is why a barber's "pole" still has red and white bands around it. They stand for the bandages he used to use in his surgical operations.

And that shows what surgery was like in the old days. Brave was the man who went to the barber with an arm that had to come off! Of course the barber did the best he could, but he had no idea of what anybody has to know to cut into the human body safely.

One of the first men to see how much a man must know to be a surgeon, and how skillful he must be, was the man we are now going to talk about. He was Dr. John Hunter, a Scotsman who was born in 1728 and lived 'ill 1793. Hunter was one of the

JENNER

greatest doctors, one of the greatest surgeons, and one of the greatest students of anatomy in men and animals, that the world has ever seen.

He seems to have had a fairly care-free time in Scotland as a boy. When he grew up he worked for a while for a cabinet-maker in Glasgow. But he soon went up to London, where his brother had a school of anatomy for young surgeons. As soon as Hunter started dissecting for his brother, he knew what his career was going to be; and his progress was so rapid that he was teaching others all the old things that were known about the human body and all the new things that he himself kept discovering.

For the rest of his life he continued as a great surgeon, a great teacher, and above all a great discoverer. It is impossible to tell all the new things he found out about the bones and muscles and organs of the human body, all the new operations he learned how to perform, all the hundreds of animals he studied, all the striking experiments he tried, and all the scientific books and papers he wrote. They were enough to make him a sort of patron saint among the surgeons to this very day. There is no one man who can be called the "father of surgery," but if there were it might well be John Hunter.



This is Dr. John Hunter, the Scotsman who did so much for surgery in its infant stage.

All in the effort to find ways of helping sick and injured men, he studied thousands of animals, of hundreds of kinds, alive and dead. He wanted to find out everything that went on in them, what could be done with them, and how to do it. He studied and cut up bees and wasps and hornets, worms and frogs and snakes and lizards, fishes and chickens and geese, hedgehogs and lions and tigers, and many other kinds of beasts. Nor was he any sort of coward about trying his experiments on himself. Once he gave himself a bad disease, just so that he might have a chance to study it. And once he took hold of two of his leopards that had got loose and took them back where they belonged!

All his life he toiled at these things, often from six in the morning until after midnight, just to set our race free from the surgery as the old barbers had always practiced it. And for that we owe him a debt of gratitude that would be hard to measure. Some day if you go to London you can still see the vast collection of specimens that he left for the surgeons who were to come after him. On that collection he spent every penny that he ever earned, except what he needed for a bare living. To-day we are still reaping the benefit of his unselfish devotion to the cause of science.

The MAN WHO MASTERED SMALLPOX

How Edward Jenner Found Out about Vaccination by Watching the Milkmaids at Their Work

IN OUR day it is a rare thing to hear of smallpox, and a disgrace to have it. For anybody can be safe from it, and nearly everybody is. But only a little over a century ago a man was always in great danger of the dread disease, and thousands died of it every year. Every so often there was a bad year, and then tens of thousands were swept away. And the doctors knew hardly anything to do about it all.

To be sure, a long time ago the people in the East had found a way to fight the disease. They found that when one man had a very mild case of it, they could "inoculate" (in-ök'-û-lât) a second man from him, and the second man would then be safe, or "immune," from any bad attack. About two hundred years ago this secret had come into England, brought from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. But not very

JENNER

much was done with it, and there was still no very good way of fighting smallpox.

It was a country doctor who found out the way. Born in 1749, Edward Jenner had first studied medicine in the country and later in London, under the famous Dr. John Hunter. Then he went back to the country to practice.

One day a milkmaid told him that she had no fear of ever getting smallpox because she had already had cowpox; and everybody knew, she said, that if you had one of these you would never get the other. It was not the first time Jenner had heard that. Plenty of milkmaids and other people in the country were sure of it. Even Jenner thought there might be something in it, and he started out to see. He spent years in the search, and the result was that he conquered smallpox and practically drove it out of the civilized world.

Cowpox is a disease that cows used to have a good deal, and people could get it from them. Jenner found it really to be true that the people who had had cowpox did not seem to get the smallpox later. So he thought that if he could give everyone a mild form of cowpox he could save them all from terrible attacks of smallpox. And after many studies and experiments, that is exactly what he did. It succeeded perfectly, and except for rare cases, smallpox was soon a lost terror.

The thing that Jenner invented is called vaccination, because it comes from the Latin word for "cow"—*vaccus*. When we are vaccinated we get a very mild disease—in the arm—and we are saved from danger of a very bad one later.

That is why the law requires us all to be vaccinated at least once in a lifetime, when we are very young. For entire safety we ought to let ourselves be vaccinated at least once again as we grow up and still again, if any smallpox ever happens to break out near us.

The first person that Jenner ever vaccinated was an English boy named James Phipps. That was in 1798. The boy must have been a bit of a hero too, for a little later Jenner tried to give him smallpox, but found he could not take it. He was immune. Soon after this a good many people had been vaccinated, and the smallpox was skip-

ping them all. To be sure, Jenner had many doubters to fight, and even more of them in England than in other lands, where at first he was far more highly honored. But when the deaths from smallpox dropped about two-thirds within two years, there was little room for argument, though a few people would keep arguing. Jenner had won his case, and routed one of man's worst foes.

And not only that one foe. The way to master smallpox was soon seen to be the way to master many another malady. And



Photo by Hygeia Magazine

It is not an easy task to hold a struggling baby and vaccinate it at the same time! But Edward Jenner knew that he must vaccinate his child to prevent its getting the dread smallpox, which was so common in those days.

what Jenner did to one dread disease has since been done by other doctors to a good many more diseases. Like the smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria are nearly gone, and other diseases are going all the time—all for the same basic reason. Jenner's discovery has saved men untold suffering.

Did the great Jenner go to London and set up in a fine practice to make his fortune? No, with all his fame he remained a simple country doctor, in a little office that he called the "Temple of Vaccina," where he used to vaccinate poor people free down to the day of his death in 1823.

HE MASTERED *the* MAD DOG

And in This and Many Other Ways, Louis Pasteur Probably Did More for Our Health than Any Other Man Who Ever Lived

ONE day a little boy nine years old saw a blacksmith with a red-hot iron saw the flesh of a farmer who had been bitten by a mad wolf. The sight was more than the lad could bear; he ran away from the scene, and for months the memory of it haunted him. But it set him wondering what it is that makes dogs and men go mad, and why the blacksmith's iron should prevent it. When he was grown he answered those questions, and in doing so saved men and animals from the terrible disease we know as hydrophobia, or rabies and from many other diseases as well.

That little boy was Louis Pasteur (pâs'tûr'). His parents were simple people, but of a fine intelligence and dignity. His father had been a soldier and had been decorated with the Legion of Honor for bravery. But he afterwards became a tanner in the little French village of Dôle, and it was there that Louis was born, in 1822. Before long the family moved to the town of Arbois (âr'bwa'), near the eastern border of France, and there Louis grew up and went to school, except for a short time when he was sent to school in Paris. He might have stayed in Paris longer, but he grew so homesick that he had to go back to Arbois.

All along, it was his ambition to go to the Ecole Normale (â'kôl' nôr'mâl'), a school of higher learning in Paris. But it took hard

study to pass the entrance examinations, and meanwhile one had to live. So he taught school for the princely sum of sixty dollars a year, and worked early and late for his examinations. When he was finally admitted, at the age of twenty-one, he stood fourth in the list of candidates.



This is the face of Louis Pasteur, one of the greatest chemists the world has seen. It is an amusing fact that when, as a boy, Pasteur took the examination in chemistry which was required for entrance to the Ecole Normale, his paper was returned with the word "mediocre" written upon it!

He was happy at the Ecole Normale, and met many of the most learned men in Paris. Some of them became his friends, for they liked this hard and honest worker. Chemistry was the subject that interested him most. His tireless patience led him to a number of discoveries in that fascinating science, and by the age of thirty-two, when he was appointed dean of the Faculty of Science at the University of Lille, he had become one of the leading scientists of France. "My dear boy," said an old and distinguished scientist when Pasteur told him of some of his discoveries, "I have loved science so much all my life that what you say makes my heart beat."

But Pasteur was to earn the gratitude and admiration of people who knew nothing about learning. The manufacturers of wine and beer had been losing vast sums of money because their product was likely to get a "disease," which made it spoil. Pasteur set himself to find out the cause of the trouble, and through his microscope discovered that it was due to the action of invisible plants, called bacteria (bâk-têrî-â),

PASTEUR



Photo by Giraudon Paris

Pasteur and Lord Lister, the famous Englishman who applied Pasteur's discoveries to surgery and started the use of antiseptics, are being honored at the Sor-

bonne (sôr'bôn'), an ancient college now a part of the University of Paris. The two men are standing arm in arm, with Pasteur at the right.

which grow and multiply in a substance. They are what cause wine and beer to ferment and milk to sour. Because he made a study of all these processes and of the way to prevent them, you and I to-day may drink our milk feeling sure that it contains no germs of tuberculosis or other diseases. It has been "pasteurized"—that is, it has been treated according to a process discovered by Pasteur, and all the germs in the milk have been destroyed.

How Pasteur Saved the Silkworms

These discoveries opened up a whole new field for investigation, and Pasteur was called back to the Ecole Normale, where he had been such an earnest student, in order to direct the new work. But now another problem was brought to him for solution. France has a large silk-growing industry, but for some time the worms had been dying from a mysterious disease, and the silk producers were ruined. It was a baffling problem, and Pasteur would have been glad to go on with the work he had in hand. But he was not a man to stand by

and do nothing while hundreds of his fellow men were facing poverty. He went down to the south of France and in three months his alert, capable mind had solved the problem.

One achievement often leads directly to another problem. It is in this way that people and nations progress. If certain tiny plants when they multiply cause "disease" in wine and silkworms, what causes it in animals—and human beings? Ten per cent of the chickens in France had been dying of chicken cholera—a formidable loss. But Pasteur reduced the loss to one per cent.

A Cure for Cattle

Next the patient sheep and cattle claimed the great man's attention. All over the world they were dying from a terrible disease known as anthrax, or foot-and-mouth disease. But Pasteur discovered a way to vaccinate animals for anthrax, and so robbed the scourge of its terrors.

And then at last came what was his crowning achievement—the discovery of a cure for hydrophobia (hî'drô-fô'bî-à), the terrible and mysterious illness in which men

PASTEUR



Photos by U. S. Department of Agriculture

Practically all the milk we drink has been through a process called "pasteurization"; that is, the milk has been subjected to a certain amount of heat for a

certain length of time, so that all the harmful bacteria are destroyed. Above is a pasteurizing plant, and in the oval is a laboratory worker testing the milk.

and animals go mad and die in agony. The germ that causes it had never been found, but Pasteur began to treat animals that had been bitten by mad dogs. By injecting a virus (vi'rūs), or poison, taken from an animal that had the disease, he found he could prevent the germs from multiplying in an animal that had been bitten.

The Boy with Rabies

Now Pasteur was not a physician. He had never studied to cure people who were ill. But it was hardly likely that when he learned how to prevent hydrophobia in dogs, human beings should not beg him to save them from death. His great discovery was soon noised abroad, and one day a distracted mother came bringing her son. He had been bitten by a dog that had gone mad soon afterward. Would the great scientist use his skill and learning to save the boy's life?

It was a hard decision to make. Who knew whether the virus was adapted to human beings? And how much ought one to use? But the boy had a terrible death before him unless something was done. One could not refuse. Pasteur got the help of two

doctors and together they saved the boy's life.

The news spread. Soon nineteen men and boys came from far-away Russia to see if the great scientist would save them. They had all been bitten by a mad wolf—three of them so badly that they had to be carried to the hospital. The long journey had brought the unhappy three to Paris too late to be saved, but the other sixteen lived.

Now in all these discoveries it was the same principle that was at work—the preventing of the growth of a few tiny plants or animals which, if they multiplied, would cause disease. The fact that they were the cause of the illness and that their growth could be controlled was one of the greatest discoveries that ever has been made. A host of dread diseases have been robbed of their terrors—typhoid, diphtheria, cholera, lock-jaw, and others.

And what of the man who did so much for us? He was loaded with honors, but to the day of his death, in 1895, he remained the simple, hard-working, tender-hearted man he had always been. "Travailler, travailler toujours!" was his motto—"Work, work on!"



Photo by the Battle Creek Health Sanitarium

Spallanzani lived at a time when people believed that flies were born from meat—just as the goddess Athena sprang fully armed from the brain of Zeus! He cured people of that strange belief. And who knows how

many of our present-day problems he might not have solved if he had been born two hundred years later and had been able to work in a modern laboratory for the study of bacteria, such as the one shown above.

A MAN WHO WAS ALWAYS ASKING WHY

*Because Spallanzani Was Never Happy Till He Knew the Answer,
He Became One of the Great Discoverers in Science*

EVEN when he was a boy Lazzaro Spallanzani (la-za'rō spal'lan-dza'nē) was forever wondering why the things around him looked and acted as they did. He liked to walk alone in the woods where natural fountains threw their spray about. He had been told that fountains spring up where sad, deserted girls have shed tears, and he did not believe this. He wanted to find out the true cause of fountains. He also liked to look at the stars and then tell his wondering playmates about them. Skipping stones over the smooth surface of a lake fascinated him, for he could not understand why the stones did not sink. He pulled the petals from flowers and the legs from beetles to see how they were fastened on. He wanted to know how things worked.

Now the boy's father wished him to study law, but Lazzaro, thinking it useless to ap-

peal from his father's authority, went to a great scientist whom he knew and showed him some work in natural history. Thereupon the scientist begged the father to let Lazzaro study science. So he was sent to a college in Reggio (rēd'jō), in Southern Italy, near his home, to study mathematics. His cousin, Laura Bassi (bas'sē), was professor of mathematics at the university at Bologna, and Lazzaro eventually became one of her pupils there. While a student at the university he wrote a scientific paper on the mechanics—actions and forces—of skipping stones. He also began to study bacteria (bāk-tē'rī-ā). These tiny plants had come into notice because educated people were arguing about the beginning of life, and some thought that such tiny things as bacteria grew out of slime or mud without needing to have parents. One man even said that “to

SPALLANZANI

question that beetles and wasps grow out of manure is to question reason, sense, and experience." "Everybody," he said, "knows that mice grow out of the mud of the Nile River and so overrun the whole country of Egypt."

Spallanzani, however, did not agree with this, but he did not care to make contrary statements which he could not prove. So he determined to find out if bacteria grew where no other bacteria had lived before. Since he lived at a time when it was dangerous to be a scientist, a time when men were tortured, or even burned alive, for telling some of the truths they had discovered, he thought it best to become a priest. Priests were usually permitted to work undisturbed.

One day he found a book written by an Italian doctor, Francesco Redi (frân-chës'cō rā'dē), in which there was an account of experiments the doctor had made to discover if flies were *for*ced in meat without having any parent flies present. In this experiment the doctor had taken two clean jars and placed in each some fresh meat. One jar was immediately covered, the other left uncovered. Neither flies nor any other animals ~~grew~~ grew on the meat in the covered jar, but flies got into the uncovered jar, laid their eggs on the meat, and these eggs developed into flies. So Dr. Redi said, "No life comes except from other life. Living things cannot grow from mud unless there are living things in the mud."

Spallanzani was delighted with this book and the clearness with which the experiments were set forth. So he determined to find out if bacteria as well as flies had to have parents. An Englishman had made the statement that living things grow out of mutton gravy and from soup made from seeds of almonds. So Spallanzani prepared a number of flasks into which he poured gravy and soup. He closed the necks of the bottles by melting the glass so that nothing could get in, and then he boiled some of them a few minutes and others an hour or more. Next he filled another set of flasks which he stopped up with corks and boiled the same length of time that he had boiled those that were securely sealed. Then he set all the flasks aside for a few days to

see what would happen. When he opened them there were no living things in the flasks that were sealed and boiled an hour or more. He found a few in the flasks that were sealed and boiled a few minutes only. But in every flask that had been stopped up with a cork he found living things. So he proved two things: first, that some living things can bear boiling for a few minutes; and second, that there are living things that can pass through corks. He told his pupils that every living thing comes from some other living thing.

The curiosity he had shown about everything in boyhood remained a trait of his nature all through life. He always carried on experiments to learn whether things are what they seem to be. He wondered how food digests in the stomach, and in order to find out he swallowed little hollow blocks of wood with meat inside them. After these blocks had been in his stomach for a time he threw them up for examination.

Spallanzani was known as one of the greatest scientists of Europe in his time. Frederick the Great of Prussia made him a member of the Berlin Academy of Science. The great writer Voltaire (vôl'tēr') was one of his friends. Maria Theresa, empress of Austria, offered him a professorship at Pavia, which he accepted. Here he built up a great school of natural history and continued his studies in bacteria, discovering that some kinds of bacteria can live without oxygen. Later he proved that bacteria multiply by dividing in two; but he never found out all the good and harm that bacteria can do to human beings.

After he had spent a year's vacation in Asia, his enemies, jealous of his success and his fame, accused him of stealing specimens from the University of Pavia for his private museum. He fought them all and cleared his name and reputation. All his students stood by him with their love and loyalty, and his enemies were dismissed from the university.

He died of apoplexy in 1799 at the age of seventy. He had always loved classic literature, and on his deathbed he recited Homer and Tasso.

The MAN WHO CLEANED *the* SURGEON'S KNIFE

How Lister Found Out that It Is Not the Knife Itself, but the Little Microbes on It and around It, Which Makes Its Wounds Dangerous

ONLY a hundred years ago a man was likely enough to die if he broke his leg. He would soon know. If the break was a clean one and the skin was not torn, he could soon get well. But if the bone was crushed and the flesh torn open, he was very likely to die.

No one ever dies of a broken leg in our day. It would be ridiculous. So what was the matter a hundred years ago?

The trouble was that the people used to die, not of the broken bone, but of the deadly germs that got into the wounds and carried poison with them. They would get into any sort of wound and start it festering, and the end of that might be gangrene (gāng-grēn') or some other terrible thing. And all this went on until Joseph Lister, born in 1827, grew up to be the noted surgeon who conquered germs in wounds.

At the time when Lister took his medical degree in London, the hospitals were terrible places, and a surgical operation was a dread ordeal. For surgery had to make wounds, and wounds meant festering sores that killed many a patient—probably more than were dying in all the wars.

Lister started to see if he could find out why wounds fester. He soon suspected, after learning of the discoveries of the great French scientist Pasteur (pās'tūr'), that it is all done by germs—that if only the microbes can be kept out, the wound will never be inflamed and gangrene will never set in. So at once Lister started looking for something that would kill the germs.

He hit upon carbolic (kār-bōl'ik) acid, and

had a complete success. The germs could not live in this powerful chemical, the wound did not fester, and the patient got well. The problem was solved. That was in the year 1865.

To be sure, the patient might hate the carbolic acid in his wound almost as much as anything else, for the acid can burn terribly. But once the secret had been found, it was fairly easy to get better things to kill the germs than pure carbolic acid. Since that day many other antiseptics have been found, either in dilutions of carbolic acid or in many other chemicals. But the first discovery belongs to Lister, the father of antiseptic surgery.

Lister did many other things besides. He is the man who first used catgut to sew up any organ or flesh that had been cut open in an operation. Then he could close up the wound, and the catgut stitches inside would shortly disappear—simply absorbed and carried away by the blood.

In our day all surgery is wholly germ-free. It is done with germless instruments and germless bandages by the germless hands of the surgeons. It leaves germless wounds that need never get inflamed or sore. For all that, we owe many thanks to Lister.

And we are glad to say he had his rewards. They came all through his long life, which lasted down to 1912. He was a professor of surgery in the University of Glasgow, later in the University of Edinburgh, and finally at King's College in London. He was president of the Royal Society and held many other honors. He finally became Lord Lister.



In times past, thousands of people died in the hospitals, no matter how clean and airy the patients' rooms were kept. Then Lord Lister, whom you see above, found out what was wrong, and started a method of surgery which has saved millions of lives.

It is said that one day when young King Ptolemy was tired of studying geometry, he asked his master Euclid whether there was not some easier way to learn the stuffy theorems—of course no one knows whether he actually called them "stuffy." Euclid answered, "Your Majesty, there is no royal road to learning." And the great mathematician's reply is still true to-day.



The FATHER of GEOMETRY

Is There any Other Man Whose Name Is So Firmly Linked with His Science as Is That of Euclid with Geometry?

HERE is a man about whom we know next to nothing and yet know nearly all we want to. It is Euclid (ū'klid). And the meaning of the sentence is that we know hardly anything about the man himself, where he was born or what kind of person he was, and yet we know what went on in his mind better than we know what happened in the mind of almost any other man who ever lived.

For Euclid was the father of geometry. Indeed, Euclid *is* geometry and geometry is Euclid—so much so that our cousins over in England say they are studying Euclid when we say that we are studying geometry. No science ever belonged so completely to one man as does geometry to Euclid. The book he wrote about it was used as the one textbook for it in the schools right down

to our own day, and is still used in the same old way in some of the schools in England. And no other book has ever held its own in the schools anywhere near so long.

It has held its own for about 2,200 years, for Euclid lived in the third century before Christ. That is nearly all we know about him. He probably studied in the great schools in Athens, for he was a Greek, and he certainly taught in the famous schools at Alexandria in Egypt. Just how much of his geometry he invented and how much he learned from other people who had worked it out before him we can hardly say. He certainly inherited a good deal of it, for it was not a new science. But he put together all he inherited in far better form than it had ever known before, and he probably found out and proved a great deal that was

new in addition. In this way he made himself one with the science, and he has been one with it ever since.

And what a science it is! The most perfect thing in human knowledge, the most purely rational, the most exact; the most interesting, for anyone whose head is made for it, the most satisfactory because it never leaves you in any shadow of a doubt. There is never any twilight in geometry; once you see a thing in it, all is as clear as noonday. And yet there is still plenty of mystery in it, all the same, for anyone who thinks about it. *Why* should the three angles of any triangle whatever always be equal to two right angles? It is not too much to say that it is facts like this one that have made many a scientist, including some of the great scientists of our own day, believe in God.

So we can know all about the mind of Euclid without knowing anything else about the man. But there is one story about him that we ought to tell, whether it is really

true or not, because it is so famous and so good. In Egypt he is said to have had King Ptolemy I (tōl'ē-mī) as a pupil. One day the King was tired, and he asked Euclid whether there was not some easier way to learn the part of geometry he was working on. And Euclid replied, "Your Majesty, there is no royal road to learning." How many Ptolemies there have been since that day! The world is full of them right now, and every one of them is a failure. Maybe you know the story about the fond mother whose little Willie was having trouble with his geometry and who told the teacher, "I don't want Willie to *know* mathematics. I just want him to know *about* mathematics." She was another Ptolemy. There is only one way to know a thing, and no way at all of knowing *about* it otherwise. There never will be any royal road. No one needs to travel the one right road unless he wants to, but no one ought to be so foolish as to think that any other road will get him anywhere.

A MIRACLE MAN *of* SCIENCE

Seven Hundred Years Ago Roger Bacon Found Out So Many Marvels That People Thought He Was a Magician, and Put Him in Jail

A LONG, long time ago people used to reason like this:

"Behold, here is the earth resting in space. Now nothing can rest in space without something to hold it up. So there must be a big elephant beneath the earth to carry it on his back. And of course the elephant must have something to stand on. So there must be a big tortoise under the elephant. But of course the tortoise must have something to stand on too; so . . ." and you can go as far as you please along this pleasant line of thought.

Or they reasoned like this:

"Behold, the great tides of the sea ebb and flow twice every day. So the earth must be some great big animal that is always breathing, and the tides must be his breath."

Or again they reasoned like this:

"Behold, it is raining. Therefore there must be a big elephant up in the sky who

is spurring down water at us out of his snout."

And in this happy way they reasoned about nearly everything in the beginning, about everything whatever. So they were always wrong. Of course we cannot blame them. They were doing the best they could to think, and they were the only animals who had ever done that much. But they were just little children at it just exactly like the little children who see the leaves shaking on the trees and feel the wind blowing, and who nearly always think at first that it is the leaves that make the wind like fans. Do you remember when you believed that?

Now just what was the matter with those old people who thought there must be an elephant holding up the earth? The trouble was not exactly with their thinking, for in its way that was reasonable enough. There



Roger Bacon's ideas brought him a great deal of trouble all his life. At one time he was forbidden to write anything for publication. But Pope Clement IV liked what he heard of Bacon, and ordered the scientist to pay no attention to jealous enemies, but to write out and send the Pope a treatise on the sciences.

must be *something* to hold up the earth, so why not an elephant? Certainly an elephant can hold up more than any other beast.

No, the trouble was not so much in their *thinking* as it was in their eyes. They simply never went to *see* if there was any elephant there. And we cannot blame them for that either, for how could they go down under the world and look?

How We Can Find Out the Truth

And yet they were nearly always going to be wrong about everything until they found a way to *look*. When we just sit down, even now, to figure out how things *must* be without ever going out to look at the things themselves, we are almost certain to go wrong. Only when we think and look at the same time, and do plenty of both, do we ever get at the truth.

At the moment when the first man thought hard enough about how a thing *must* be and then looked at the thing long enough to see whether it really *was* that way, the man found out the first sure fact in all the world.

With such encouragement, Bacon was able to finish three large treatises— all in the space of eighteen months, although he was hampered by having few or none of the instruments and materials that he needed. Perhaps it is one of these great treatises that you see him working on in his gloomy monastery chamber.

At that moment *science* was born. For science is the result of two things, of thinking and of watching; and when your thinking and your watching tell you the same thing, and keep on telling it to you, that thing is a scientific fact.

So all our science has been checking our thinking by our looking, and our looking by our thinking, and finding out where they agree. A very large part of our science has therefore lain in just finding out new and better ways of looking—through microscopes and telescopes and all sorts of other things. Give us enough of these, and a long, long while to think, and we can finally find out that the thing that holds up the earth is not a big elephant, but something that no eye has ever seen—a thing that we call gravitation.

Watching and Thinking

Now all this is a very long introduction to Roger Bacon, but it is very important and it is all in place. As men in the old time went on watching and thinking together, they found out a good deal of science.

BACON

They finally worked out the great body of truth that was known in Greece and Rome.

Then when the sun set on the empire of Rome, a great deal of that truth faded away into the night. In other words, people went back a long way toward the old practice of just thinking out how things *must* be, instead of also *looking* to see how they really are. And the Dark Ages followed.

Yet out of all this, science was to be slowly born again, and far more gloriously than in the older days. And this is where we come to Roger Bacon. He also, like other people in his time, did a good deal of fine thinking without looking; but of all the men of his time he did the most looking—that is, he insisted the most on really examining the things he was talking about, testing them, experimenting with them. And for that reason he was more like a father to our modern science than was any other man of the Middle Ages. That is his great importance.

Why Bacon Was Sent to Prison

A man who is finding out new things in science, especially in an age of superstition, will always make the people around him stare and gasp. So of course the people around Roger Bacon thought he was a marvelous magician, and to this very day we cannot believe half of the tales they started about him, tales that have lasted right down to our own time. And a man who is finding out new things will always make a good many people angry. For once they have made up their minds to a set of beliefs, they do not want anyone to take their pet beliefs away from them. If they have loved to believe in dragons all their lives, they are going to hate any man who argues that there are no dragons. So Bacon got into prison for his work, and stayed there in his old age for about fourteen years. And for a long time the world did not know how important a man he was. Only in fairly recent times have we found out.

Even now we find it hard to tell the truth about him, so misty are the legends that surround him. He was born about 1214 and he died about 1292. He studied at

Oxford and later in Paris, and he worked and taught in both places. Of course he went into the church, like practically all educated men of his time; he joined the Franciscan order of friars. That gave him protection for his studies, and the means for pursuing them; but it also made trouble for him in the end, because it was as a heretic (hě'r'ē-tĭk)—or one who did not agree with the teaching of the church—that he was put in prison. He had been finding out too many things that the Franciscans, like other people, did not approve.

Science Tainted by Superstition

He was not a magician, as was long thought, though like nearly all men in his day he believed in astrology, or the art of reading fortunes in the stars—it was still to be a long while before science shook itself free from all superstition. He did not invent gunpowder, as is still often said, though he knew about it. He did not make the first pair of spectacles, for they were known before him. These are only a few of the fables that have been told about him.

On the other hand, he did study languages that were very strange in his day—not only Greek, but Hebrew and Arabic. With these he did a good deal to restore a correct reading of important books like the works of Aristotle and the Bible. He did know all the mathematics and geography and astronomy of his day, and set a high value on them. He told us what a rainbow is, and found out a good many other secrets of light. He saw how we might one day make a telescope, and how we were going to do many other remarkable things with lenses, such as we have done in the microscope. He predicted flying machines, boats that would go without oars or sails, carriages that would go without horses, and ships that would sail around the world. That is a great deal for a man who lived two centuries before Columbus. But those are not the main things. The main thing is what we started with: he told us to keep looking at things as we are thinking and talking about them, and so he showed us how to be scientists.



This is Christian Huygens, who was a mathematician, an astronomer, a physicist, and a clock maker, all in one.

Nowadays scientists can buy their instruments, but Huygens had to make his—or else do without them.

by the National Mu

The MAN WHO TOLD US HOW LIGHT TRAVELS

Besides This and a Great Deal Else, Huygens Also Made the Best Clock and the Best Telescope Known in His Day

MANY a famous man has come out of little Holland, but possibly no one of them all was greater than Christian Huygens (hī'gēnz). He was born, of a good family, in 1629, and was meant to be a lawyer. But he was one of those men who cannot be anything but scientists, always looking for new things to discover. And from the very first his new discoveries in the mysteries of mathematics and astronomy showed that he was going to be one of the world's great scientists.

For watching the stars he needed a lens in his telescope that would let him see more clearly than anyone had ever seen before. The old lenses always blurred. So Huygens set to work and soon made an "achromatic" (āk'rō-măt'ik) lens— or one "free from color" that would not blur the far-away things he wanted to gaze at.

Gazing through it, he saw another moon of Saturn that had never been made out before, and he told the world what the "rings" of Saturn were. As he went on with such discoveries, he found that he needed a better timepiece than any he could buy. For if you are watching for a tiny star, you need a very accurate clock to tell you just when it will get to the point where you are

looking. Otherwise it is so easy to miss!

So Huygens made a new kind of clock with the pendulum of Galileo (gāl'i-lē'ō), as we have told in our story about timekeeping. Never had there been such a good clock—and to our own day the clocks with pendulums can be regulated better than any other kind. But Huygens also made a spiral spring for watches, and so did a great deal for both kinds of timepiece.

By 1665 he was so famous that the great king Louis XIV invited him to Paris and offered him so large a salary that he could not decline. For the next sixteen years he kept up his work in the French capital. Then he went back to Holland, where he kept very busy till his death in 1695.

Like some of the other men of his time, Huygens had a curious way of letting the world know when he had made one of his many new discoveries. He would send out a sort of word puzzle announcing it to learned men all over Europe.

In all the work of Huygens the most important part is his explanation of the nature of light and the way it travels. For he it was who gave us the theory that light travels in waves—the very theory that we still hold to-day.



Here is Henry Cavendish in his laboratory, finding out what water is made of. His discovery made him

famous, but Cavendish did not care what the world thought of him; he cared only for science.

The MAN WHO TOOK WATER APART

Rich and Noble and Famous, Henry Cavendish Did Not Care for Anything in the World but His Science

HERE is a man who did not care a fig for anything on earth except his science. He belonged to a great family, for his grandfather was the duke of Devonshire, but he did not care a fig about that, and would never see his relatives. He had several million dollars, at least after he was about forty years old, but he did not care about that either. He had a number of acquaintances among the scientists, but no real friends; and he hated women so much that he used to write out his orders for his servants so that he might never have to see them.

He had just one love, and that was for science—for physics and chemistry and electricity above all. That was the passion that filled his long life, and led him to a number of discoveries. The discoveries made him a famous man, but he did not care about that either.

He was the Honorable Henry Cavendish, and he lived in England from 1731 to 1810. For some years after he had studied mathematics and physics at the University of

Cambridge, he was rather poor, for his wealthy father gave him barely enough to live on. That was all the same to Cavendish. He lived in an old stable that had been made over into a house, but he was happy enough working in his laboratory. Then when he was forty, he came into a great fortune, but he kept right on at the same work.

And what did he discover as he worked along in this way? He was the man who told us what water is, for one thing. One day he put some hydrogen and some oxygen together in a glass cylinder and set them afire with an electric spark. The two gases vanished and left a liquid behind them—a liquid without any color or taste or smell, which Cavendish soon found to be plain water. So the secret was out, and Cavendish had discovered what water is—oxygen and hydrogen.

That is his most famous discovery, but there were many more. He showed us what nitric acid is, and told us a good deal about the gases that make up the air. He even tried to tell us how much the earth weighs.

The INVENTOR of SODA WATER

But This Was Only One of the Chance Inventions of Joseph Priestley, Discoverer of Oxygen and a Pioneer Chemist

ONE day in the year 1791 the news went about the town of Birmingham, in England, that the Constitutional Society was planning a banquet to celebrate the taking of the prison called the Bastille (bás-tēl') by the revolutionists in France. Now the solid citizens of Birmingham mostly believed in the good old British ways and had no patience with these people who sympathized with the new ideas of the Frenchmen. It was bad enough that there should be such a "Jacobin" (jāk'ô-bĭn) society in England at all; that it should be planning a banquet in honor of a revolution was too much. A mob gathered and went about setting fire to the houses of the most important of the "Jacobins."

One of these was Dr. Joseph Priestley, a liberal thinker and a minister of a rather unpopular religious sect. He was a strange sort of parson anyway, the citizens must have thought, for he liked to spend much of his time fiddling about with electricity, still at that time something new and rather dangerous, and with chemicals and test tubes. According to the story, the mob tried to set fire to his fine house with his own electrical apparatus. At least they did burn it down. Dr. Priestley escaped with his family to London, but the house was gone, and so were records of his experiments, the work of many years.

What Priestley's Hobby Gave the World

Even Priestley might have been surprised to know that of all his new ideas those concerning chemistry would keep his name longest alive. He wrote more books and pamphlets than you would suppose one man could write, and more of them were about religion and philosophy than about science. He was not a professional scientist at all, and had had no scientific training.

But he worked on at his experiments just because they amused him. He started doing it as a young man, when he was keeping a

school for boys. At first he studied electricity and light, but after a dozen years or so he turned to chemistry. He discovered no less than nine important gases—mostly by accident. He would take minerals and heat or burn or dissolve them, and wait to see what would happen. He called his gases different kinds of air.

What he quaintly named "dephlogisticated air" was really oxygen. He thought it was not common air, but air "in much greater perfection." He never knew that he had discovered about the most important gas in the world.

Of course, any man would become famous merely by discovering oxygen, but Priestley did something else which ought to make us remember him happily on hot afternoons. He found out that he could mix carbonic acid gas with water and get a fizzy, prickly liquid that was pleasant to drink. That was how he invented soda water, the very same fizzy stuff that we drink to this day, a century and a half later.

Priestley was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1733, but he died in America. After the riots in Birmingham, his wife wanted to leave England at once, but Priestley could not make up his mind to do so until three years later. Then he came to Pennsylvania, where his sons were already settled. By that time he was famous all over the world, having received degrees and honors from many countries. He lived quietly with his sons in America until his death in 1804.

Priestley was a fine and lovable man, with many friends, some of them so devoted that they kept him in money for all his experiments. He never troubled to learn the difference between a dollar and an English pound. "You will give me the proper change," he would say to the shopkeepers, "for I do not know it."

After all, if one can discover oxygen, a shopkeeper ought to be proud of the chance to count one's change!

LAVOISIER



Antoine Lavoisier, the French scientist, is talking to Berthollet, a follower who was one of the scientists

to go with Napoleon to Egypt. Strangely enough, he was also an authority on painting.

The FATHER of MODERN CHEMISTRY

Yet All His Learning Could Not Save Lavoisier from Having His Head Cut Off in the French Revolution

WHEN you set fire to a piece of paper and burn it up, do you know what it is that happens? If you do, you know more about it than the wisest man in the world two hundred years ago. For no one then knew that oxygen came out of the air to combine with the paper and make the fire.

The man who found this out was a Frenchman named Antoine Lavoisier (ôN'twân' lá'vwá'zyā'). And in this discovery and

many others he became the father of modern chemistry.

Lavoisier really led two lives. Born in 1743, he was the son of a lawyer and was duly educated for the law himself, and for a public career. And though he had always shown that his chief love was for natural science, he soon took his place among the public men of France.

Now France was in a very bad condition and was headed straight for the great revolu-

LAVOISIER

tion. The main trouble was that the people of the country never had a chance for freedom or prosperity. The king forced the last penny they could pay in taxes out of all the poor people, and left them next to nothing to live on; and there was no use in their making any more money, for the king would take it all away.

Of course the king did not go and take their money with his own hands. He appointed other men to do it. He made every one of these men pay him a big lump sum for the right to collect taxes in a certain part of the land. Then the men simply collected all the taxes they could, and pocketed the surplus. If they paid the king a million collected two million, they were just a million to the good. Each of these men was called a "farmer-general," and a farmer-general was about the most hated man in France.

Lavoisier was a farmer-general. He knew the system was a horrible one, but he wanted money; and it is only fair to say that he used a great deal of the money in the cause of science. He was a great deal more just and kindly than many other farmers-general, but still he was one of them; and when the terrible revolution came, it did not make any difference that he was also the greatest scientist in France. They chopped off his head, in 1794, along with a great many others. "The Republic has no need of scientists," they said. It was a silly and terrible thing to say, but we must try to remember how much they had been suffering.

That was one of Lavoisier's lives. The other was the life of a scientist, and a very great one. From the first he had been a great lover of chemistry and physics, of mathematics and astronomy, and all through his life these things were his main interest. Indeed, he wanted money largely to build a great laboratory and make costly experiments, and he invited other men to use his laboratory and financed their experiments.

For all this he came into as many honors as a scientist should crave.

One of the most notable things he did was to find out what fire really is. In doing this he showed that nothing ever burns *up*, so to speak; for if you weigh all that is left after the fire—ashes, smoke,

gases,—you will find that all the stuff is still there, and has only changed its form. You can never take away a grain of matter from a thing by burning it, but can only make it into something different. And as with burning, so with other operations; you cannot destroy matter in any way, but can only

change its forms. Nothing is ever lost in nature, nothing ever gained. The amount of "stuff" in the universe is the same forever.

Lavoisier proved all this largely by careful and accurate weighing. He was the best "weigher" of his day-- that is, he was the best "quantitative (kwŏn'tī-tā-tiv) chemist." And that is the main reason why he has been called the father of chemistry.

It was Lavoisier who named oxygen, that life-giving element of air and water. The Englishman Priestley discovered it, though Lavoisier was already on its track; but Lavoisier gave it its name. He found out also that water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen, though here too another chemist was the first to announce the discovery. With another man Lavoisier worked out a whole new system of giving names to things in chemistry, and his system was adopted. Another thing he did was to make a list of all the "elements" so far as they were then known; that is, he listed the chemical substances which could not be broken up into other things. And besides all these labors in chemistry, he made a great name for himself in physics too, especially by his work on the nature of heat.

This was Lavoisier's other life. A pity it had to end when the farmer-general lost his head!



Photo by the National Museum

This is a portrait of Antoine Lavoisier, whose brilliant work as a scientist did not save him from losing his head in the French Revolution.



Photo by Corporation of Manchester

John Dalton is collecting marsh gas, which he will take to his laboratory for study. The children in the corner are greatly interested in what the great scientist

is doing; and some day they will hear about all the tiny particles, called atoms, which the man they are watching discovered so much about.

HE FOUND OUT *the* SECRETS *of the* ATOMS

And in Doing So John Dalton Laid the Basis for a Great Deal of Our Modern Science

JOHN DALTON was as regular as a clock and far more regular than the sun. No matter when the sun rose, Dalton was up on the stroke of seven every morning, summer and winter, rain or shine. The people could set their watches when they saw him look at the thermometer in his window every morning. He looked at that thermometer many a time; in his long life he made more than two hundred thousand records of the weather and the state of the atmosphere. All through every day he did everything that was to be done on the dot of the minute.

So his life was very, very quiet and simple. It was his head that was the exciting place; for in that all sorts of new ideas were going round—ideas that made him one of the fathers of our modern chemistry and physics. But about that we must tell a little later.

Dalton was born in 1766. His father was a poor weaver in the north of England. But he was a Quaker, and he sent his boy to school. Indeed, at the age of twelve, the boy was teaching the school himself—perhaps

the youngest schoolmaster we have ever heard of. Of course he had his troubles. Some of the boys who were so much older and bigger wanted to fight him. Once he locked some of them up in the school at dinner time to study their lessons, and they broke open all the windows to get out. But John was not afraid, and he kept on teaching in that school for two years.

In fact, he taught in school or college nearly all his life. He was always poor, and always had to make his living in that way. Even when his name was famous all over the world, he kept on giving lessons. But when he had finished the lessons, he took all his time for the experiments that made him famous as a great discoverer.

He had his rewards. He was made a teacher at the college in Manchester, and invited to lecture in London and elsewhere. He was elected a member of many scientific bodies, including the famous Royal Society and the French Academy of Sciences. He was given a pension, late in life, of about \$1,500, and he came into many other honors.

But his great joy was in his unending work in his simple laboratory, where he made all his own instruments, took his observations, and wrote out his hundreds of essays and books about his discoveries.

And what did he discover? A great many more things than we can tell about.

Only the main things he did to lay a basis for our modern chemistry and physics can be mentioned.

He was the first man, strange as it may seem, to tell us about color blindness. He was color-blind himself, almost entirely. Once when he was lecturing to an audience he brought out six ribbons of very different hues and astonished the people by saying that they all looked just the same to him. He was interested in why this should be the case, and in working at it he found out a good deal about the human eye, or about the science of optics.

He made long studies of the air and other gases, and he found out many of the laws that explain their composition and regulate their actions.

But above all he built up our atomic (ă-tôm'ik) theory. Have you ever wondered why it is that some things will mix together and some others will not? Why water will mix with vinegar, for instance,

but never with oil; why sugar will melt away in water although rubber will never do it; or why gold will mix with copper? These and many other things were what Dalton was trying to explain, and they had been a puzzle for a long while. More than any other man, it was Dalton who solved the

puzzle. And the answer was the atomic theory, with several laws that have big names like the "theory of multiple proportions" and the "theory of atomic (ă-tôm'ik) weights."

All matter, said Dalton, whether of the lightest gas or the heaviest metal, is made up out of extremely minute particles called "atoms" (ăt'-ŭm). Now the atoms of each element have their own weight, and however tiny they may all be, they vary greatly. According to their kind, they may mix very easily or they may never mix at all. It is no haphazard thing. It all depends on the kind of atom—the extremely tiny particle that is the unit of the substance concerned. And if they do mix, it will always be in strict obedience to certain invariable laws of mathematics. In this atomic theory, which Dalton proved before his death in 1844, and which later scientists perfected, lay the basis of a great deal of modern chemistry.



This is John Dalton, who lived to be seventy-eight years old and spent all but a few of those years in scientific research.

The MAN WHO SAVED THOUSANDS of MINERS

And That Was Only One of the Great Deeds of the Famous Scientist, Sir Humphry Davy

UNTIL a little over a hundred years ago it was a pretty dangerous thing to be one of the men who go down into the earth to get coal. The trouble was that where there is coal there is very often gas; and any miners who were working their way through the dark depths underground with the lights they had to carry in those days were only too likely to set fire to the gas and

start an explosion that would be the end of them.

Then in 1815 a great scientist started to see what he could do about it. In a short time he found that he could explode coal gas inside a tube, or other vessel, without exploding the gas all around it, if only the ventilating holes in the tube were small enough. So he covered the miner's light

DAVY

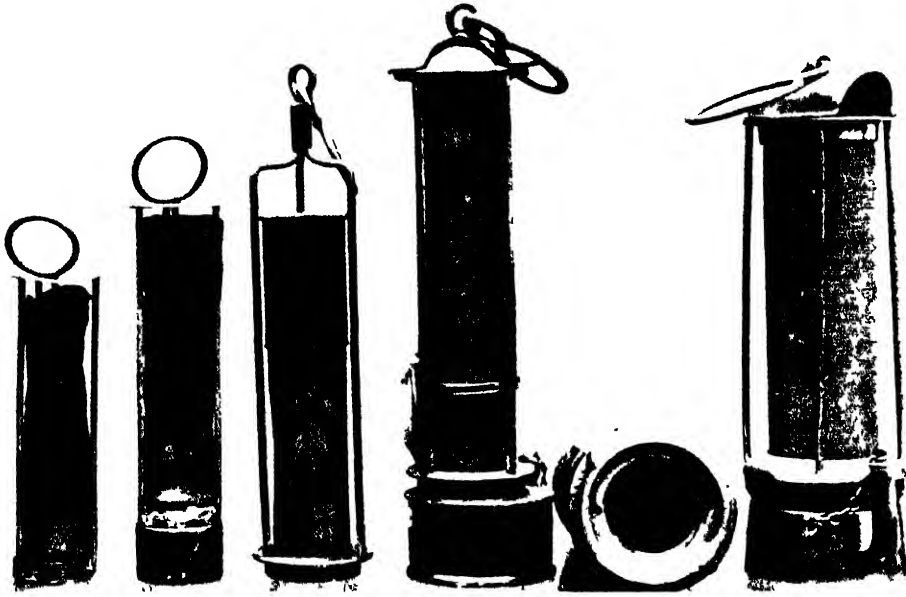


Photo by Science Museum, London

At the same time when Sir Humphry Davy was making his miner's safety lamp, a young engineer named George Stephenson also made a lamp designed for the same purpose. People have never quite made up their

minds which of the two men should have the honor of the invention. Above are safety lamps made by both Davy and Stephenson. You will hear of the young engineer again when you read about the steam engine.

with wire gauze, which has only very small holes in it, and then the light never started another explosion.

The man who invented the miner's safety lamp was Sir Humphry Davy. In our day everybody knows him for his lamp, but in his own time he was famous for many other scientific works.

Born in 1778, the boy showed no special signs of genius at first except an extraordinary memory and a gift for telling stories. Indeed, he was rather idle, though he seemed to want to be a poet. But after his father died, he felt that the care of the family was largely on his shoulders, and he buckled down to hard work and study. In a very short time he had



Photo by Science Museum, London

Even to-day there are many accidents in the mines. But the lives of the miners are much safer since Sir Humphry Davy, whom you see above, invented his safety lamp.

made himself famous as a result.

First he started to be a physician. This led him into chemistry, and he was very ardent in his studies and experiments. "He will blow us all into the air!" exclaimed one of his sisters. Then at the age of twenty he went to Bristol to take charge of the laboratory in the "Pneumatic Institution," a place where certain men were trying new ways of curing the sick with air and gases. Here Davy performed many experiments and published several papers. So after three years he was well enough known to be invited up to London as assistant lecturer in chemistry at the new Royal Institution. In one year he became pro-

FARADAY

fessor there. Professor in the Royal Institution at the age of twenty-three!

From this time on, Davy rose steadily and very speedily to his high place among the great scientists of the world. He made many discoveries in chemistry and in electricity—sciences then almost in their infancy. He discovered the anaesthetic properties of nitrous (nī'trūs) oxide—the kind of gas that the dentist uses. He succeeded in separating three of the most important elements, sodium, potassium (pō-tās'ŷ-ŭm), and chlorine (klō'rĭn). He did important work to help the farmers and the tanners, and he found a way to keep the copper bottoms of naval vessels from corroding. These are only a few of his achievements. And on his discoveries he gave beautiful

lectures. Thousands of people flocked to hear him, and the poet Coleridge used to go to increase his stock of figures of speech.

For all this Davy was greatly honored, both at home and abroad. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1803, and became its president in 1818. In England he was knighted, and on the Continent he was made a member of many learned societies. But his health broke in middle life and he died in 1829. One of the greatest things he ever did was to train up a scientist even more famous than himself. That was Michael Faraday. Still it is no mean reward to be mainly remembered as the inventor of a little lamp that has saved thousands of lives.



Here is a portrait of Michael Faraday, who, great scientist that he was, was always grateful for any suggestion or correction that came his way, whether it had to do with science or with life.

Photo by National Museum

Like Pasteur, Faraday was inspired in his scientific work by his simple but steadfast belief in the will of God.

The GREATEST NAME in ELECTRICITY

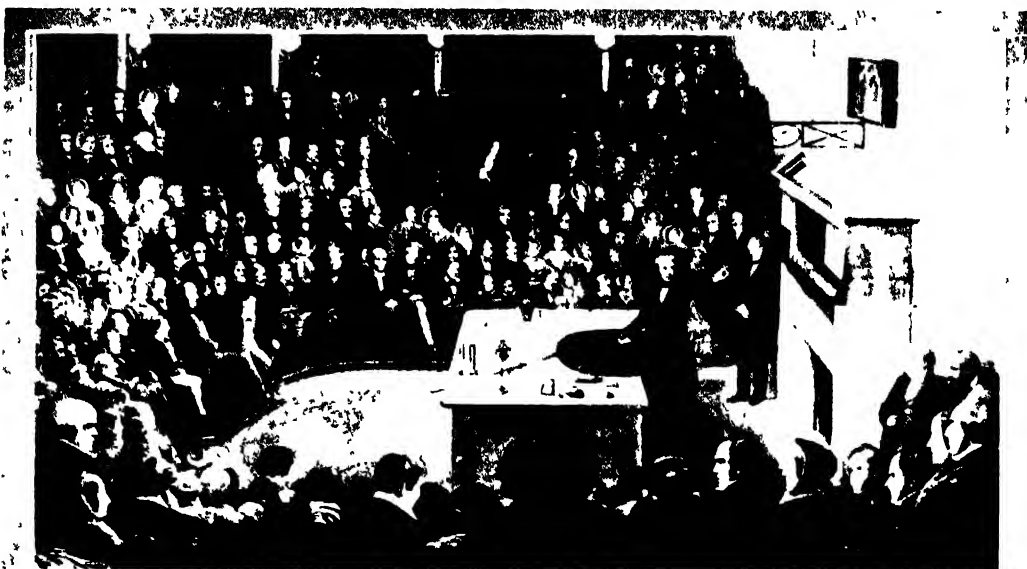
It Was Michael Faraday, a Blacksmith's Boy, Who Told Us How to Make Currents Strong Enough to Run All Our Machines and Lights

WHENEVER we turn on an electric light or ride in an electric car or start an electric dynamo, we might as well say "thank you" to a famous man named Michael Faraday. For we owe them all to him. Not that he invented these things exactly, but he gave us the idea that lies

behind them all, and behind many other things besides.

There are some men who sit down to think and work hard till they have found out some great new idea. Then they may not do much more with it. They have found it out, and that may be enough for

FARADAY



Here is the amphitheater at the Royal Institution, where Michael Faraday is giving a lecture to a group

of interested listeners, among whom there is no less a personage than the husband of Queen Victoria.

them. For they are the discoverers. They throw the idea over their shoulders to another set of men who may do what they please with it, while they themselves go right on looking for another idea. The second group of men set out to see what they can do with the first idea. They make the dynamos and the electric lights and all sorts of other machines. They are the inventors. Of course a man is sometimes a discoverer and an inventor both, but not as a rule; the two things are often rather different.

Too Busy to Make Money

Edison was a great inventor; Faraday was a great discoverer. He had no time to make machines, and he left that to other people. He needed all his time to coin ideas—that is, to find out the secrets of nature. He could have made a lot of machines too, if he had wanted to stop searching for ideas. In fact, he could easily have made a vast fortune if he had wanted to; but he was one of those men who are “too busy to make money.” So other men made the fortunes out of Faraday’s ideas, and all of us have reaped the benefits from them.

And while that was all he wanted, we may at least say “thank you.”

For it was a vast idea to let loose electricity in our modern world, and Faraday had a great share in letting it loose.

Michael Faraday was born in England in 1791. His father was a blacksmith, and the boy, without much schooling, was put to work to learn bookbinding. At least that was better than going into a factory, like so many of the other poor boys. But people soon began to see that Michael was not like most of the other boys. Whenever he had the chance he would read some of the books he was binding and any others he could find on the subjects that interested him. He wanted to know about chemistry and physics, and about the rather new thing called electricity, of which so little was yet known.

How Faraday Met Davy

Then a man who had noticed these things took Faraday to hear the great Sir Humphry Davy lecture. Faraday took down the lectures in notes and copied them out neatly at home. He sent a copy to Davy and asked Davy if he could not have something

to do in the great man's laboratory. And Davy was rather puzzled, though he was certainly pleased. He showed the letter to a friend.

"Here is a young man," he said, "who wants work at the Royal Institution. What shall I do?"

"Why, put him to washing bottles," replied the friend. "If he is good for anything, he will do it; if he refuses, he is good for nothing."

But Davy gave the young fellow something a little better to do, and Faraday left his bookbinding and went to work as an assistant at the Royal Institution at about \$6.00 a week. There he stayed for the rest of his life, and came to be the greatest man in the place. Long afterward Davy used to say that of all his discoveries Michael Faraday was the greatest. And in this he was probably right.

For fifty-four years Faraday kept up those researches in chemistry, and still more in electricity, which have been so important for us ever since. The greatest thing he did was to show us how to make electricity in strong currents, capable of moving all the machinery it now moves in the world, of lighting our lights all over the land, and of carrying our words and voices anywhere. All this he started in his little laboratory -

the kind of place where so many things are started—by finding out how to generate electricity through the proper action of a magnet and a clever coil of wire. The dynamos of the world were born in that discovery.

Of course Faraday did many other things besides that. He often worked three or four times as hard as most men. Within a few years he wrote as many as 157 different scientific papers. He told us a good deal about some of the gases, and did important work on the nature of light and sound. He was a modest and lovable man, and a fine lecturer. Once when someone asked him how old a boy or girl ought to be before coming to hear him lecture, he said that he had not yet seen anyone too young to understand him. If a man can lecture in a way that will really interest the boys and girls, he will soon have his hall crowded with their fathers and mothers.

Michael Faraday died, full of honors, in 1867. He could not live to see all the children and grandchildren of his brain—the electric car, the electric lights of to-day, the automobile, the airplane, and all the others. But if he were living now he would not be looking at these things; he would be throwing out a set of still newer ideas—for people to make machines out of in the next century.

A FOUNDER of MODERN CHEMISTRY

The Great Liebig Made Many More Discoveries besides Showing Us How to Make Mirrors

DO YOU happen to know what a modern thing your mirror is? Many people, you will find, think it is old enough. And to be sure, there were mirrors of some kind or other long ago—mirrors of polished steel, or of glass with tin or mercury behind it. They would show a dull, dim image. But the best kind of modern mirror, with a thin layer of pure silver behind the glass, is only about a century old.

The way to put the silver on the glass was found out by a German named Justus von Liebig (fôn lē'bīk). And that was only one little discovery in the lifetime that

Liebig gave to the science of chemistry, so new in his day and so important in our own.

Liebig was born at Darmstadt in 1803. His father dealt in dyes and colors, and like all good fathers he let the boy have the run of the office and see all the colors made. That was enough to start the boy on his way to be a chemist.

It was not so easy to be a chemist. The great science was just starting, under such men as Lavoisier (lā'vwā'zyā') in France and Dalton in England, and it had hardly made its way into Germany as yet. The best the boy could do was to go to work at



Photo by Czechoslovakia C. A. C.

In the picture above Rudolph II, king of Hungary and Bohemia and emperor of the Romans, is listening to the strange talk of an alchemist. Rudolph II was a clever and well-educated king and very much interested in chemistry and alchemy, astronomy and astrology. It seems strange to us to-day to jumble

sciences and superstition together in one sentence, but we must remember that the science of the sixteenth century was just that—a jumble of science and superstition. Even in Liebig's time, chemistry in Germany was "rich in words and ideas, but poor in true knowledge and genuine science."

first in what we now call a drug store. But he made too many experiments to suit his master, and had too many explosions. So he did not stay there very long.

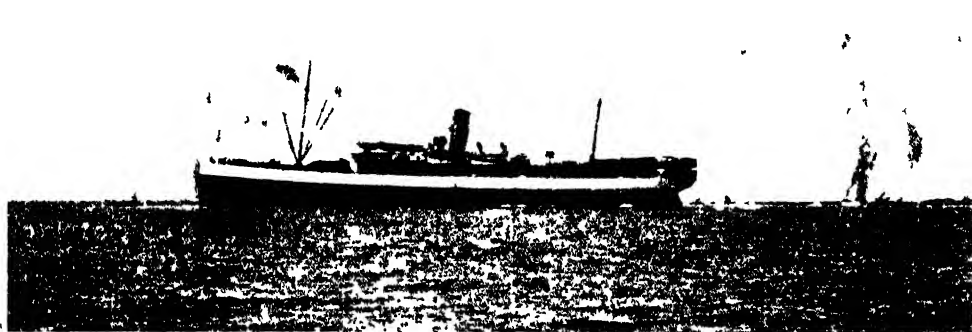
Then he went to two of the German universities. When he had learned all the chemistry they had to teach, he was sent on to Paris, where he had the good luck to study under a famous French chemist named Gay-Lussac (gā'lu'sāk'). There he did such good work that when he went back to Germany he was made professor of chemistry at the University of Giessen (gēs'shēn), at the age of only twenty-one. Many years later he was called to the University of Munich, where he continued his busy work down to his death in 1873.

If you go to a university in Germany now you will find a great building set aside and filled with laboratories and costly instruments for the study of chemistry. If you had gone with Liebig you would have found

no building, no laboratory, and practically no instruments. And the change, in the first place at least, was mainly due to Liebig.

He made many dozens of discoveries. Most of them are hard for anybody but a chemist to understand. But all of us can understand the mirror. He did a great deal to tell us what happens in cooking, in digestion, and in other processes of the body.

Showing how they produce the heat of the body. He told us a good deal about the right kind of food for babies, and made an extract of beef that is still known all over the world. He did a great deal of work to find out what plants live on, how they get their food out of the air and soil, and what sort of fertilizers they need. He invented a new kind of bread and told us how to analyze water to find out if it is pure. And he solved many a problem in chemistry that we all meet when we come to study the subject.



The Ty-Alaska Route

This great wall of ice is a glacier, which breaks into icebergs when it meets the sea. It is John Tyndall

that we owe a great deal of our knowledge as to how these great rivers of ice actually flow.

WHEN TYNDALL TOLD *of* NATURE'S SECRETS

*A Great Scientist Himself, He Had a Very Rare Gift for Telling
the Plain People about the Mysteries of Science*

IF IS not often that a man who spends his life working out the hard problems of science in his laboratory is able to make his discoveries clear and interesting to the people who live around him. As a rule he writes learned papers for other learned men to read, and gradually his hard-won knowledge seeps through to the common man. But there have been a few exceptions to this rule. Huxley was one of them, and his friend John Tyndall (tīn'dāl) was another. Tyndall was not only a great scientist, but so delightful a lecturer and so charming a writer that he did as much as anyone else of his day to let people into the fascinating secrets of science.

Tyndall was a physicist (fī'zī-sīst); that is, a student of the general laws of nature—the ways of matter and of energy, the secrets of light and heat and sound and electricity. There were no scientific schools in Tyndall's day—he was born in 1820—either in Ireland, his native land, or anywhere else; so nearly everything he learned he had to teach himself. He was destined to add his share to

the little then known of physics, and to pass on much knowledge to everyday people, as we have said.

He made a good start. When he was nineteen, he found a place with government surveyors who were making a map of Ireland, and when they finished, he went with them to England. After that, he worked at railway building, and then for a time he taught school. But he was determined to get a university education, and he was not the man to hesitate, once he had made up his mind. So he saved his money, and when he was twenty-five, he scandalized all his cautious friends by throwing up his prospects at the school where he was teaching, and going to the university at Marburg, in Germany. There he worked so hard and proved so brilliant that he was given a degree in two years instead of three.

Not long after he returned to England he got a chance to lecture at the Royal Institution in London, and the authorities liked his work so much that they made him a professor of "natural philosophy" there. All

the rest of his active life, Tyndall taught and followed out his researches at the Royal Institution. One of the pleasantest things about this position was that it gave him a chance to work with the great electrical genius Faraday, with whom he became fast friends. For Tyndall was a man gifted with a strong and generous nature, and with great charm of mind.

We could never explain, in such a short story as this, a tenth of the interesting things Tyndall found out as he studied magnetism and sound and heat and electricity and all the other fascinating departments of physics. One odd and interesting thing he did was to explain why the sky is blue. And besides being interesting, the explanation was practically important—for light-house lamps were thereafter made in a different way so as to send their rays farther. It was possible only because Tyndall had discovered that the air, and thus the sky, absorbs certain colors. He also investigated different kinds of fog horns, and decided that the siren type was best.

But the most famous of Tyndall's researches had to do with glaciers. Did you know that glaciers are really rivers of ice, which actually *flow* down a mountain? How a solid body like a glacier can flow has always been rather a puzzle, ever since the fact was discovered. So Tyndall and his friend, the scientist Thomas Huxley, went to Switzerland in 1857 to study the glaciers in the Alps. After working on the matter for two years,



This pleasant and thoughtful face belonged to John Tyndall, who is remembered, not only for his contributions to science, but for his charming personality and disinterested generosity, as well.

Tyndall published the best-known of his books, "The Glaciers of the Alps," in which he set forth his explanation of the matter. During those two years, Tyndall had become so fascinated by the Alps themselves that ever after he spent his summers in them, and became a famous mountain climber. He wrote a book called "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," which is full of delight for the lover of mountains.

Some time in the eighties Tyndall came to America to lecture. He traveled all over the country, and so many people came to hear him that he made a good deal of money. You might think he would take his profit and spend it on himself; but there was something he loved far more than money—his beloved science. So he gave all the money he made from this lecture tour to help scientific progress in the United States. This act alone will show you the man's lofty moral stature.

At home, too, his lectures, his teaching, and his books were helping to make science familiar to the people, and to teach them to think in a scientific way. And, like a knight-errant of old, he was always championing the cause of some poor scientist who was not getting the credit due him. He himself succeeded Faraday as president of the Royal Society, and held that high post until failing health made it necessary for him to resign it a few years before his death. These years he spent in a retreat he had built on the Surrey moors; there, in 1893, he died.

A MAN of a HUNDRED DISCOVERIES

Because He Made So Many, Lord Kelvin Was the Leading Light in Physics in His Day

A PROFESSOR in a Scottish university was leaning over his desk with his eyeglass dangling on a cord. The eyeglass was flashing the sunlight against

the wall, back and forth in little sweeps, as the professor moved around. Many of us have seen that happen without ever giving it another thought. But this professor was

LORD KELVIN

a genius, and a genius is a man who can get a great idea out of the simplest thing he sees. The professor had an idea.

Very soon the idea turned into a scientific instrument, which is the way with ideas when they pop into the right head. The instrument was a mirror galvanometer (găl'vâ-nôm'ê-tēr). That is a machine with a mirror, and an electric current makes it act like the eyeglass. It swings about, and so it measures the amount of the current coming through it, even the very smallest.

And what is the good of that? For one thing, it was of the greatest use when we first started sending words under the ocean to Europe on a wire. For it was with this professor's various inventions in copper wire and other things that the first Atlantic

cable was laid. And the first message that ever went across the ocean was carried by a very weak current indeed—one that flowed and stopped, and flowed and stopped again. But the mirror galvanometer could measure it and read it—or spell out its little dots and dashes. In fact, the mirror galvanometer is such a sensitive thing that if you make a battery as small as a thimble and with it start a current over a cable under the sea, the mirror galvanometer will pick up the current on the other side of the ocean.

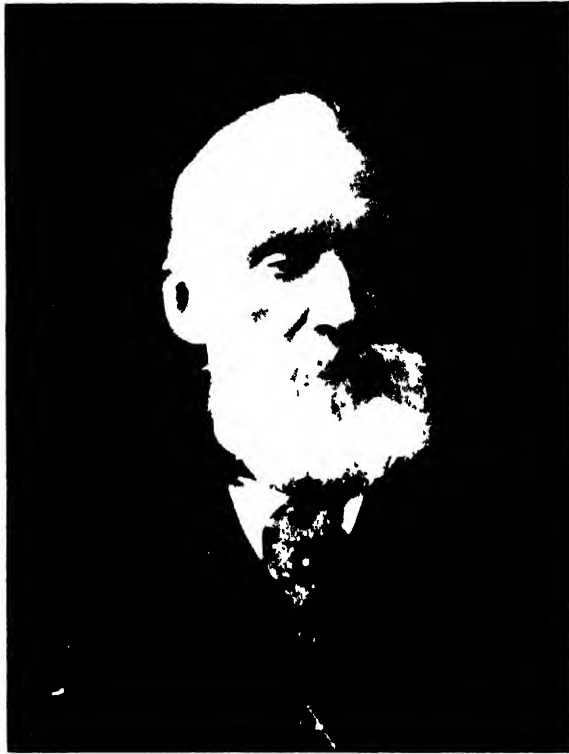
Who was this professor? He was William Thomson when he made this invention in 1857, at the age of thirty-three. Later he became Sir William Thomson, and still later

he was made Lord Kelvin, which is what we call him now.

For fifty-three years, or nearly till his death in 1907, he was a professor in the University of Glasgow. Through all that time he was the leading physical scientist in Great Britain, and perhaps in the whole world. He made Glasgow the very center for his science in the world.

Perhaps you have always thought of a college professor as a man who just teaches boys and girls a few new things out of the books in the library. That is what nearly everybody thinks he does. But you

must get over that notion as fast as you can. The college professor may not teach at all, and he may even be a pretty bad teacher. His main business, if he is any good, is not to teach, but to study—to be always finding out new things that were never in the books before. It is to make the light of the world's mind burn ever and ever brighter—and he always hopes his students will catch the sparks. His business is to find out a thousand things like the law of gravitation and the atomic theory, or to give us a thousand things like automobiles and steam engines—and *ideas*.



This is Lord Kelvin, in whose honor a great celebration was held upon his completion of fifty years as a professor at the University of Glasgow. Many great scientists and other distinguished men came to this jubilee. A message was sent to Kelvin over a circuit 20,000 miles in length. Starting in the university library, it passed through Newfoundland and New York to San Francisco. Then it was relayed to Los Angeles, Florida, and Washington - and it reached Lord Kelvin in Glasgow exactly seven and a half minutes after it had been sent! Such are the wonders of the telegraph system which Kelvin had done so much to bring about.

LORD KELVIN



Photo by the National Mus.

All these people are gathered to test the first Atlantic cable. In another article you will read the exciting story of how it was laid. And when you do read it,

Of course there are college professors who do not do that kind of thing. They just teach. But they are never the best teachers, however well they may talk, unless they can make discoveries too. Now be sure to remember this when you get to college—and then you may get to be a discoverer yourself.

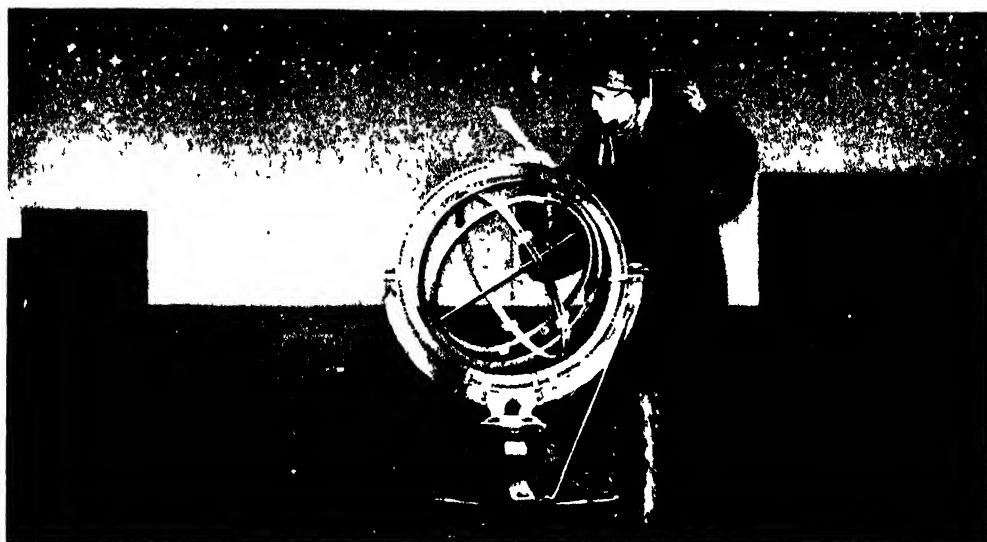
Lord Kelvin was the best kind of college professor, because he was a grand discoverer. He wrote hundreds of treatises, each telling the world about some new discovery he had made. His discoveries were of every kind, from inventing simple meters for our electricity to formulating the most abstruse theories about our physical universe. There is no chance of telling about all his work here, but just a few words may be given to it.

He made some fine instruments for telling the depth of the water in the sea. He made many kinds of instruments to measure electricity, besides the galvanometer of which we were speaking. He made a far better compass than any that the world had seen

remember Lord Kelvin; for it was partly because of his interest in electricity and telegraphy that the great feat could be accomplished.

before—the Thomson compass, which withstood the magnetic action of the steel in a boat, and so kept pointing north. He found out how much warmer a stream got when it tumbled over in a waterfall—for the energy which the water has at the top of the waterfall changes the molecular motions of the molecules and so raises the temperature of the water. Of course that was only an interesting puzzle. But it was a little part of a far bigger and a far more important puzzle. For Lord Kelvin went on to make vast discoveries about how to turn heat into power, or power into heat, which is what we are always doing in our great machines and plants. That branch of science is called thermodynamics (thûr'mô-dî-nâm'iks), and it was Kelvin's chief field of discovery.

He was probably the greatest professor of physics who ever lived, and he was loaded with rewards and honors. But to the end he remained as simple-hearted as a child—which is the hardest thing, and the greatest thing, for any man to be.



Here is Copernicus making a study of the heavens. His conclusions were to have an enormous effect upon the philosophy of the world. For if the earth was not

the center of everything, but just one of many heavenly bodies that revolve around the sun, then man himself was not so important as people had thought.

WHO PROVED THAT *the* SUN STANDS STILL?

It Was Copernicus Who Showed Us that Our Earth Does All the Spinning

VERY child believes that the sun goes round the earth till someone tells him better. He can see it going round once a day; and sometimes it takes quite a while to make him believe that it is really the earth that is moving, not the sun.

Now the whole human race were just like children once. They all believed that the earth was the center of everything, and that the sun and all the stars spun round it. And it took a long time to make them believe anything different, for people always hate to change their opinions.

The man who told them the truth about it was Nicolaus Copernicus (kô-pûr'nî-kûs). When Copernicus was a boy in Poland, where he was born in 1473, he did not have much idea that he was going to be an astronomer, and still less that he was going to be the founder of the modern science of astronomy. But he did mean to be a scholar.

To that end he was sent to school by his father, a wealthy merchant, and, after his father's death, by his uncle, who became a bishop. At seventeen the boy went to the University of Cracow, where he learned a good deal of mathematics and a little about astronomy—from men who still thought the sun went round the earth.

But then Copernicus went to study in Italy, the center of the learning of the world. There were many universities in Italy, and after the fashion of the time Copernicus went to several of them, especially to Padua and Bologna. Of course he was not mainly studying astronomy, but something that was considered more important for him—medicine and church law, in both of which he took degrees. Now in Italy he found that some of the thinkers were already beginning to question the old, old doctrine of Ptolemy (tôl'ê-mî) that the

BRAHE

sun went round the earth, which was the center of all things. And when Copernicus went back home he was sure that the sun did no such thing. He gave the rest of his life, aside from his professional duties, to proving it.

His professional duties were in healing the sick and serving the church with his legal knowledge. But they left him enough time to study the heavens and to prove his great new idea. Not that it was easy to prove; the man had no telescopes and hardly any other instruments—he had practically nothing but mathematics and his own eyes. But he had genius, and he worked for many years. Finally he solved the riddle of the skies.

Copernicus showed us what the solar system is—how the sun stands still in the center of it, how the planets all revolve around the sun; how the earth turns round on its axis once a day and why that makes it look as if the sun were going around the earth. Then he wrote a book about it all. But he was afraid to print his great book. It was too dangerous. The scientists and the bishops had believed for so long that the sun went round the earth that they were likely to do almost anything to a man who upset all their opinions. So Copernicus delayed a long time about publishing his book. But finally his friends printed it for him, just in time for him to hold a copy of it in his hand as he lay dying, in 1543.



When Tycho Brahe saw that this eclipse of the sun was taking place exactly at the time predicted by

learned men, he felt that the science of astronomy was "something divine" and well worth studying.

A PRINCE *among* ASTRONOMERS *and* a FRIEND *among* PRINCES

How a King Gave Tycho Brahe an Island and a Fortune to Watch the Stars

IN THE year 1546 a little boy was born into a certain noble family in Denmark, and was christened Tycho Brahe (tē'kō bra'ě). In those days the stars of heaven were supposed to do some

rather wondrous things when any great event happened. If they had ever done these things, they certainly ought to have been in action when Tycho was born, for he was going to grow up to be one of their

great masters—to measure their places and to tell how they rise and set.

The boy's family had no such plans for him. They meant him to study law and to become a learned councilor. And so he might have done if nothing had occurred to absorb his attention.

But on the twenty-first of August in 1560, when Tycho was fourteen years old, there was an eclipse of the sun. He saw it come to pass exactly at the moment predicted for it, and he found the thing so wonderful that then and there he felt that he must be an astronomer.

Now in those days that was no sort of thing for a nobleman's son to be. It was about as if the son of a senator in our day wanted to be a magician or a fortune teller. And since Tycho did not care to have his family ashamed of him, he kept his passion for the stars a secret. He bought books about the stars out of his pocket money, and he used to study them through his bedroom window after everybody was asleep.

But of course he could not keep his secret forever. By the time he had finished his courses at the German universities to which he had been sent, everyone knew the secret. Some of his relatives were angry enough when he came home, though there was no way to stop his favorite study. But since there seemed to be little he could do in Denmark, he soon returned to Germany, where he roamed around visiting the astronomers.

The Astronomer with a Metal Nose

Before very long he met with a sad accident. He had his nose cut off in a duel, and for the rest of his life he had to wear one made out of metal.

But he soon became very famous. He made remarkable instruments, such as quadrants and sextants, more accurate than any that the world had ever seen. With these he fixed the positions of the stars very carefully. And since many of the German

princes took an interest in astronomy, he was entertained and honored wherever he went.

Yet Tycho's best fortune was to come from Denmark after all. The king of that land was ashamed to see the most famous astronomer in the world wandering about a foreign country. So he offered Tycho an island for himself, a pension, and a great sum of money for a house and an observatory. And after putting all of his own fortune into the scheme, Tycho Brahe soon had the finest astronomical station that had ever been seen in the modern world.

His place and his instruments were so famous that all sorts of people used to come from all over Europe to see them. Many of the German princes came to visit him, and also King James VI of Scotland, who was later to be James I of England. Nearly always there was some important guest on Tycho's island.

Tycho was only thirty years of age when he received his island, and in the next twenty years he lived in such happiness as comes to fairly few men. Surrounded by a group of earnest students, by his family of nine children, and by his famous guests, he found great joy in using his beautiful instruments.

But all too soon bad fortunes came to him. The friendly king of Denmark died, and some of the noblemen grew jealous of Tycho's glory. They persuaded the new king to stop his pension, and even made the great astronomer fear for his life.

In all this trouble Tycho decided to go back to Germany, where he had always been well received. There the Emperor Rudolph granted him high honors, made him Astronomer Royal, and set aside a house and castle for him to live and work in. But with all these honors, the great man felt lonely and friendless in a foreign land, and he died at the age of fifty-four, in 1601. He had written very learned works listing the stars and measuring their places in the heavens.



Photo by Granjon, Paris

This is a portrait of Tycho Brahe, whose name might well be written among the stars, in whose company he spent his life.



Picture by Alinari

Here is Galileo showing his newly-invented telescope to the Venetian senate. This group of nobles was so

impressed by the marvel of it that they rewarded Galileo with a professorship for life.

The FIRST HERO of the TELESCOPE

How the Genius of Galileo Opened Up New Paths for Our Eyes among the Stars

GALILEO was a great explorer— though not in steamy jungles or in the frozen north. He journeyed into unknown realms of thought, and in the night of ignorance that in his day engulfed mankind, he suffered many perils. He was a supreme genius in science.

Galileo Galilei (gāl'ī-lē'ō gāl'ī-lē'ī) was born in the same year as Shakespeare; 1564, and thus had part in the eager search for knowledge that was going on all over Europe in his day. Sometimes he searched too deeply to suit the men in power, and suffered for it, as we shall see. But to-day we look up to him as one of the great pioneers in physics and astronomy.

Galileo's father was a poor nobleman of Pisa (pē'zā), in Italy, and he wanted his brilliant son to follow the study of medicine to wealth and fame. But it was mathematics

and physical science that interested Galileo and to these he gave his mind while he was at the university in Pisa though he was also a gifted painter and musician. Even at this early time he made one of the famous experiments in the history of science. One day he was watching a lamp hanging by a long chain and swinging in a breeze in the cathedral at Pisa. He noticed that no matter how long or how short the swing, the pendulum took exactly the same time to go all the way back and forth. When he had made sure of this by trying it with various other swinging objects, he found that he had discovered the important law of the pendulum. He applied this principle to the counting of the pulse of sick persons, but many years later it was used in regulating clocks, and all the pendulum clocks in the world are the result.

Although he had to leave the university

GALILEO

because of lack of money, he came to be well known throughout Italy for his essays, lectures, and experiments. Another of the experiments, as famous as the one with the pendulum, was made to prove that no matter how heavy or how light an object is, it will always take the same length of time to fall a given distance. The older professors scoffed at this idea. But Galileo took witnesses with him to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa—a strange tower which stands to this day, still looking as if it were going to topple over any minute. Galileo simply went to the side of the tower and dropped three weights—ten, pounds, five pounds, one pound. They all struck the ground at exactly the same moment.

But though he had proved his point, the young scientist was soon in trouble with the men whose notions he had been upsetting. He lost his position as lecturer at Pisa. But within a year he had a better post at Padua. There he stayed till 1610, when he left Padua for Florence.

It was at Padua that he worked out his telescope. He was not the very first man to think of putting lenses into a tube in order to make distant objects look bigger, but it was he who made the first practical instrument. When other scientists saw what he had done, they too wanted telescopes, and Galileo made hundreds with his own hands. We still use the same sort of telescope in our opera glasses.

In 1610 he published a book telling what he had seen through his marvelous tube. He had discovered four moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the mountains of the moon, and the spots on the sun—none of which had ever been seen before. He saw that the Milky Way is really made up of millions of

stars, and he had found thirty-six stars instead of seven in the constellation of the Pleiades (plē'yā-dēz) and more than five hundred instead of seven in Orion (ō-rī'ōn). If you ever get a chance to look through a modern telescope, you may see all these things, and a thousand marvels more in the starry heavens.

Some of the things that Galileo had seen in the heavens made him surer

than ever that the astronomer Copernicus (kô-pûr'nī-kûs) was right in his novel idea that the earth moves around the sun, and not the sun around the earth. So now, with all his brilliant argument and his eager enthusiasm,

Galileo began to preach the new doctrine—new in those days, though old enough to us to-day.

But the scientists and the priests had always taught the older idea, and the Pope had no notion of changing the doctrine to suit the arguments of Galileo or any other new astronomer. Galileo was ordered

to stop talking or writing about the theory. He promised. And for seven years he managed to keep silent.

Then there was a new pope, and Galileo's friends urged him to speak out. He decided to risk it. In 1632 he published a book on the system of worlds in the universe—one of the most brilliant and also one of the most delightful of all books of science. It was greeted with great applause.

But Galileo had been wrong about the Pope. Almost at once the sale of the book was forbidden and Galileo was called to Rome to answer for having broken the promise he had made. He was threatened with torture unless he denied the statements made in his book.

Galileo was now an old man of seventy

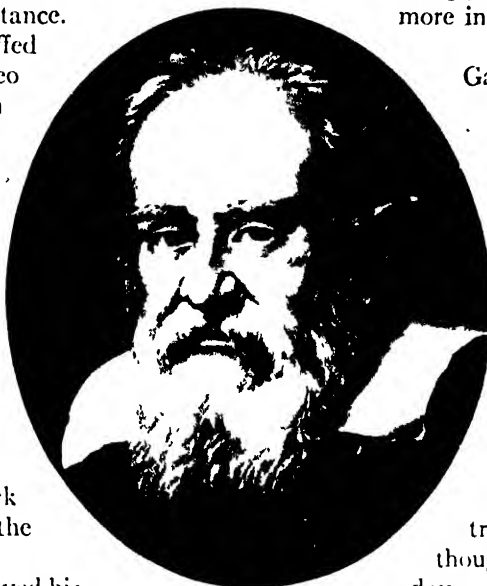


Photo by Alinari

Galileo, whom you see above, had a brain which could never rest. It was always at work on some new and brilliant idea. No wonder the reactionaries were disturbed by this man, for he was uprooting some of their most cherished beliefs!



Photo by Alinari

Galileo is measuring the speed of falling bodies with the help of an inclined plane. It is not hard to guess

years. The idea of torture was more than he could bear, and he yielded. He took an oath that all his book was false. But there is a story that as he rose from his knees, having admitted that the earth always stood still, he said under his breath, "But it does move just the same!" In due time the world was going to know that; and some day we

where this famous scene took place, for in the background you can see the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

shall all know that there is no use in trying to stop the truth by trying to torture the people who tell it.

Galileo lived the rest of his life very quietly, though working to the last. He died in 1642, having done as much as any other man before or after him to open our eyes to the laws of nature and the glory of the stars.

HE FOUND OUT *the* LAWS of SUN and PLANETS

Kepler Was a Great Astronomer in the Days When Astronomy Was Just Getting Free from Fortune Tellers

IT IS easy enough to learn a little astronomy if you have plenty of money and can go to a college where there are good teachers and plenty of fine instruments. But suppose you were poor and your father was the kind of man who left his family behind and ran away; suppose your mother was tried for a witch and spent a year in prison; suppose there were people dying of smallpox in the house next door and other people dying of the plague across the street; suppose people were quarreling with you a great deal of the time, and your employers would hardly ever pay you your small wages, and the soldiers were shooting up the town every so often—do you think you would be very likely to become one of the world's great astronomers?

Yet all those things and even more happened to Johann Kepler, and he still became one of the greatest astronomers that ever lived.

Kepler never meant to be an astronomer. Born in Germany in 1571, he had been educated for the ministry; but at his school he had learned a bit of astronomy also, and when he was only twenty-three he was urged to take a place as a professor of that science. It was only with reluctance that he did so. But as he began to teach, he began to learn a great deal more about his subject than he had ever known before; and he was soon the author of a book that brought him to the notice of the great Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe (tē'kō brä'ē), whose life you will find elsewhere in these books.

KEPLER

Brahe was well established at Prague as astronomer to the emperor Rudolph, and he soon sent for the young Kepler to come and help him in his work. It was a flattering offer from the most famous astronomer living, and of course Kepler accepted. Then the next year Tycho died, and Kepler was in luck to succeed him. His principal task was to complete the great catalogue of the stars which Tycho had begun and which, in honor of his patron the Emperor, he had named the "Rudolphine Tables." Over these Kepler worked for about twenty-five years, though he did a great deal of other astronomical work during the same time, and was interrupted by many troubles of the kinds we mentioned in starting.

When Astronomers Told Fortunes

He was often ill, and his wife and ten of his twelve children died. The Emperor was so much at war that he had no money to pay the astronomer's salary, and when he died his successor was no richer; so finally Kepler had to change his position. And in addition to his other troubles Kepler had to do a good deal of work that no astronomer would ever have to do now. He had to be a fortune teller, for that is about what it came to. Astronomy was as yet by no means free from astrology, or the supposed science of reading our own fates in the stars and finding out what will be our lucky days for doing things—for starting on a journey or fighting a battle or any other kind of activity. The Emperor still believed in this, and so did most of his ministers and generals; and his astronomer had to give them all advice. The curious thing is that Kepler himself believed in it too, just the least bit. But he had to do far more of it than he believed in—to make out silly almanacs telling just what was going to happen during the coming year, and to do other similar things. So side by side with true scientific work of the highest order, he was dipping into this sort of ancient "piffle." "I have been obliged," he once wrote to the Emperor, "to put together a vile almanac of prophecies, which is hardly more re-

spectable than begging, since you abandon me entirely and suffer me to perish with hunger."

Yet in these conditions he did the great work on which so much of our modern science of the skies rests. We shall say nothing of the little host of his minor discoveries and guesses at important truths. He told us that the tides were caused by the moon, he predicted the transits of several planets across the face of the sun, he prepared the way for the discovery of the laws of gravitation by Newton, and for the invention of the branch of mathematics known as calculus (kāl'kū-lūs); he observed several comets, and did a vast amount of other work. But the great product of his genius was the discovery of the three mighty laws which go under his name and which brought our solar system into a harmony so that we could understand how all the planets keep going on forever in their puzzling but invariable paths. The three laws are thus briefly stated:

Kepler's Three Great Laws

1. Every planet travels around the sun, not in a circle, but in an ellipse, with the sun at one focus of the ellipse.
2. Its speed always increases as it gets nearer to the sun, and always decreases as it gets farther away; but no matter what its speed may be, a line drawn between it and the sun will always sweep over exactly the same *area* of space in the same length of time.
3. The time a planet takes to go around the sun depends on its distance from the sun; or to be exact, the *square* of the time it takes will be exactly in proportion to the *cube* of its average distance away.

It is easy enough to state these laws in this brief way once they have been found out, but the more you learn about mathematics and astronomy the better you will see what genius it took to find them out three hundred years ago—and the better you will understand how they brought our solar system into order.

Kepler died in 1630.

This is a portrait of Sir Isaac Newton, perhaps the greatest scientist the world has ever known.



Photo by Kischgitz

At the age of twenty-seven Newton was known to the world as an "unparalleled genius."



HE FOUND WHAT HOLDS *the* STARS *in* PLACE

*For That and for Many Another Discovery, Sir Isaac Newton
Holds the Foremost Rank in the Whole History
of Physical Science*

THERE is a story that one day nearly three hundred years ago a young man on his vacation from Cambridge University was sitting in the garden when an apple fell from one of the trees, and set him thinking. Why did apples always fall *down*? Why did they not sometimes float away in the air, or perhaps fly straight upward? If the earth was pulling them, then how about the moon? Did the earth pull that down, too? And if so, why didn't the moon fall, just as the apple did?

Young Isaac Newton was only twenty-three years old when, in 1666, these ideas are said to have set him puzzling out the great law of gravitation which should later make him so famous. Others had thought about these questions before him, and some had discovered a partial explanation, but it remained for Newton to work out the law completely. It was twenty-one years before he had finished the work to his satisfaction and had explained it to the world in his learned Latin book which we call the "Principia" (prĭn-sĭp'ĭ-ă). Its full title is "Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica,"

and that means "The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy."

From the time he was a little boy Newton had been interested in everything mechanical and mathematical. At first he did not like most of his studies very well, and in his earliest days at school he was at the foot of his class. Then one day he determined to beat another boy, who had bullied him. He did it, too—first with his fists and then with his lessons - until Newton stood at the head of the school. When he was not in school, he would be making water clocks and wind-mills and other machines that were popular in his time.

Newton was devoted to his widowed mother, and even tried to be a farmer and a country squire to please her. But he hated to go to market to sell his grain and vegetables. He used to wander away from the wagons and let the servants do the selling while he read a book or talked with Mr. Clark, the apothecary. In the end his mother saw that he would never make a farmer, and

NEWTON

wisely sent him to Cambridge to be a scholar instead.

It did not take him long to show his mettle there. At twenty-seven he was already known as an "unparalleled genius."

For a good while his chief interest was studying light. He invented the reflecting telescope to help in the study of the stars. He made a sensation in the scientific world by a paper on light which he read to the Royal Society at London in 1672. In this paper he showed, among other things, that white light is made up of all the colors of the rainbow.

Finally he went back to puzzling over the problem illustrated by the falling apple. And in 1787 he published the "Principia," one of the half-dozen most famous books of science ever written. The book upset and made over again everybody's ideas about the world and the system of the sun and stars; and until Einstein, in our own time, no one since Newton has tried to make much change in the law of gravitation as he laid it down in this book.

The law of gravitation is this: that every particle of matter in the whole universe is pulling every other particle, and that the positions of the planets and the stars, with all their whirling motions, depend on this pull. Heavy objects pull harder than light ones, and the nearer together objects are, the harder they pull each other. Newton found out exactly how hard they would pull, depending on their masses and their distance apart. The moon swings around the earth, he explained, just like a ball on the end of a string. It does not fall, because it is always pulling away, like the ball; yet it cannot get free, because the pull of gravitation holds it. In just the same way

the various planets swing around the sun.

When his great book came out, Newton had been for some years a professor at Cambridge University. After this he was given an easy position as the master of the mint, and he was twice elected to parliament. In 1705 he became *Sir* Isaac Newton in reward for his contributions to science. From 1703 till his death in 1727 he was every year reelected president of the Royal Society.

There are some amusing stories about this great man, who could weigh the sun, discover the density of the planet Jupiter, and turn science topsy-turvy by his theory of gravitation. He was very absent-minded. He lived in his thoughts, and often forgot the simplest everyday things around him. When food was brought to him in his study, he would forget to eat it. When he started out from his rooms to a lecture hall, he might possibly turn into the street by mistake and then forget why he had come out at all; then he would return to his rooms without having delivered the lecture. Once he is said to

have got down off the horse he was riding, hooked the bridle rein over his arm, and trudged on, deep in thought. To his astonishment, a few miles farther, he found that the horse had quietly slipped the bridle over its head and gone off by itself to eat grass, leaving the philosopher to lead an empty bridle along the road!

Why is it that so many of the really big men are more or less like that? Why is a genius often "odd"? Because if a man's head is really full of great ideas, he may not have time or space for little ones. You must look out for an "odd" man. He may be a plain fool, or he may be a genius.



It is said that one day some neighbors discovered Newton sitting placidly with a clay pipe in his hand, blowing soap bubbles! They naturally thought that the scientist must be crazy. What he was really doing, however, was watching the miniature rainbow which formed in each bubble. Later he delivered a paper on light which astonished the scientific world. It proved that white light was made up of all the colors of the rainbow just as the soap bubbles had shown him.

“WATCH for MY COMET 76 YEARS from NOW”

Such Were the Words of Edmund Halley, the First Man to Sketch the Path of a Comet; and to This Day the Comet Is Named for Him

IN THE year 1910 millions of eyes were turned up to the sky in the search for a great comet that was due to appear. Very, very few of those eyes had ever seen the comet before, or would ever see it again. For this comet comes to see us only once in every seventy-six years. Then it swings off on its long curve through space again.

Now this comet had been swinging in and out through space for many and many a century. Every time it came near us people would see it, but they did not know it was the same one that had been here seventy-six years before, and they could not tell when it would come again. Then in 1682 a man who was looking at it in England began to think. There had been a comet like that in 1607, and another one like it in



Photo 13 Yerkes Obs

This is Halley's comet as it appeared on the sixth of June, 1910. At present it is swinging far off into space where no one can see it, but in 1986 it will be back again! Then some of you who read these words will look aloft at it and remember the famous scientist for whom it is named.

1531; and the man concluded that the three must be the same comet. Then he made some mighty calculations of the comet's path and of its speed, and found that it ought to take the comet just those seventy-six years to go away and come back again. He told people to watch for it once more in 1758, and left his prophecy with the Royal Society. Seventy-six years later, on Christmas day in 1758, the comet came into sight. The great man who predicted it had died in 1742.

It was the first time in the world that the path of a comet had ever been figured. The man who did the figuring was Edmund Halley, and the comet has ever since been known as Halley's comet.

But that was only one of the many things that Halley did. Born in 1650, he was twenty-six years old when he saw the comet, and he was already famous in the world at that time. Immediately after going through Oxford, he had sailed off at the age of only twenty to the island of St. Helena to make a map of the stars in the southern skies. When he came back two years later he was made a member of the Royal Society—and there have been few if any other men elected to the Royal Society at twenty-two.

The rest of his life was given mainly to his favorite studies of mathematics and astronomy, and was rewarded with many a discovery. In these pursuits he traveled a good deal in Europe and in places farther away. In 1698 he went to the far south on a voyage of two years in the vessel called the “Paramour Pink” to study the effects of the magnetism of the earth. A little later he was intrusted with the fortifying of Trieste, a port on the Adriatic Sea. He became a professor at Oxford and was made astronomer royal.

One of the best things he ever did came out of his friendship with the great Sir Isaac Newton. In his studies he had come to the point where it seemed that the great Newton was the only man who could help him. So he went to Cambridge to confer with Newton. The result of that visit was that Halley undertook to pay for the publication of Newton's famous work that gave us the principle of gravitation.



Here are William and Caroline Herschel at their home in Bath. Far into the night they would work, studying

the stars through a telescope which the clever pair had been able to construct themselves.

A WHOLE FAMILY of STARGAZERS

How the Famous Herschels, Brother, Sister, and Son, Made Many a New Discovery in the Skies

PEOPLE in the same family very often look alike, though frequently enough they do not think alike and do not work together any too well—as most of us have found out. But the famous Herschels (hûr'shêl), William and his sister Caroline, were so much like each other that they always worked together at everything and both grew immortal in the work.

First of all, they were musicians; William, an organist and a conductor, and Caroline, a singer. They were both excellent in this art. They had been born in Germany, the brother in 1738 and the sister twelve years later. But when he was nineteen William had come to England to play music and to teach it, and after some years he had gone to live at Bath, where he was an organist and general musical leader; and then he sent

over for his sister Caroline to help him—not so much in his music as in his astronomy.

For they were both astronomers too, and it is in this field that they became famous. They had both learned nearly all that they knew for themselves—so often the best way—for neither of them had gone to school much. But William had mastered all the mathematics needed to be an astronomer, and of course that means a great deal. And now he had been reading a good deal about the stars and wanted to look at them for himself; so one of the main things in which he wanted Caroline to help him was to make a telescope.

For he had to make his own. It was hard to buy a telescope in that day, for the few that were for sale were either pretty poor or exceedingly expensive. So Herschel set

THE HERSCHELS

out to make one. Before he was through he had made a great many, and in time they were famously good. But at first he made what he could out of the lenses he could get, and out of cardboard tubes that he and his sister rolled up. It is no easy thing to make a telescope, and no scientific instrument has to be built more carefully—to get the lens just the right shape, without any imperfections, is a great piece of work all by itself.

All the time they were not making a living with their music the Herschels were very busy building their telescopes and watching the heavens through them. They would work far into the night at this. Their house in Bath was littered with machinery and scraps in the parlor, dining room, and bedrooms. And even before he had a really good telescope, William was getting a name for the papers he wrote for the Royal Society about the things he was seeing through his earlier instruments.

Herschel Discovers a Planet

So it went on until 1781. By that time William had a good instrument, and when he looked through it he made a great discovery—nothing less than a new planet in the sky. It was the one that we call Uranus (ū'rā-nūs), and it was the first planet to be found through a telescope, for all the ones that had been seen before were visible to the naked eye. Of course this discovery brought him great fame, at home and abroad. The king made Herschel his own astronomer, at a salary that allowed him to give up music. But the salary was still so low that for six years longer Herschel had to go on making telescopes to sell.

Then he married a wealthy widow, and could give these up too, and devote his time entirely to finding out the secrets of the stars. He found out a great many, for he kept watching them all through the eighty-four years of his life, down to 1822. Caroline lived a good deal longer, dying in 1848, at the age of ninety-eight.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

This intelligent, kindly face belonged to Sir William Herschel, a great astronomer who was knighted by the King for his distinguished work in discovering and mapping heavenly bodies.

It would take a long book to tell all about the discoveries of this self-made astronomer and his sister. He studied the variable stars—the stars that are so much brighter at some times than they are at others—and guessed that they were really double stars revolving about each other, as we have shown in these books, in the story of astronomy. One of these stars is much brighter than the other, and they look bright or dark according to which of them is blotting out the other

from our sight as they turn around each other. Herschel also noticed the white spots at the poles of Mars, and guessed that they were the ice caps that we now know them to be.

Herschel found out about the way that our sun is moving through space and carrying all the planets with it, as we have also shown in our story of astronomy. He found out the shape of our whole universe of stars, about as we believe it to be to-day. For he told us that these stars in our universe are spread out in a long, thin plane, and that this is why they are so thickly clustered—in the Milky Way—when we look through the plane the long way—but much thinner when we look out of it on any side. He showed us about where we stand in this whole multitude of stars. He discovered some twenty-five hundred nebulae (nēb'ŭ-lē), and did a great deal of other work.

In all this Caroline helped him, and she also made a good many discoveries of her own. Among other things she discovered eight comets and several nebulae. And long after her brother's death she kept on arranging his own discoveries for the world to understand.

But we are not yet through with the Herschels, for there was still another one who is famous in astronomy. This was William's son John -who was afterward made Sir John, as his father had been made Sir William. He was about as great an astronomer as his father, and in very much the same way.

John Herschel was born in 1792, and was a brilliant student of the mathematical sciences at the University of Cambridge. For a time he thought he would go into the law, but the lure of the skies was too much for him. He constructed a great telescope and started out to complete his father's brilliant work on the double stars. His father had made an extraordinary map of all the

northern skies, but had never seen those that we can behold from the southern half of the world. The son wanted to finish the whole map. For about four years he therefore went to live in South Africa, where he swept the heavens with his telescope, made a careful picture of all that half of the skies, and added many starry and nebulous bodies to the southern firmament as it was then known.

He was also a distinguished chemist, and was especially interested in the nature of light. In this field he incidentally found out our way of taking a picture on sensitive paper. Through a long life down to 1871 he kept on working and publishing, and came into all the high honors that a man of science can desire.

Such is the story of the famous German family that came to England to play music and ended by making over the heavens. There have been few families that have worked together so well and have done so much to find out things unknown before them.

Laplace, the French scientist whose face you see at the right, was the type of man who grips a problem and studies it for years until he finds its solution.



Photo by the Nation

Laplace's dying words were: "What we know is very little, what we do not know is vast." But how much less we might have known if it had not been for him!

The GREATEST FRENCH ASTRONOMER

How Laplace Started Life as a Farmer's Boy and Won Such Fame in Science that He Was Made a Marquis

IN THE land of Normandy, a part of Northern France, a boy was born to a poor farmer in the year 1749 and named Pierre Simon. But we do not call him that now. We know him as the great scientist Laplace (lä'pläs').

The farmer might have naturally been glad to have a boy who could soon be helping on the farm. But as Pierre (pyër) grew up, he was of very little help in milking

the cows and trudging behind the plow. He was more likely to be lost in the barn or hidden in a haystack or the garret, always with some book or other. He had a passion for arithmetic, and was always scribbling his sums all over the walls of the kitchen. What was a farmer going to do with a boy like that?

Then some rich neighbors heard about the boy and saw what sort of stuff he was

made of. They sent him to school. And off he trotted with his head full of great plans to become a soldier or an engineer, or perhaps a great mathematician. He was soon so keen and so learned in his mathematics that when he was through with his classes he was made a teacher in the school himself. But he wanted a wider field for his talents than a little college in the country, and he made up his mind to go to Paris.

So to Paris he came at the age of eighteen. He had a letter to the famous mathematician D'Alembert (dā'lōN'bēr'), but at first the latter paid no attention to it. Then the boy retired to his lodging and worked out some mathematical papers to send to D'Alembert. At once the famous man saw he had a promising youngster on his hands, and he secured him a place to teach at the military school in Paris.

From that time on, the life of Laplace was one of invariable success and honor. His mathematics led him straight into astronomy, and he came to be the greatest French astronomer. At the age of twenty-five he went to work to explain certain irregular movements of the planets, especially Jupiter and Saturn, which had long been a puzzle; and after a good many years of brilliant research he found the full explanation, and so put our solar system into perfect order.

Then he started his great book on "Celestial Mechanics," or what we might call

the mathematics of the skies, and produced one of the world's masterpieces of mathematics and of astronomy. But this was only his chief work; he wrote other great volumes of scientific discovery, and a very large number of papers in the various sciences. It was merely in a little note to one of his books that he gave us the famous "Nebular Hypothesis" (něb'ū-lār hī-pōth'ē-sīs), which has been so much debated since his day, and of which we have said something in our story of astronomy.

He had plenty of worldly success too. He was made a member of the Academy of Sciences at an early age, and later a member of the French Academy—the highest honor that can come to a Frenchman. He wanted to play a part in the government as well as in science, and under Napoleon he was made minister of the interior for a time, a member of the senate, and a count. When Napoleon fell, Laplace found it only too easy to make friends with Napoleon's successors, and it was then that he was made a marquis.

For such honors, it must be said, the great Laplace longed a little more than is becoming in a man of science, and his weaker side is seen in his political career. But he remained true to his science through it all, down to his death in 1827. There have been few more brilliant minds in the history of mathematics. Because of his fine contributions to the science Laplace has some right to be called "the French Newton."

ARE THERE ANY PEOPLE *on* MARS?

No One Knows. But Percival Lowell Watched the Planet for Half of His Life, and This Is What He Thought about It

MOST astronomers begin as mere boys. They have to. For if a man is going to be an astronomer, he has years and years of mathematics before him, and of other things too, before there is any use in his looking at the stars. Anybody can peer at the stars through a telescope, and have plenty of fun, but if he is going to do anything with those stars he will have to buckle down to many a year of good study first.

Yet there was one astronomer who had no notion of studying the heavens till he was forty years old. He was a man with a specialty in the skies. For he was Percival Lowell, and his specialty was Mars. The one thing he wanted most to do was to prove that there were living people, of some kind, on that planet.

To be sure, he was far from a mere novice when he started. Born in 1855, he came of one of the most famous Boston families,

LOWELL

and he had gone through Harvard with high honors. Then he had been in business for a time, and had also lived a good deal in the Far East, about which he had written a good many books. As a rich man, he could travel and study as he liked; and in middle life he grew greatly interested in the study of the planets, above all the planet Mars.

In our story of astronomy we have told how this happened. An Italian named Schiaparelli (skyä'pä-rē'lē) had discovered some peculiar lines on Mars and had called them "canals." In Italian the word had not meant much more than "line," but when it was translated into "canals" it sounded as if there must be great ditches for water to run through on Mars, and if there were ditches for water there must be some sort of people to dig them. So a great many people grew interested to find out if there were people on Mars, and of all these Percival Lowell was the best-known in this corner of astronomy.

If those lines on Mars are straight and regular, said Lowell and many other men, it does not make any difference whether they are canals or not. For nature does not make any straight and regular lines over the face of a world, but only curved and winding ones; if these are straight and made for some set purpose, then they must have been made by persons. In that spirit Lowell went to work to see what he could find out.

Are There People on Mars?

If he could really prove that there were people on Mars, what a discovery! The man who proved that would be the Columbus of another world.



Photo by N. S. View Co.

Ever since people have known of the existence of other planets besides our own, they have wanted to find out if these worlds were filled with people like ourselves. Percival Lowell, whom you see above, spent half his life in trying to find out whether there are human beings on the planet Mars.

He can hardly be said to have proved it. There are many people who do not think he did, and nobody really knows yet whether Mars is inhabited or not. Many astronomers cannot see any lines at all on Mars. But in the great observatory that Lowell built up with his riches at Flagstaff, in

Arizona, he worked very hard at the problem for many years - from his start there in 1894 down to his death in 1916--and he, at least, considered that he had proved his case. He said so in many a lecture he gave on the subject over the country, and in several books he wrote about it--like "Mars and Its Canals" and "Mars as the Abode of Life."

Lowell argued that the lines are real canals for carrying water. He thought that Mars is an older world than ours—a world that is so old that it is dying. It is dying, he believed, from lack of water. And the people on it, he went on to say, have dug these canals to bring some of the little water that is left in the ice caps at the poles down to the temperate regions of their

planet, where it can make their crops grow. Every time the spring came around on Mars, Lowell thought he could see the canals growing much darker, which meant to him that the plants and trees along the canals were sprouting leaves with the water they were receiving through the canals from the poles.

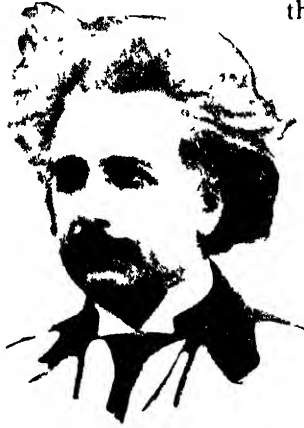
The Kind of People Who Might Live on Mars

And that would prove that there were people on Mars. Very highly intelligent people too, whatever they might look like; for we on earth have never done any feat of engineering so vast as the building of these canals, if such they really are. Indeed the argument runs that if there are people

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of any sort on a planet that is so much older than ours, they would naturally be far more intelligent than we are, because they have had so much longer to find out things.

That is about what Lowell told us. We do not know whether he was right or not. Some day we may find out. It will be a great day if someone finally proves that there are living beings in the sky.



Professor Einstein, whose kindly face you see above, is very modest, in spite of the fact that he is the greatest scientist of our day. What he says he is really proud of is his ability to play fairly well upon the violin; for he is very fond of music and in it finds rest and relaxation from his problems.

Photo by Keystone View Co

This great scientist, whose mind is so full of problems and theories which most of us cannot understand, is often busied with another worthy cause, the problem of world peace. And here Professor Einstein has given time and thought to something everybody can understand.

A NEW NEWTON *in* OUR OWN DAY

ONE day in 1931 a white-haired German professor stepped off an ocean liner in New York City—and found that all America had joined to give him an excited and enthusiastic welcome. It had been said that there were not twenty people in the whole world wise enough really to understand everything in the books on mathematics and science which this charming little professor had written. But everybody in America who knew anything at all, knew that they were the most important scientific books that had appeared in a long time. And since so many people in America are interested in science, Professor Einstein (in'-stīn) need not have been surprised to find Americans excited and enthusiastic about him—even before they discovered what a modest and delightful person he is in himself.

This quiet man who has turned modern physics topsy-turvy and made something like a new science out of it, was even as a boy so unusual that his teachers could not understand him at all. He was born in Ulm, Germany, in 1879, and grew up in the German city of Munich. He was slow at school and even failed the entrance examinations for the university. Later he managed to get

into the University of Zurich, in Switzerland, and there he studied till 1900, supporting himself by teaching physics and mathematics at the same time. But he had a very different idea from everyone's else, for the beginning of his great idea of relativity had been in his head since he was eighteen. He felt that a great deal of the science of physics as it was being taught was a blind alley. Naturally his fellow students thought him conceited, and he had some trouble in persuading the university to graduate him.

But in the end Zurich was happy not only to graduate this strange student, but to give him a doctor's degree as well. This last happened after Einstein had gone to Berne, where he had a position as examiner of patents, and where he became a Swiss citizen. He spent all the time he could spare on strange mathematical studies in which no one else was interested. Finally he sent the university a paper full of his calculations. The one or two men who managed to see what he meant were intensely interested. Then Einstein was given his doctor's degree.

That was only a beginning. He was soon very well known and much respected by other men of science. He became a pro-

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fessor, first at Prague, then at his own University of Zurich. By 1913 he was considered so remarkable that a special position was made for him in Berlin, where he could give his whole time to his researches. Other honors were showered on him. By this time he had worked his theory of relativity out pretty thoroughly, and most of the scientists in Germany had accepted it.

It was not until 1919 that everybody all over the world started talking about him. In that year an eclipse of the sun gave startling proof of the truth of Einstein's ideas. He had said that the light from a star, as the rays passed near our sun, would be bent toward the sun; and he foretold just how much it would be bent. Now the sun is so bright that nobody can see the light of a star passing near it except during an eclipse. And so the scientific world waited eagerly, in 1919, to see whether Einstein was right or wrong.

He was right. The starlight actually was bent to almost exactly the degree he had predicted. Ever since then Einstein has been a world-famous figure, and his main ideas have been accepted by practically everyone who can understand them. They have been found to explain a great many things which could not be explained before.

Einstein's theories have so changed our notions of things that a great part of the science of physics and the science of astron-

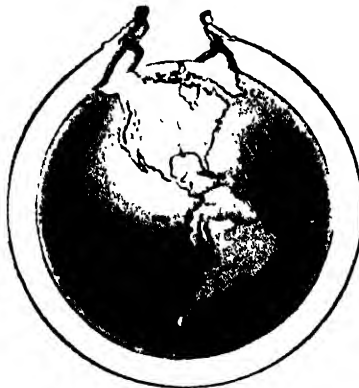
omy have had to be written all over again. We are told that even Newton's law of gravitation, so sacred for the past two centuries, is not altogether true! We hear other astonishing things: that space is "curved"—that time and space are not absolute but "relative"—that we must begin to think in a fourth dimension of what is called "space-time," just as we have formerly thought in terms of the three dimensions of length and breadth and thickness. Already these new ways of thinking have brought remarkable advances in physics and astronomy—that is, in the science of matter and energy and in the science of the stars. To what new marvels they will next lead us we cannot tell. And they are working profound changes in philosophy as well.

Einstein is a true prophet of science. He is never satisfied with what he has done, but is always trying to find out something more. When some new discovery seems to show that he has been mistaken, he frankly and bravely says so, and starts to work out a new theory to fit the new facts. So he is always trying to get nearer the truth.

Of all the people who are doing that to-day, probably none are having quite such an exciting time as the physicists. And one of the reasons for this is to be found in the discoveries of Albert Einstein.

Driven from Germany by the Nazis, Einstein has now become an American citizen.

If a wire were stretched around the earth, to you, standing on the earth's surface, that wire would look perfectly straight as far as you could see it. You would not know that the wire was curved any more than you could tell, just by looking, that the earth was round. That is, of course because the curve is so slight compared to the great size of the earth.



If you were to travel clear around the earth always keeping to the same meridian, would you have traveled in a straight line?

If you were able to go off into space and then take a look at your wire—as you are looking at this picture—you would see that the line you thought so straight is really part of a great circle. It is from things like this that we can get some tiny inkling of the great problems Einstein has been dealing with—just enough to understand that "all things are relative" and "things are not necessarily what they seem."

LINNAEUS



Photo by Rischgitz

Linnaeus loved to take long rambles through woods and fields to gather the plants he was so fond of

collecting. Here you see him tired out after a day of this strenuous though pleasant work

WHO NAMED ALL *the* PLANTS?

The Great Linnaeus Spent His Life Finding Out Their Family Relations and Giving Them Good Names

CARL VON LINNÉ (fôn lîn'nâ) has been called the greatest naturalist of modern times. If stories of his youth may be trusted, he early developed a love for plants and a great desire to learn everything about them.

He was born in the village of Rashult, in Sweden, over two hundred years ago. His father was a clergyman of the Lutheran church, who wanted the boy to become a clergyman also, and therefore expected him to study Latin and other languages in preparation for his profession. But Carl did not care for Latin. He loved flowers and plants of all kinds and spent every moment of his free time collecting or pressing or classifying them.

One evening, when Carl was about thirteen years old, the family was seated around the

table in their home, his father studying the Bible, his mother and two sisters knitting, and Carl arranging some plants he had collected that day. Presently the father looked up from his book and inquired why Carl was not studying Latin instead of spending his time on such foolishness as collecting and pressing plants. The mother hurriedly apologized for Carl and assured the father that he would study the Latin lessons.

Soon after this the father insisted that Carl must enroll in a Latin school. There was a rule in this school that forbade pupils to be absent except at stated times. One day when the pupils were excused for play, Carl went to the woods to collect some of his beloved flowers. He forgot the rules and the time passed rapidly until darkness had almost closed down upon him. Then he re-

membered the rule and was afraid to go back to the school for fear the master would punish him; so he made himself a bed of moss and slept in the woods all night. In the morning a servant from the school found him.

Next day the schoolmaster wrote to Carl's father saying the boy was incorrigible (in-kör't-jī-b'l), which means that he was so disobedient that it was of no use to correct or try to teach him.

Then his father took him away from the school and apprenticed him to a shoemaker. This pleased Carl, for he could spend Sundays and evenings with his plants, but he overworked and fell ill, so that a doctor was called. This doctor was a good, intelligent man. When he saw the collections in the boy's room he determined to help him. So he wrote to a friend, a learned man at the University of Lund, and asked him to receive Carl in his home. The man was kind to him, and the lad remained as a member of the family for some time. Two or three years later he went to the University of Upsala. He

had so little money that he almost starved, but he kept on studying hard. While he was working in the garden of the university he attracted the attention of Olaf Celsius (sē'l-si-ūs), a great naturalist, who became his friend and patron. In the home of Dr. Celsius, Carl worked out a plan for classifying plants, based on the number and arrangement of the stamens and pistils. This plan was published in 1731, when he was twenty-four years old, and he was made deputy lecturer at the university. He now prospered and planned to write a number of books on plants. His rapid advancement, however, made other instructors at the university look upon him with envy and, unhappy over this, he remained there only a year. In 1732 he set out for Lapland on a commission from the Stockholm Academy of Science to make a collection of plants and carry on research. He walked all the way

there and back, over four thousand miles. This shows how earnest he was in his efforts to gather knowledge of plants, and how loyal he was to the people who commissioned him to go. Later, he went to Southern Sweden, to a county called Dalecarlia, to collect plants.

After three years of collecting he had spent all his money; so he decided to go abroad in order to earn more. He went first to Denmark, then to Hamburg, in Germany, and later to Holland. While in Holland he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. At Leyden he met another great botanist, Boerhaave, who recommended him to a worthy banker, Clifford. The latter put him in charge of the plants and books in his private collection. He lived here three years and finished the work he had begun at Upsala.

In 1736 Clifford sent him to England, where he met Dr. Dillenius, professor of botany at Oxford. In 1738 he went to Paris and met Dr. Jussieu, the great French botanist.

He then returned to Sweden and became professor of medicine and botany at Upsala, a position he held for thirty-seven years. While he was here the king appointed him physician to the royal family and made him a noble, which changed his name from Carl Linné to Carl von Linné. But the world always calls him Linnaeus (lī-nē'ūs), which is the Latin form of his name. This is because his books, like other scientific works in those days, were written in Latin, since learned men in every country knew that language. It was natural that Linnaeus should come to be known by the name he signed to his books. He died in 1778.

In his great book, "Systema Naturae," he gave men a system of arranging living things in an orderly way—according to classes, orders, genera (jēn'ēr-ā), and species (spē'-shēz). He was a kind of scientific Adam giving every living thing its scientific name.



Photo by N. Y. Botanical Society

Linnaeus was anything but an ardent student of Latin in his boyhood, but he found Latin very useful to him when he came to write scientific books; and strangely enough, it is only by the Latin form of his name that this great naturalist is generally known.



This is Asa Gray, the American scientist who made a lifelong study of plants, and published such interesting books about them that people in all walks of life had their eyes opened to the marvels of botany.

Photo by Keystone View Co.

When Gray became a professor at Harvard, he found that the university had no botanical library and no herbarium. He soon remedied that, however, and his plant collection became the most valuable one in America.

A GREAT AMERICAN BOTANIST

Asa Gray Began His Study of the Plants as a Boy and Kept It Up All His Life

ONLY a century ago any boy in America could go out into the woods and pick up plants and flowers that no one could name. That was before the botanists had ever seen them. For the modern study of botany was still young, and among the stranger American plants it had hardly begun.

One of the boys who had a great deal of fun doing this grew up to be a great botanist—the best-known one that has yet been born in America. That was Asa Gray.

Asa Gray was born in New York State in 1810. His father owned a tannery, and as a boy Asa used to drive a horse round and round in a circle in the tannery, to grind up the bark. So the boy did not get much education; about the best part of it came in hunting for his new plants. Yet when he showed how much he liked to study, his people got together enough money to send him to a medical school, and he graduated as a doctor when he was twenty-one.

He was never going to practice medicine. The call of the plants was too strong for him. In those days medicine and botany were on closer terms than they are now, and as soon as Gray had won his medical degree he took a place as a teacher of botany. Then he began to write about plants, and became so famous that at thirty-two he was called to Harvard to be the professor of botany.

During his long life at Harvard, down to his death in 1888, he built up a strong department of botany, with a good botanical garden and with thousands of books and specimens. He trained hundreds of students to go out and teach the subject. But above all he kept studying the subject himself and writing about it.

His many writings are of two kinds. In one kind he is telling the other scientists of the world all the new ideas that came to him and the discoveries he made. To do this he wrote many short papers, and some long books like his "Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States" and his "Flora of North America." In the other kind he is telling everybody some of the interesting things about his science—in such books as "How Plants Grow" and "How Plants Behave."

He had his reward in many honors, both at home and abroad, where he was elected to many of the great scientific societies. But he remained always modest, genial, and kindly, as should any lover of the plants and flowers; it was on his seventy-fifth birthday that the poet Lowell wrote of him:

"Just Fate, prolong his life well spent,
Whose indefatigable hours
Have been as gaily innocent
And fragrant as his flowers!"



This is a portrait of Johann Gregor Mendel, the learned monk who studied the family traits of peas in his monastery garden.

Not until many years had passed after Mendel's death did biologists come to appreciate the results of his extraordinary experiments.

Photo by Br

HE SOLVED *the* RIDDLE of HEREDITY

If a Black Pig and a White Pig Have a Brood of Piglets, What Color Will the Piglets Be? It Was Gregor Mendel Who First Told Us about That

UNLESS you are a most amazing person, you have already forgotten some fact that you have read in this book. Now what is the chance, do you think, of every single person who has read the book forgetting or neglecting that same fact?

For a better illustration, suppose you are a genius and have discovered a new fact of very great importance to the world. Suppose you write out your discovery and print it in a book, and suppose the book goes out to all the libraries and to many of the learned men who ought to be highly excited about what you have done. What is the chance that not a single man will notice it for forty years—that the discovery which these men would give anything to know, will simply lie asleep in your pages all that time?

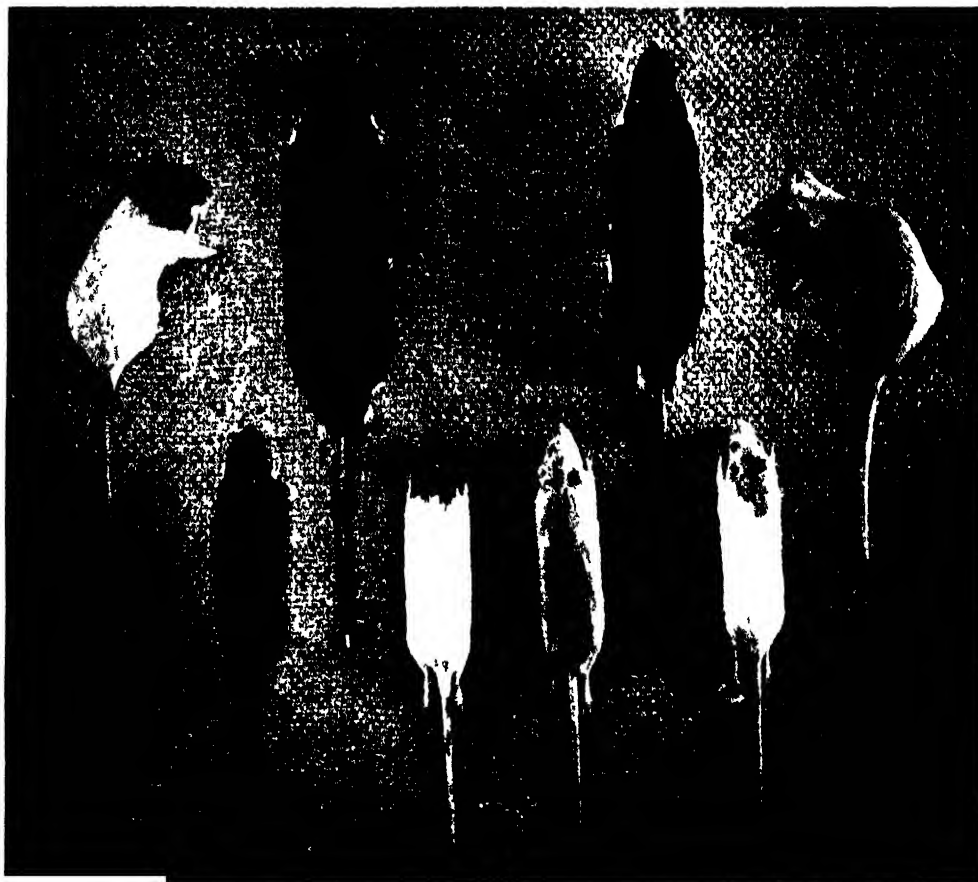
Certainly it does not often happen, but it did happen at least once. It is one of the curiosities of science and of human history. It happened to Johann Gregor Mendel, a great discoverer, and to the very important laws of heredity which he discovered. Those laws are so important that the work of plant

and animal breeders all over the world—of men like Luther Burbank, for instance—are now based mainly on them. Yet the laws remained asleep in the way we have described, for nearly as long as we said.

Mendel was the son of a poor Austrian farmer. He was born in 1822 and lived till 1884. There is very little to tell about his life, for he became a monk at Brunn, in Austria, where he finally rose to be the abbot of his monastery. That is all that is important in his career, except the fact which was so long unknown but which made him famous years after he was dead.

This man wanted to know what happened when two parents that were unlike had children, whether the parents were plants or animals. Which parent would the children be like, and would they all be like the same parent? Or would they be like both parents, about halfway between the two? And what about the grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren? In one word, what is heredity, and how does it work?

We all know it is very important. If we



This picture shows you one of the puzzles that scientists have been able to work out by means of Mendel's principle of heredity. The two rats which are facing toward the center, at the right and left of the picture, are the parents. Each of these two parent rats has certain characters, or traits—some traits "dominant," and others "recessive." Though the black-hooded rat to the left is mostly light in color, it nevertheless has blackness for a dominant inherited trait, while to be hooded is a recessive trait. A dominant trait of the cream-colored rat to the right is to have a solid color; and the fact that this solid color is cream is a recessive trait. Now according to Mendel's law, the children of this pair of rats which we have just described will all have the *dominant* traits of their parents. Knowing these dominant traits, we can see that the children,

which are the two larger rats at the top of the page, will have a solid color, as did their cream-colored parent. And since it was a dominant trait of their other parent to be black, they will then be solid black, as the picture shows them to be. Now if these two solid black rats are mated, their children, which are the four small rats at the bottom of the picture, will have various combinations of inherited traits all according to Mendel's law. For example: If the two solid black rats were to have sixteen children, nine children would be solid black like their parents; three would be black-hooded, like one of their grandparents; three would be of a solid cream-color, like their other grandparent; and one little fellow out of all the sixteen would look like none of his family, for he would be cream-hooded, like the one on the right.

can only understand how it works, we can see our way ahead in breeding wheat and corn, or dogs and horses; we can even do a great deal to improve the human race. But until Mendel told us, nobody knew much about the way heredity works, and there was many a strange and even nonsensical notion in the air about it. Aside from the scientists and the breeders, indeed, there is

many a wrong notion about it in the world to-day.

For instance, if a pure white guinea pig and a pure black guinea pig have a brood of little guinea pigs, what will be the color of the little beasties? Will they all be gray? Not in the least, and you will be surprised when you see them. They will all be black. It will look as if white were going to vanish

from the world of guinea pigs. But there you will be wrong again. For only let all these little black guinea pigs grow up and have children, and some of these will be black, while others will be white! We do not know why that is so, but so it is and will always be. And we now know in advance just how many will be black and how many will be white. One-fourth will be white, and the other three-fourths black. But that is not the end of the story. The white guinea pigs will now always have white children, if they breed only among themselves. But one-third of the black ones only will have black children. The other two-thirds of the black ones, or half of the whole tribe, will have children of whom a quarter will be white and the other three-quarters black. And so it will go on forever.

That is a simple statement of Mendel's law. There is a good deal more to it.

Guinea Pigs and Peas

Mendel did not experiment with guinea pigs, but simply with peas. He grew them in the garden of his monastery, and he watched them for years before he was sure of his discovery. He crossed some tall peas with some dwarf peas, and found that the seed grew tall peas only. But the seed of these tall peas grew peas that were three-fourths of them tall, and one-fourth of them dwarf. From the fourth that were dwarf, only dwarf peas would grow thereafter, if there was no crossing. But from those that were tall, without any crossing, would come some tall peas and some dwarf peas, in the ratio we gave for the guinea pigs.

When Mendel had tried all this enough times to make sure that it would always happen and that he had therefore made a great discovery, he wrote it all down in a paper which he read to a scientific society at Brünn. It was published in the annals of the society, and sent out to the world. That was in 1866; and in those annals the paper slept till it was discovered in 1900. At once the world saw that it had a new set of scientific facts of great interest and importance—of interest to all scientists, and of practical importance to all farmers and

breeders. Institutions and governments immediately started vast experiments to continue the work of Mendel, and a great expansion of his first studies came as the result. But the primary laws, as established by him, remain the basis of the whole work.

Those laws do not by any means answer everything there is to ask about heredity. In the higher animals especially, and in man above all, there is much that we do not yet know about the inheritance of certain traits. There is still plenty of mystery in heredity, and plenty of discoveries yet to be made. We cannot reduce human heredity to Mendelian mathematics, and Mendel never said we could. But in many and many a trait of plants and animals we can be mathematically certain what will happen when two parents have children. And all the while we are finding out how the laws work with more and more traits of more and more species.

In general, when two parents have different traits, one of the traits is "dominant," while the other is "recessive." In the guinea pigs, for instance, black was dominant and white was recessive; in the peas tallness was dominant, while dwarfness was recessive. Now the first children will all have the dominant trait. In the second generation three-fourths will have the dominant trait, while one-fourth will have the recessive trait. Now the fourth that have the recessive trait are all alike; if they are not crossed, they will all have children with the same recessive trait. But the three-fourths with the dominant trait are not all alike. One-third of them only, or one-fourth of the whole generation, are pure in the possession of the dominant trait; they will all have children with that trait. But the other two-thirds, or half of the generation, are really mixed, though they will not show it to the eye; for their children will have, three-fourths of them the dominant trait and one-fourth the recessive trait. And so the story will go on forever.

In the practical use of Mendel's laws men have had to find out what traits of what species are subject to it, for by no means all are; and then they have had to learn by experiment which traits are dominant and which are recessive.

BURBANK

This is Luther Burbank, who did many astonishing things with plants. To disarm the cactus of its spiny weapons was only one of his wizardries.



Photos by Keystone View Co., American Museum of Natural History, and N. Y. Botanical Society

HOW WE MAKE NEW FRUITS *and* FLOWERS

This Is Mainly the Story of Luther Burbank, the Wizard Who Made Many a Plant into Something It Had Never Been Before

SUPPOSE you wanted to grow finer peaches or potatoes or tomatoes than the world had ever seen before, how would you do it? Suppose you even wanted to try producing some sort of fruit or flower that the world had never really seen at all?

There would be two main ways for you to work, and you would surely make a combination of them both. The first way would be one of selection. You would set out a thousand plants of the kind you wanted to improve, or ten thousand, or possibly many more. When they were grown, you would select the very best of them—best for the purposes you were aiming at. Maybe you would take only a dozen or so out of a million. You would throw away all the rest. Then from the seed of these best plants you would grow many others. These would be better, on the average, than your first crop, but still you would be far from satisfied. Again you would select the very best of these, just a tiny few, and plant again. You would get a still better crop. And so you would go

on, selecting and selecting, until you had the very best plant, with the very best fruit or flower you thought you could grow. You would have "selected" the best out of millions of possibilities.

Now men have done that for thousands of years, often without knowing any too well what they were doing. They did not do it on any large scale, but each farmer tended to sow his best seed, and so to get better and better crops. So a great deal of selection went on among the farmers long before the scientists came on the scene and began to do their wonders with the plants. Long before the scientists, the farmers of the world had made wheat and corn and dozens of other things far better than those plants had been in the wild state in which the first farmer began to cultivate them.

The other way of working often produces even greater marvels, and more rapidly. You would take two different plants, or two different species of one plant, and cross them. What you would then get would be a hybrid

BURBANK

(hī'brīd)—a plant that would have some of the traits of each of its parents, but would not be exactly like either one. Then you would plant the seeds of your hybrid to see what you would get, and out of what you got you would begin selecting. You would take just a few of the most promising of your new plants, destroying all the rest, and breed again from them. In the process you might make more crossing, of course. In the end, by crossing and selecting, you ought to get a far finer plant, with a much larger and better fruit or flower, than you had to start with; and if you were lucky or very skillful, you might have something like a really new plant in the world.

Now hybrids, too, have been growing in the world for a long time, though almost entirely by accident until rather recently. They have given us a great variety of differing plants. But of late the scientists and the experiment farmers have been doing both of the things we have mentioned on a very large scale. The result has been a vast improvement in our fruits and flowers, our grains and nuts and berries. We now have far better things to eat, and a good many more of them, than people used to have, just on account of all the selecting and crossing that these men have done.

Improving Upon Nature

The most famous wizard among all these men was Luther Burbank, a man whose name is known all over the world for the fruits and vegetables and flowers he gave us. Burbank was not one of those great scientists who peer into the secrets of Nature and discover great new laws about her workings. He knew enough science for his purposes; but he was mainly just a man with the infinite patience and the infinite skill to make a garden grow as it had never grown before. He knew how to make the plants do the things he wanted, without knowing any too much about why the plants acted as they did. He left that to other men. You may find out some of the reasons why plants act in that way if you will read our story about Gregor Mendel, a far greater scientist than Burbank.

But it was Burbank, working in the way

we described, who gave us a larger and better potato, named after him, together with several other varieties of the same vegetable. It was he who produced new kinds of corn and tomatoes and peas, and various other vegetables. It was he who grew a plum without a pit, and perfected a prune that would keep for months when dried. It was he who made a cactus grow without spines, to form a valuable food for beasts and possibly for men, and to turn the desert into a garden at will. It was he who changed the colors and shapes and sizes of many of our flowers, and gave us some of our most beautiful ones. He was master of the science of horticulture—the growing of plants, fruits, and vegetables—which is a most important branch of agriculture, as every farmer knows. Agriculture adds to this the raising of animals, and in a broad sense includes forestry and dairying.

Born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1849, Luther Burbank was a poor farmer's boy who did not get a very advanced education. He went to work early, but he soon began experimenting in the fields in which he was going to be so famous. By 1872 he had grown a better potato than any farmer in New England knew. This was the "Burbank potato." With the little sum for which he sold his rights in it Burbank then went to California, the garden spot of all the world for the kind of work he wanted to do. There, at Santa Rosa, he kept busy for more than fifty years growing the fruits and grains and flowers we have mentioned, along with many other "new creations."

He came to be a rich and very famous man—the most famous of all plant breeders in the world. From everywhere men came to watch his work, and specialists often were sent by their governments to learn about it. He added untold millions to the earnings of the farmers of the world, and many a delicacy to the tables of every home. For all this he was amply rewarded. California came to think of him as her first citizen, and the rest of the world agreed with California. When he died, in 1926, he had shown many other men how to carry on the work he loved—the work of helping Nature to give us the things we want.

A TINY SOLDIER TURNS *into a* MIGHTY SCIENTIST

Lamarck Came So Near to the Theories of Darwin That the French Sometimes Call Him the Discoverer of Evolution

A VERY tiny lieutenant in the French army was lingering in Paris till he could get well of an injury in his neck. He was a small man for a soldier. In fact, he had been meant for a priest, but he had left his school to go to the wars. On the day he arrived he put himself in the front line, without asking anybody's permission, and when the officers told him to get out of the place he refused to leave. A few hours later there were only fourteen men left there, and as all the officers had been killed he took command. Even then he refused to retreat. So of course he was made an officer for his bravery.

This was the great Lamarck (1744-1829)—his full name was Jean Baptiste Pierre Antoine de Monet de Lamarck (là'màrk'). At the age of twenty, his fighting days were now over. The thing in his neck had seen to that. And with only about \$100 a year to live on, he was wondering what he was going to do in the world.

He decided to study medicine, but he was never to practice it. In those days medicine was a good deal closer to botany than it is now, and just at this time botany was also a very fashionable study. The ladies were keeping all sorts of collections of plants, and the gentlemen were also studying the flowers on their estates in the country. So Lamarck took up the study of botany—in a far more scientific spirit than the many amateurs around him, who regarded the flowers as pretty playthings to be dried and ticketed, but as little more. It was not

long before he had written a large book on the "Flora of France," which started his fame. Then he was given a post in the Garden of Natural History in Paris. He continued to write a great deal about botany, and traveled to many places to study the plants.

All at once, when he was in middle life, he was called on to give up his work with the plants and to study and teach about the animals instead. He had to start all over with a new science. But he went to work vigorously as a zoologist, and was soon giving his first lectures. In due time he was to be more famous in his new field than he had ever been in the old one. And he wrote several books on the new subject too, the chief of them being his "Natural History of Invertebrate Animals." This took seven volumes, in the last two of which he had the help of his daughter, because he had gone blind.

Lamarck is known as one of the chief men who came very near reaching the principle of evolution for which Darwin became famous about thirty years after Lamarck's death. He did not believe that the different species of animals always stayed just the same, but that they gradually changed, though very slowly, as the world went on. In that theory he was so close to Darwin that the French sometimes look upon him as the discoverer of evolution, the name we give to the theory Darwin worked out to explain all the many forms of life upon the earth today.



Photo by National Museum
Jean Baptiste Pierre Antoine de Monet de Lamarck, a brave man and a great scientist.



It is not what you do but what you are interested in that makes life absorbing. A good many people might think Buffon's life a very dull one, but the painter of this picture of the great naturalist at work knew that the quiet little summerhouse in the garden never saw a dull moment during working hours. And those work-

ing hours were very long, there were fourteen of them a day. Buffon's servant had orders to call him at five in the morning—and to use violence if necessary! It was because of his faithfulness in the matter for some sixty years that Buffon once said, "I owe to Joseph at least twelve volumes of my books."

FIFTY YEARS *for* ONE BOOK ABOUT NATURE

*That Is the Time Buffon Took for His "Natural History,"
Probably the Most Beautiful Book of Its
Kind Ever Written*

HERE is a pretty little summerhouse in a garden. Just come in and sit down a minute, and listen to what happened here.

The walls of the little house are all painted a plain green inside, and there is not a picture or a mirror or an ornament of any sort on

them. There is only an armchair and a desk.

Every morning an old man comes here and sits down to write. He gets here at six o'clock and writes until nine. Then he has a little breakfast. He has been here every morning for a long time. For though

BUFFON



Photo by L. Olivier

Here Buffon is reading his famous "Natural History" to a pair of eager listeners. The author, too, would

seem to be enjoying himself, for unhappily he was vain. He never was seen without those lace ruffles.

BUFFON

he is a very old man now, he began this when he was quite young. For fifty years he has been writing away, very carefully, at a single book; and now it has grown into a very large book indeed. It fills forty-four big volumes, and it has made him famous all over the world. For it is full of learning, and beautifully written.

This man is Buffon (bü'fōN'), and the book is his famous "Natural History." It was written in the summerhouse in the sunny land of France, about two hundred years ago.

Georges Louis Leclerc Buffon was born there in 1707, and came of a rich family. But he was no man to live the gay and idle life of the rich and noble people who were ruining their country at that time. From his very earliest years he had loved to think about things, and above all to learn all that could be known about the world of nature — about the plants and animals and minerals that make up this vast and curious world. And when he grew up, he sat down to write out, in one great book, all that there was to know about these things.

He would simply keep on writing until he had told about them all. And he would tell it all so beautifully that everyone would read and would wonder at the marvels of the natural world.

And he certainly made the people wonder. As volume after volume of his book came from the printer, with their beautiful pictures, they kept rising higher and higher in the esteem of the people who would greedily devour them. Naturally the author had a great success from the work he loved so much.

The king of France made him the director of the Royal Gardens, and later a count. A prince from Prussia came to see him and was so enchanted with his description of a swan that he sent him a set of porcelain china decorated with figures of swans in every possible position. Many other great men honored him, in many lands. He was made a

member of the French Academy, of the Royal Society in England, and of many other learned bodies. And his fame lasted long beyond his death, in 1788.

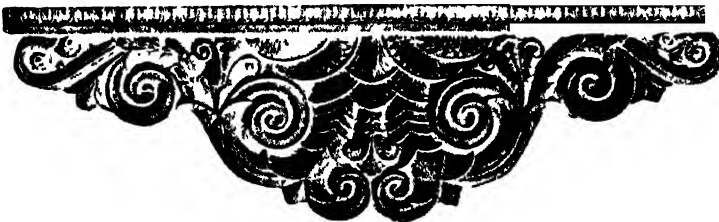
Buffon was not one of the great scientists. A great scientist is a man who finds out a new thing, or many new things, that no one had ever known before. Buffon did not do that—he was not that kind of man. But he was one of the best men for telling all the world about the things

that the great scientists had found out, and telling it in a way that all the world would understand and love. For he could write far better than almost any scientist.

In a word he had a "style," and a very great style. The most famous phrase he ever wrote is that "the style is the man." For all the facts are the same for everybody, but the way of telling them is our own. Some few men have a way of telling them most beautifully, and then we say they have a "style." In his own fine style Buffon told all about the facts of nature in a century when they were very little known indeed; and the only fault in him was that he was a bit too proud of what he could do. In a style, as in a science, there is no place for pride.



This is a portrait of the courtly and dignified Buffon.



The LAST MAN to KNOW "EVERYTHING"

Perhaps Alexander von Humboldt Came Nearer to Being That Man than Anyone Else

ONCE upon a time there was so little to know in the world that every man could know it all. A good deal later came a time when so much had been found out that only a few wise men could know all of it. In our day there is not the slightest hope of any man knowing it all. Even in a single subject, like physics or chemistry, there is so much to know now that nobody can ever master the whole of it.

Now just when did we reach the point where there was so much to know that no man could ever learn all of it? And who was the last man who may be said to have known everything there was to know?

Of course we cannot say exactly. But we shall not be very far from right if we say that, in the field of science at least, it was about a hundred years ago, and that the last man to know about everything in that field was Alexander von Humboldt, whose long life lasted from 1769 to 1859.

He Saw the World Made New

What an age to live through! Born in the middle of the reign of Frederick the Great, he lived to the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria. The American Revolution broke out when he was a boy, and Abraham Lincoln was elected president the year after he died. But above all other things, it was in those years that our science and invention

made over the mind of man and the face of the earth. And all through those years Humboldt had his finger on the pulse of every movement of science in the world. There was hardly anything it did that he did not know, hardly any corner of it that

he did not manage to explore. He possibly had more facts stored away in his head than any other man who ever lived.

Humboldt was born rich, and was intended for a public career. But from the very first he had been interested in the natural sciences, and while he was at the universities, getting ready for a career in the state, he was also delving very deep into the secrets of science. The truth is that he had a plan to be a great explorer to go to

all sorts of places where the human foot had seldom or never trod before, and to tell the world what he found there. So he set to work learning all the things he would need to know when he got to these places. He would need languages; he would need botany, geology, chemistry, physics, astronomy, geography, mathematics, anatomy, zoology, and many other things. He learned them all, and all about them, and his days were often so crowded that he did not get more than four hours of sleep.

He had other things to do, too, after he left the university, for he took a government position in charge of the mines. But he



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Alexander von Humboldt, one of Germany's greatest men and one of the mightiest intellects of his day.

was still studying, and now he was already publishing. In fact he combined business with study by publishing some papers on the plants he found growing underground in the mines.

At last, when he was thirty, he went off on his glorious trip exploring. It was to South America, and it lasted for five years. He followed unknown rivers through the jungle, crossed the Andes four times, climbed the highest peak on the continent, lived a good while in Mexico, visited President Jefferson on his way back, and went home with about sixty thousand specimens that he had collected in his forty thousand miles of travel.

An explorer nearly always publishes a book about his travels. What a book Humboldt had to publish! It took him about nineteen years to write the book all out, and it filled twenty-nine volumes when he was through with it. It told a great deal about his discoveries in geography and astronomy, in botany and zoology, and in still other fields. For one other thing, Humboldt was the man who drew those "isothermal (i'sô-thûr'mâl) lines" which we now see on all our weather maps and which tell us what the temperature is in all parts of the country at a given time.

He spent a fortune getting out these books. The pictures alone cost him about

\$170,000. But the books made him one of the most famous men in the world.

Before this time he had gone to live in Paris, to be nearer the center of science and learning in his day. But during the rest of his life, he was often called on for important services to the state, and was a great favorite of the Prussian kings he served. So he kept going back to Germany, and finally he settled there again. For a long time he lived in the palace of the Prussian king.

All of this interfered with his scientific work, but was till very far from stopping it. At the age of sixty he went out on another great expedition, this time into Russia and Siberia, and made some striking discoveries.

But it was when he was a very old man that he wrote his greatest book. He started it when he was seventy-six, and kept writing at

it for nearly all the rest of his life. It is called the "Cosmos," which means "all the world." And that is a good name for it. For this book tries to put together all that we know about the world, past and present. Very few authors have been daring enough to try to write such a book, and of those who have tried it Humboldt has probably done the best of all. No man since has grasped so much of the world in one mighty intellect.



Photo by Natio

Georges Cuvier, the great French scientist who first divided animals into their proper classes, and learned to know the creatures that no longer walk the earth.

How WE TELL WHAT ANIMALS ARE COUSINS

It Was Georges Cuvier Who Mainly Showed Us How to Do It—and He Did Not Judge by Their Looks

WHEN a big, shaggy Newfoundland meets a tiny Pekinese that weighs about two pounds, how does he know it is a dog? For he does know it well enough—he has never yet taken one for a cat.

For that matter, how do *you* know it? The two beasts hardly look a bit alike, and yet you know at once that they are both

dogs. But with many other species the thing is far more difficult—so much so that you would never know, just from its looks, what kind of animal you had to deal with.

The best way to tell what an animal is and what family he belongs to is not at all by the way he looks on the outside but by the way he is built on the inside—by the

CUVIER

way the bones are put together in his skeleton. And one of the great men to show us how to do that was Georges Cuvier (1769-1832).

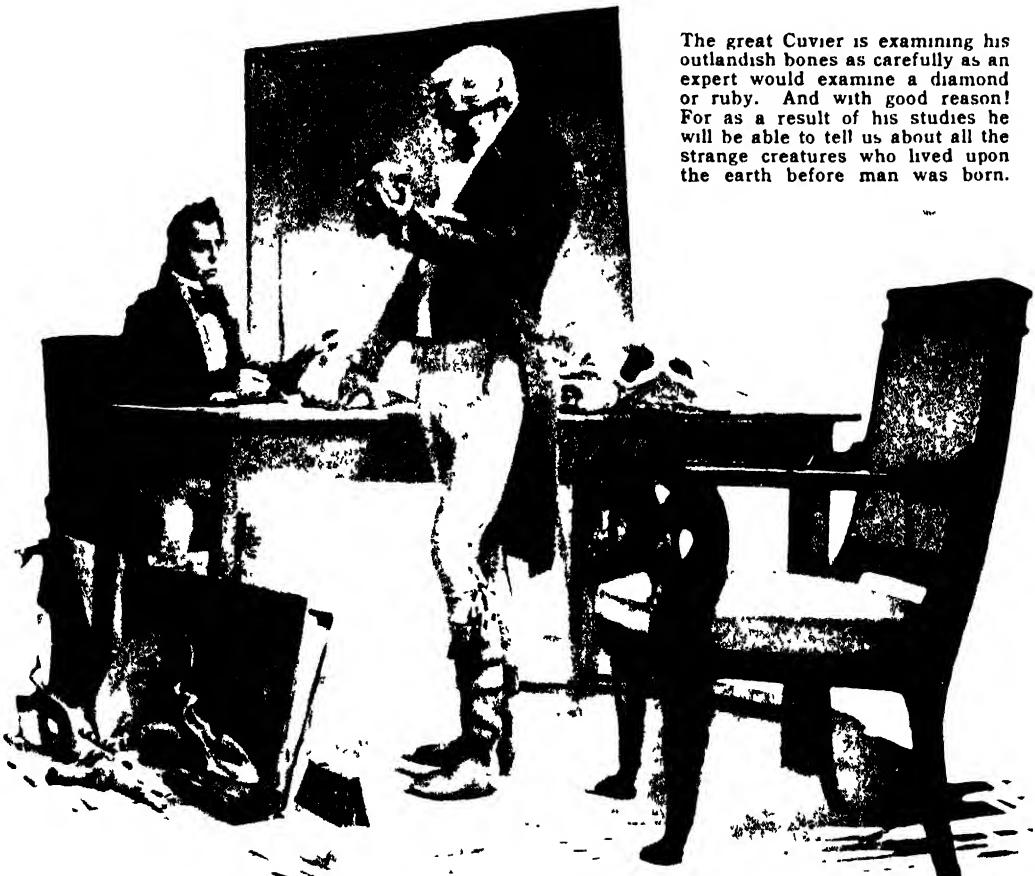
Cuvier (kü'vyā') was one of the first of the men who found out how to classify the animals according to their build. He was therefore one of the first of those men who are so skillful that they can take a few bones or teeth of some animal that disappeared from the earth thousands of years ago, and build up the rest of him just about as he used to be long ago. It is from such men that we get our pictures of the mammoths and mastodons and other long extinct animals.

Cuvier had to study a long time to do that. He began very young, and attracted some attention when he was still only a boy. Then he became a tutor in a family that spent the summers on the seacoast of France and he seized the chance to study all the

shellfish along the shore. Very soon he knew enough about them and other creatures to make a little name for himself in the world, and after that his career in life was clear.

He went up to Paris, where for the rest of his life he held one post after another in the colleges and the museums of the city. He taught a great many students and wrote a great many books and papers. Many of his studies were of the animals now on the earth, but others were of those that have long since disappeared from it. He also gathered vast collections of animals and fossils. The great result of his work was to place the animals in the groups and families where they belong in their true kinship that is, according to true scientific principles.

Cuvier was fully rewarded for his work. He was famous the world over. Napoleon gave him a high office, and the successors of Napoleon granted him many honors too. Before his death he was made a nobleman



The great Cuvier is examining his outlandish bones as carefully as an expert would examine a diamond or ruby. And with good reason! For as a result of his studies he will be able to tell us about all the strange creatures who lived upon the earth before man was born.

Photo by L. Olivier



For all the eighty-four years of his life, John Burroughs spied on the birds. Yet he was no hostile spy, but so loving and understanding a friend that people called him "John o' Birds."

All the workings of nature fascinated Burroughs, and he delighted in telling other people about them. He, more than anyone else, helped to interest the rest of us in "nature study."

Photo by American Museum of Natural History

WHO WAS "JOHN O' BIRDS"?

How a Man Caught the Secrets of Nature and Put Them into Books That Bring the Summer Sunshine to Our Winter Fireplace

ODD as Dick's hatband!" said the neighbors, shaking their heads. But let the neighbors talk as they would, what did young John Burroughs care, lying there under an apple tree watching a plump mother robin feed her young? He did not know it, and neither did the neighbors, but some day people would be reading eagerly of what he had seen in the trees, and would nickname him "John o' Birds." Now, alas, there was someone calling him to do the chores!

There were always plenty of chores to do around that old-fashioned New York farm. John and his brothers had to carry in wood, help their mother skim the milk, hunt eggs, mind the baby, bring home the cows. John liked the last best. He liked, too, to putter around the oxen, which at that time—John was born in 1837—were still often used instead of horses. Even better, in the autumn, was the task of gathering the apples. How smooth and red they were, how firm and

tart to the taste! Or in spring it was pleasant to tap the sugar maples, watch the sap trickle out, and boil it down on his mother's stove. John made little cakes of the sugar and sold them in the village. He saved up the money till he could buy a double-barreled shotgun. Later he bought an algebra.

For John liked books as well as birds. He went to a tiny stone and shingle schoolhouse, known as "the old stone jug." There was only one small room, and the littlest children sat on benches along the wall, dangling their legs. You went to school for both the winter and the summer terms when you were very small and useless; after that you went only in winter, and in summer stayed on the farm to help. There were only about two dozen books in the school library. John read them over and over. Sometimes in the summer he would slip away from his work to lie under a tree and read—when he wasn't watching birds.

BURROUGHS

When John was seventeen he left home to teach in the tiny village of Tongore. He earned \$11 a month and "board 'round"; that is, he was fed and lodged in turn by his pupils' families—and received all of eleven dollars in cash besides. At the end of the term, he spent his savings studying at an academy. There he wrote his first essays. They were stiff and formal affairs, full of very big words.

It was ten years before Burroughs could stop teaching. He did not like the work, but he had married at twenty, and the family must be clothed and fed. Gradually he began to earn a little by his essays. After one of them had been mistaken for Emerson's, he awoke to the fact that he was not writing like John Burroughs at all but like someone else. So he began to write about the things he knew and loved—tending cows and making sugar, haying, swimming, hunting birds' nests—all the rich, simple life of a back-country farm in the foothills of the Catskills in the 1850's.

During the Civil War Burroughs was in Washington, clerking in the Treasury Department. There he met Walt Whitman, and learned to love him like an older brother. The first book he published was about Whitman, and Whitman named Burroughs's first nature book "Wake-Robin." Of course this book is about the birds. It is as charming a book as Burroughs ever wrote, and people at once let him know that they liked it.

After a trip to England and another successful book, called "Birds and Poets," Burroughs moved back (1873) to his beloved hills. He bought a farm on the Hudson not far from West Point, and for the rest of his long life "Riverby" was his home.

He left it often to travel—he must study the birds and flowers in other places too. He traveled in the West and South, in the Maine woods, in Canada, Bermuda, Hawaii, Alaska. He camped in the Yosemite with the naturalist John Muir and in the Yellowstone with President Roosevelt. But he always came back to "Riverby."

In 1895 he built himself a rough cabin in the hills near his home, and called it "Slabsides." By that time the books about nature which he had written made a long row on a shelf, and men and women and little children all over the land were grubbing around grass roots and peering at butterflies because John Burroughs had told them what fun it was to catch Nature intimately at work. And from all over the land they came to "Slabsides" on pilgrimage, to see the

old sage who studied and wrote there by himself. He was a straight and vigorous old man, with bright steady eyes and a long white beard. There was about him something of the quiet of things that have their roots deep in the warm earth.

So he lived and listened to Nature and wrote down her secrets, till he was eighty-four years old. Then, in 1921, he died.



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

Most of the pictures we see of John Burroughs show him as an old man with a long white beard. That is because people think of him as a sort of sage, full of the ripe wisdom of a long, rich life. He was the author of many volumes of charming essays; yet we do not think of him first as a writer. He was intensely interested in science and the questions scientists ask of Nature; yet he was scarcely a scientist—he would never have fitted into a laboratory. His way of asking questions of Nature was to listen to birds and to study the ways of flowers. That is the way he learned the quiet wisdom that made him a sage. So it is quite right that we should think of him as a wise old man sawing wood at "Riverby."



This is John James Audubon, who used his training as a painter to make portraits of birds. He waited long for recognition, but was able at last to publish his pictures in a book which brought him lasting fame.

It is not easy to persuade the birds to pose for you. They are too busy attending to their own affairs, and they are timid, besides. So Audubon had to use a great deal of patience in painting his lifelike pictures.

by Audubon Museum of Natural History

A MAN WHO LIVED *with the* BIRDS

Audubon Made Some Famous Pictures of Them, and That Is Why We Now Have Audubon Societies All Over the Country

AS WE go along some winding old country road we can always get a bit of a thrill if some furry little creature on four legs happens to pop out into the path ahead of us. If we have any sense at all, we shall stop still and watch him. Then if we know how to do it we can creep very, very slowly up to him, and often get near enough to see exactly what he is doing. If we are really expert at it, we can even pick him up once in a while—though that takes a lot of practice. Anyhow, it is always interesting to watch and see how the little fellows live their lives out in the woods—so pretty, so cunning, and so capable as they all are. They know how to do so many things that we can never dream of doing!

But we do not very often see them. They have learned that it is better to keep out of the way of two-legged things in trousers. And there are not so many of them left now, for the two-legged things have killed off most of them. In many ways

that is a pity, for the woods would be far more interesting to us if we had not shot down so many of their inhabitants.

Once in a while there is a man who keeps going out into the woods, not to shoot things down for food or fun, but just to watch them, and perhaps to make pictures of them. Such a man was John James Audubon (ô'dôô-bôn), who has long been famous for the pictures he drew of the things he saw in the woods.

Audubon was born in Louisiana in 1780, and having a French father, he was sent to school over in Paris. But he refused to go into the French army, as his father wished him to do, and came back to America, where his father had considerable property. For the rest of his life he had just one main idea. The animals that he loved were the birds. And since he had studied painting in Paris, he wanted to spend his life making pictures of the American birds he loved to watch and study.

Now there is not very much to do with a man of one idea. He usually has to work it out. If the idea is a bad one, he may come to harm, and even if it is a good one, he may have a hard time. For a long while Audubon had a pretty hard time. This was a new country, with a great deal of hard work to be done in clearing the forests, getting rid of the wild animals, and building towns and cities. And here was a man who wanted to do nothing but sit out in the woods all day till the birds forgot they were afraid of him and let him come close enough to make pictures of them just as they lived at home when there was no one around.

The Wandering Audubons

So of course there were people who thought Audubon was silly, and of course Audubon often had a hard time making a living. But he did have some friends and helpers, and the best of all of these was his wife. She liked his work and aided him in it, and she also helped to make money to keep the family going while he was getting his famous pictures ready. They moved about a great deal—in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and down the river to New Orleans—looking for a living and at the same time for more birds to watch and paint. And besides trying a number of other things, Audubon would paint pictures of people too, whenever he had the chance, to make a little money.

There is a story that once when he arrived at Natchez, Mississippi, he had on a pair of shoes that were all gone to pieces. So he went to a cobbler and offered to paint a picture of the whole family if the cobbler would make him a pair of shoes. By the end of the day the cobbler had a picture of himself and his wife and family, and Audubon went off with some new shoes.

Finally his wife started a school in Louisiana which made a little money for the family. By this time Audubon had a great many pictures of his birds. There was nothing to do with them in this new country, and Audubon set out for England, in 1826, to

see whether he could manage to get them published.

England was a rich land, and many of the rich people in it were willing to put their money into fine books and pictures. Now the books that Audubon wanted to publish would cost a great deal of money, for it is very expensive to print fine pictures in color. The books would have to sell for about a thousand dollars for the set of four volumes—and a thousand dollars was a great deal of money in those days. But Audubon was not daunted, and he found enough English people to buy his books. He first gave exhibitions of his pictures, in London and elsewhere, and grew famous for his work. Then he started to publish, and spent about twelve years seeing his fine paintings through the press; though he was back in America several times during that period.

Even with all his fame and with the subscribers he secured for his books, he had a hard time paying for the publication. The books cost about a hundred thousand dollars to print, and Audubon had to sell many of his drawings to get the money to pay the printer. Sometimes he would get up at four in the morning and work till the afternoon, and then go out to see if he could sell a few of his pictures. But after all, the woodsman proved a pretty good business man, and his famous "Birds of North America" finally came complete from the press. It put the seal on Audubon's reputation throughout the world.

America's Monument to Audubon

His days of struggle over, he came back to America at the age of sixty, and lived near New York for the rest of his life, until his death in 1851. The city has long since grown out to take in the spot where he spent his last days in rural quiet, but there is still a park named for him; and all over the country there are Audubon societies whose many members love to study our wild creatures and to save as many of them as they can from being swept away by the advance of conquering man.



Photo by the National Museum

This is the portrait of a great geologist. With his adoption of certain new theories and methods of study, Sir Charles Lyell, whom you see above seated in his

study, helped to mould the scientific study of our earth into the shape it has taken to-day. In his day geology was still an infant science.

HOW LYELL READ *the* STORIES *in the* ROCKS

A Story of the Great Scientist Who Did So Much to Find Out the History of Mother Earth as We Now Know It

IF A man will only learn how to do it, he can have a great deal of fun watching the birds in the trees and the insects in the grass, or even looking at the stones and pebbles on the ground. All of these have strange stories to tell to anybody who will learn their language.

So thought Charles Lyell (lī'el) when he was a boy, and so he thought all his life. There never was a day when he did not want to find out more about birds and insects, about mountains, plains, and valleys. He was still only a little fellow, brought home ill from school and kept at home to grow stronger, when he began to look at the nat-

ural world and learn its busy life. In his father's library were some fine books with beautiful pictures of moths, butterflies, crickets, and thousands of insects; and when Charles went outdoors he tried to find the insects he had seen in the pictures.

Often he would bring home some small fly or beetle whose name he did not know. He would sit down with the big books and turn from picture to picture until he found the portrait of the insect he had captured. Then he would put his specimen in a box with a glass lid and label it with the proper scientific name.

Though Charles had been born in Scotland (1797), he spent his childhood in the south



Bit by bit the waterfalls tear back the ancient rocks over which they leap. Streams wear down the mighty mountains of old and redeposit the material where, in the fullness of geologic time, new mountains may rise. The sea is forever eating back and rebuilding the coast lands. And so the age-old process of destroying and rebuilding keeps on to-day, just as it did when the

only inhabitants of the earth were the lower order of creatures we call the invertebrates. But people have not always known that. It was Lyell who developed the theory that the forces at work on the earth to-day are the same ones that affected the earth countless ages ago. You can see how important this theory is in reconstructing the earth's history.

of England, where he could be outdoors almost every holiday. Like other boys he went to school, played tricks on his teachers, got into scrapes of various kinds, but somehow managed to get through his childhood safely and find his way to college

When Lyell Began to Read the Rocks

It was not until he was studying at Oxford that his interest in the rocks and in the way the earth was built grew greater than his interest in insects. He came to be fascinated by the story written in the rocks. In those days people had very little idea how many millions of years the world has been going on. Scientists were not yet sure of the meaning of fossils (fōs'ıl)—those remains of queer beasts and insects and sea creatures in the very midst of the rocks. We know now that once, long ages ago, the fossils were living things which died and left their bodies in the mud or slime. Often this happened under the sea, and long afterward the land rose out of the sea in the form of rock. When Lyell was a young man, scientists had begun to have a suspicion that there was a history of the earth in these rocks, but they had not yet learned to read it. This eager

young geologist was to do more than any other one man to work the history out

He could not give himself up to geology at once, because his father wanted him to study law. But his greatest joy was in trying to read the story in the rocks. When he left Oxford at the age of twenty-two and journeyed about Europe, he took notes of the rock formations everywhere he went. He also sought out the great men of science who were interested in geology and made many friends among them.

Perhaps Lyell would never have become a famous geologist if he had been able to go on with the law. But his eyes gave him a great deal of trouble and he had to stop his study for a while. Then he had the time to travel about to his heart's content and look at rocks and rivers and marshes and mountains, trying to make out their history.

The Book That Made Lyell Famous

One of the delightful things about a great man is the joy he takes in the work he likes best. When Lyell was thirty years old he used to spend eighteen hours a day collecting fossils and classifying them. Many and many a time he studied private collections

from early morning until dark. He grew great because he worked so hard, and he worked so hard because he loved the work he was doing.

When he was thirty-one he gave up the law entirely and began to write the book that made him famous--his "Principles of Geology." In it he tried to prove that the rocks had been formed through long ages of time and the fossils imprisoned in them. He showed that the same sort of thing is still happening--that certain seacoasts are still rising, for example, and certain others slowly sinking into the sea. With these ideas he took a long step forward in the effort to read the story of the rocks.

After his book was published, Lyell devoted the rest of his life to his science. In this he was greatly helped by the woman he married, Mary Horner. For forty-one years they studied together. It meant traveling a good deal hither and yon, to look at different rock formations and different kinds of fossils. Three times Lyell was in America. He saw how fast Niagara Falls wears away its rocks; he studied the way in which the Mississippi

is building new land year by year along the delta at its mouth. Indeed, he traveled all over the world searching out and learning the facts he needed to know.

At the age of fifty-three he was made a knight. By this time he was famous everywhere, and when he published a book called "The Antiquity of Man," he received many medals and degrees, and even honors that he had to decline, like the offer of a seat in parliament.

He lived to be seventy-eight years old. Although for the last ten years of his life he was almost blind, he accomplished more than most people with perfect sight. And he never lost interest in all the newest ideas in geology. He helped Darwin get his book "On the Origin of Species" published, for example, and accepted most of the ideas in it, although to do this he had to give up some notions that he had cherished all his life. Darwin called Lyell's generous attitude in this matter "heroic."

When Lyell died, in 1875, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, he was called the greatest geologist the world had ever known.

WHO FOUND OUT *about the ICE AGE?*

It Was Louis Agassiz, and That Was Only One of the Great Things He Did for Science

A BOY of seventeen was writing busily, page after page after page. Before him lay a heavy book of natural science. He needed the book and he had no money to buy it. He would make a copy of the whole thing!

Sometimes it is a lucky thing not to be rich. If you have to copy out your own book, you will learn the book; and learning one book is ten times better than looking through a thousand. When a man really learns one book, he is pretty likely to be writing a better one before long--at least if he is a man like Louis Agassiz (ăg'ă-sē).

Louis Agassiz was so keen at learning natural science that all his teachers thought he was going to be a great man, and were so happy about it that they all loved him. He had to go to several schools to find out

all he wanted to know. At first he was taught in the little Swiss home on the Lake of Morat, where he was born in 1807. When he was ten he walked away to a boy's school twenty miles distant. And when he had gone through all his schools he still wanted to go on studying.

His father was a poor clergyman, who thought the boy had better go to France and look for a fortune in business. But the boy wanted to go to a German university for four years and then to study in Paris for five more, and then he would write books about natural science! All this he told his father in a long letter.

But how was he going to get a living for those nine years? At least if he was going to study science, it had better be something practical. So Louis was advised to study

AGASSIZ

medicine, and he agreed; but never once did he forget his natural history, and when he finished at the universities in Germany he had a degree in both subjects. In the natural sciences he had been mainly studying the fishes, but he had paid attention to many other animals too. "I was always surrounded with pets," he says, "and had at one time some forty birds flying about my study, with no other home than a large pine tree in the corner of the room."

By the time he took his degrees the young doctor had written a large book about the fishes of Brazil, such as had been brought back to Europe in many specimens by two explorers who could not finish their work on them. But though the book brought him a good deal of fame, it made no money for him, and for some years still he was very poor. Yet he would not practice medicine. Instead, he

went to Paris, as he had wanted to do, and kept up his studies of the animals. There he made some important friends, and his struggles for a living from his science were soon over.

At the age of twenty-five he became a professor in the university at Neuchâtel. Here he carried on his work with the fishes, and soon came to his great studies of the fossil fish remaining from the days of long ago in the rocks of his native country. About these he published a masterly set of books during the next decade, greatly to the increase of his fame. At the same time and just afterward he was doing a vast amount of other work, the most important thing being a new catalogue and classification of the creatures in the animal kingdom—a labor of many years and a piece of work of very high merit.

But it was in another field entirely that he now made that remarkable discovery for which most of us know him best. The skeletons of the fossils in the rocks had led him to the study of the rocks themselves, and of geology in general. And in learning all about the glaciers of his native land, he had the genius to find out that all of Switzer-

land, and indeed all the northern part of Europe and America, had not so very long ago been covered by great glaciers. Thus he discovered that there had been what we now call the Ice Age. In our story of geology we have told a good deal about what this was. To find out about it was one of the most wonderful discoveries of all science.

At the age of thirty-nine Agassiz came to America to lecture and to carry on his studies. For the rest of his life he remained here, with visits to France and Switzerland. We were

lucky nation to get

such a man. He took a place as professor at Harvard, and was at once a leading scientist and a leading teacher in the country. Always working as hard as three or four average men, always brimming with enthusiasm for his science, he was one of the greatest trainers of scientists we have ever had. Half the good colleges in the country had professors of natural science who had been brought up by Agassiz at Harvard. And at Harvard he built up a magnificent museum of biology.

People often think of a good teacher as a man who just tells you everything you want to know, neatly and interestingly. But such a man is often not a good teacher at all. Remember that. He is just a good talker. You may learn all he knows as long as he keeps talking, but when he is through,



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

This is a bust of Louis Agassiz, the famous geologist and naturalist who found out about the Ice Age. Not very long before his time people had thought that the work which we now know to have been performed by the action of great ice sheets, was done by Noah's flood!

AGASSIZ



It was a great Alpine glacier like this one that taught Agassiz so much about ice action and the great Ice Age, which you will learn of when you read our article on geology. Agassiz was buried at Mount Auburn in

Cambridge, Massachusetts. The monument which guards his grave is a boulder from a glacial deposit in the Alps. Around it are planted pine trees sent from his old home in Switzerland.

you may not have learned how to find out any more for yourself. A good teacher is not the kind of man who has an easy time telling you all he knows, but the kind of man who can start you finding out things for yourself—even things that he may not know. When you get to the point where you can find out things for yourself, you have been educated. Until then you are not educated, but are just repeating what your teacher has told you—like a fine sort of parrot.

The Secrets of Agassiz's Bone

Agassiz was the best kind of teacher. Full of enthusiasm for his science, he spread the enthusiasm all around among his students. Then they wanted to find out the truth. But Agassiz would not tell them; he would make them find out. There is a story that a man once came to Harvard to learn from the great Agassiz. The first day

the master gave him a little bone and told him to go off and see how much he could learn about it. When the man came back he knew a good deal about that bone, though he thought this was a strange way for a great scientist to teach; but he did not know enough to satisfy Agassiz. For Agassiz knew what it was to learn for one's self—he had copied out whole books when he had been a boy. So he sent the man away again to study that bone. In due time the man saw the point. He also learned all there was to know about that bone, and found it was far more than he had ever dreamed. At that moment he started on his way to be a real scientist.

That is an exceedingly good way to teach, and a still better way to learn. But in order to teach that way, you have to love your subject so much that you will make other people love it also, until they cannot help learning it.

DARWIN

This is the face of Charles Darwin, whose work, called "On the Origin of Species," turned "evolution" into a household word and paved the way for future study.

Strangely enough, the theory of evolution, which practically all educated people believe in now, was much fought against when it was first brought forward.



Photo by Keystone View Co

The FATHER of "EVOLUTION"

Greatest of All the Natural Scientists of the Past Century, Darwin Has Probably Provoked More Discussion than Any Other Scientific Writer Who Ever Lived

WHEN you catch a green beetle or pick a queer-shaped leaf, what do you see? Do you notice where the beetle wears his eyes and just how the leaf is arranged with other leaves on the stem? When you come home from an outing, do you always bring another shell for your collection or a strange flower to hunt up the name of and press in a book? Charles Darwin once said that a youngster who liked to collect things would be either a miser or an art collector—or a naturalist. If you would rather collect pebbles than stamps, and if you look closely at them and see them clearly, you have a good chance to be the last.

That is the sort of thing Darwin himself loved to do when he was a boy. And he learned to see things you or I would not notice at all. He would study these things, and think about them—and then study and think some more. In that way, because he was a genius too, he made himself the most

famous naturalist and scientist, perhaps, who ever lived.

But it was not easy. He was born in 1800 in England, and at that time the schools did not do much to help a boy who was interested in science. In fact, Darwin's teachers thought that he did not have quite so much sense as most of their pupils; but that was only because he was much less interested in Latin than he was in flowers and birds. When he grew older, he thought he might be a doctor, as his father had been. But that would not do, because he could not bear to see people suffer. Then he left the University of Edinburgh, where he had been studying medicine, and went to Cambridge, to learn to be a minister. But that would not do either, although he did take his degree from Cambridge in 1831.

Now there had been some lectures on science at Cambridge, and in one of the lecturers, Professor Henslow, young Darwin

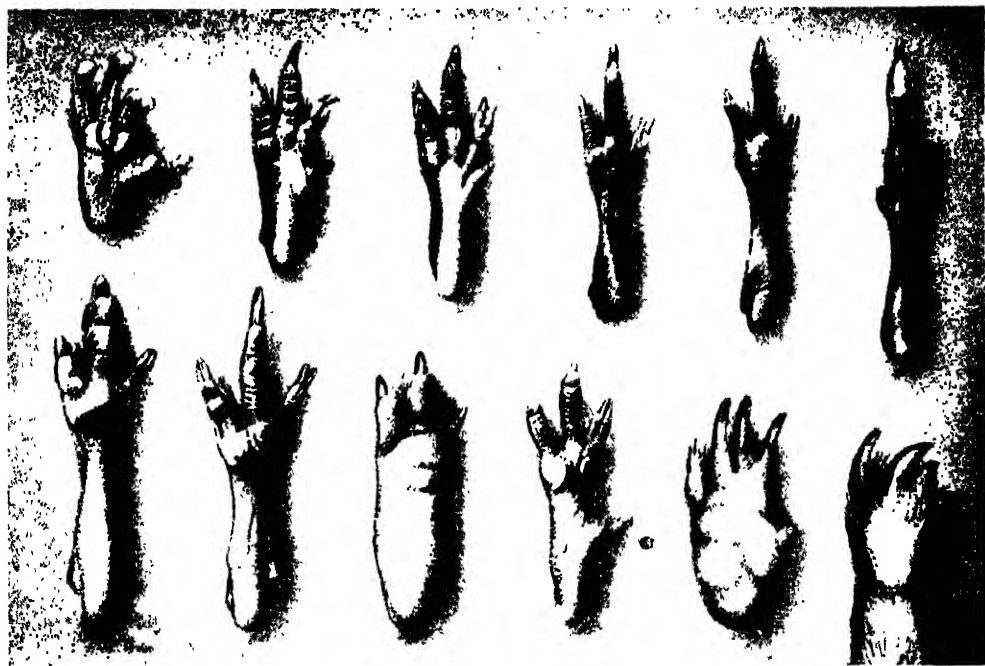


Photo by American Museum of Natural History

This page of animal feet means very little to most of us. But it was by puzzling over just such similarities and differences that Darwin worked out his great the-

ory of natural selection. All of these feet have a long history behind them, which was governed by Nature's ruthless process of weeding out the unfit.

had found a friend. Through this friend there now opened up to him a chance to do what he had been wanting to do all his life.

The Voyage of the "Beagle"

He was to go as a naturalist on a government expedition that was about to make maps of the coast of South America. His father was not very enthusiastic about this plan, but nothing could stop the eager young scientist. He gathered together the few scientific tools he had—they were not many—and climbed aboard the "Beagle," with his notebooks and his sharp eyes and his six feet of healthy enthusiasm. Five long years of hardships and seasickness in tropic waters undermined the youthful health but could not dampen the enthusiasm. The voyage was the making of him as a scientist. He said himself many years afterward that it had been by far the most important event in his life and had determined his whole career.

You can imagine how full the notebooks and journals were when he came back at last.

He had been looking at the trees and birds and animals and flowers of South America, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the islands of the South Seas, with the same sharp scrutiny of the little boy looking at these things in his native England. He had noticed all sorts of things which no one had ever noticed before. And he had been thinking about what he had noticed. He had material for many books.

Darwin's Famous Workshop

He had found his life work, and never hesitated again. When he was thirty he married his cousin Emma Wedgwood, and after a few years in London they went together to a quiet place at Down, near the sea. Here the great scientist lived and worked all the rest of his life. He needed the quiet, for he was not very well, and after he was about thirty-three he never knew a well day. Yet he was as patient about it as he had been about the dreadful seasickness on that long hard voyage. He could stand

DARWIN

his own pain, but it made him furiously angry to see children or animals suffer. His own children loved him dearly, and were never afraid to slip into his study for the hammer or the paste—though you may be sure they tried not to disturb him.

Darwin's Great Book

All this time he kept looking at things and thinking. He had published some of the material he had gathered on the voyage of the "Beagle," and his name was already well known. Now, it was all very well to tell people what animals did and what plants looked like, but Darwin kept asking himself questions. *Why* are these things so? What do certain things mean? How did things in this curious world get to be just the way they are? Isn't there some sort of pattern to it? And if there is, what pattern, and why that and not another one? In short, he was thinking out new theories about how living things had come to be so marvelously various and beautiful and terrible.

When he was fifty, he felt that he had an inkling of the answer, and he determined at last to write the great book that should tell the world what he thought. He had written out parts of it before. In 1857 he sent a long letter to his friend Asa Gray, the great American botanist, and told him something of what he had been thinking. Now he labored long and lovingly at his book, sometimes spending three months on a single chapter. He finally published it in 1859. It is called "On the Origin of Species."

Nothing has ever been quite the same in the world of science and philosophy since the publication of this book. People have hated it and disbelieved it, people have believed it and quarreled over it, but nobody has been able to forget about it. Scientists had been groping toward the ideas in it for many years. In fact, Alfred Russel Wallace had been coming to the same conclusions as Darwin at the very same time, and a paper of his explaining his ideas was read to a learned society at the same time with a statement of what Darwin himself meant to say in his book when he had finished it. But not even Wallace had expressed these ideas so

clearly and fully as Darwin did, nor backed them up with so many facts gathered from looking closely at nature. So we still call the main idea in "The Origin of Species" (spē'shēz) "the Darwinian hypothesis" (där-wīn'ī-ăn hī-pōth'ē-sis), which means Darwin's theory as to how the various forms of life grew up on the earth. It marked out the line along which scientists were going to work from that day to this, although not even scientists are agreed as to all of Darwin's conclusions.

Darwin really tried to do two things in this book. He tried to show how hard life is for living things and how only the fittest can manage to keep on living at all. The "fittest" will sometimes be the strongest, sometimes the cleverest, sometimes those that have some peculiar advantage—like the length of a giraffe's neck in a land where the sweet fruits hang high up in the air, or the protecting white fur on a rabbit in the snow. He said that the giraffe with the longest neck, the rabbit with the whitest fur, would survive because it was fittest, and that after a great many generations there would be a new species of giraffe with longer necks, or rabbits with whiter fur. He said that all signs pointed to the probability that all kinds of animals had once come from the same source and had become different in some such way as this, changing according to the conditions of life where they happened to live. This theory is called "natural selection" or the "survival of the fittest."

Darwin's Theory of Life

Then Darwin went on to set forth evidence he had been getting together all these years to prove that one kind of animal or plant actually has grown or developed out of another kind, and that consequently all life is akin and part of the same great pattern. He left his reader gasping with the marvelous vision of unconquerable life, starting with something very simple so long ago that we cannot conceive of the antiquity of it, and slowly building and changing, building and changing, splitting into uncountable different kinds of life, always becoming more complex and more wonderful, until at last came man with his busy brain and his unending interest

in everything from angleworms to stars. This is the "theory of evolution."

It was such a new idea that it made a great many people very angry. But there was nothing Darwin could do about that—he had said what he believed. So he just went on with his studies. In the course of time he wrote many other books. Two are particularly important, for in them he explained some of the things in the "Origin of Species" more fully. In "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" (1868) he told more about his notions of natural selection, and in "The Descent of Man" (1871) he explained at more length where man came

in, in his theory of evolution. He kept right on looking at nature and thinking about what he saw until he died at seventy-two years of age, in 1882.

Not everyone hated Darwin's ideas. He was given many honors - medals and degrees and memberships in great societies—until there was hardly any scientific reward that he had not earned. Everyone was talking about the things Darwin had seen and the things Darwin had thought. To-day all scientists accept his main ideas. And after all these years people are still talking about them and developing them—so that the fame he won by his looking and thinking is secure.

A GREAT FIGHTING SCIENTIST

*Not Because He Loved a Fight, But Because He Loved the Truth
as He Saw It, Huxley Had Many a Hard Battle*

WHEN Thomas Henry Huxley was a boy he had a fight with a bully in his school, and won it. But he came out of it with a black eye, and nearly everybody thought he had lost his battle.

All his life long he was going to be fighting battles for what he thought to be the truth, and very often he was going to get a black eye, even when he won. But he kept right on trying to give people a fair chance to hear the truth about the world we live in. And since many people did not like his new ideas about that world, but wanted only to go on with the old ones they had learned in the cradle, they did all they could to blacken his eyes for him. It was a long time before they all knew he had won the victory.

The world into which Huxley was born in 1825 was a very different one from ours. Of all the things that have come to make it over since that time, perhaps the chief has been the vast growth and spread of science. And in the cause of science Huxley was one of the greatest fighters that the world has ever seen.

He did not go to school much, and he would have learned very little science if he had gone a great deal, for hardly any science was taught in the schools of that day. He got his education mostly for himself—which

is often the best way for anybody with a mind like Huxley's. For he was so fond of geology that he would wake up before daylight and read about it by candlelight. And in the same way he learned many other subjects—French, German, and Italian, and still other things.

Then he started out to be a doctor. He made his mark as a medical student, and even at the age of twenty he had a discovery to his credit—a new fact about the cells in our hair. Soon after graduating, he joined the cruise of the battleship "Rattlesnake," which was going into Australian waters on a four-year search for scientific information. On this voyage Huxley worked with great success at his own discoveries, writing them out in papers to send back to the Royal Society at home. In reward, the year after he came back (1851), he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

From that time for the rest of his life he was one of the busiest men in the world. He was always at work on his studies and discoveries in his laboratory; he wrote countless essays and books to tell the world what he was learning; he served actively on many scientific and educational commissions; he was a teacher and professor of various subjects in various schools and colleges; and

HUXLEY

perhaps above all, he was a superb lecturer on science to popular audiences, of working-men especially, in many parts of the world. The mass of work he managed to do is nothing less than astonishing, and all the more so in a man who never had very good health.

Though he was by no means the greatest man of science in his day, he was easily the best of them all in the rare gift of telling their discoveries to the plain people of the world who knew little or nothing about science. The others could impress the Royal Society and the professors in the universities quite as well as Huxley; but he could make the common people wake up and think hard about the new world that science was building around them. His greatest joy was to make all sorts of men see how much they had to learn from science.

And of course that led to many a battle. Nearly every new idea in the world has to fight its way, and often very bitterly, because it has to put out some old idea that people love because they have always been used to it. Of course this does not mean that every new idea is right—far from it. Yet it means that if the new idea does happen to be right, it has to fight about as hard as if it were wrong, and sometimes even harder. That is why so many discoverers have been hated, or even put to death.

How Huxley Made His Enemies

And that is why Huxley made so many enemies among the men who could not understand the new ideas in science of which he was so full. When he wrote a book like

"Man's Place in Nature" (1863), and when he lectured up and down the land on similar topics, he raised a real storm of anger and abuse. Many a rich and powerful man, many a lord and bishop, and even a prime minister, joined in the hue and cry against him. But he stuck

to his guns, and we are all of us the wiser for it. For in the end everybody knew he had won his battles; so they loaded him with honors, and he died, in 1895, a very famous man.

Once when the hard-working Huxley was gazing at the stout, busy tugboats in the harbor of New York, he said "If I were not a man, I should like to be a tugboat!" Thanks to his hard tugging, in large measure, the plain people like you and me know a great deal more about science than we used to. Thanks to him, in great part, we can learn it in our schools, along with our Latin and our history. But there was one thing that Huxley loved even more than scientific fact. It was the free-

dom of every man to tell the truth as he sees it without the risk of being abused as an enemy of the human race. He was one of the men who, in his own words, "care even more for freedom of thought than for mere advancement of knowledge."

Surely that is a cause which ought to be dear to the hearts of Englishmen and Americans alike, since freedom of thought is the very breath of life for a democracy. We have made some progress toward winning it since Huxley's day, but we have not won it yet by any means. We all need often to remind ourselves that the other fellow may possibly be right after all!



Photo by L'Ho. & Frs. London

This determined-looking man is Thomas Henry Huxley who, although he had had very little early training, was yet able to find out many important things about the lower animals, as well as about the highest of living creatures, man himself.

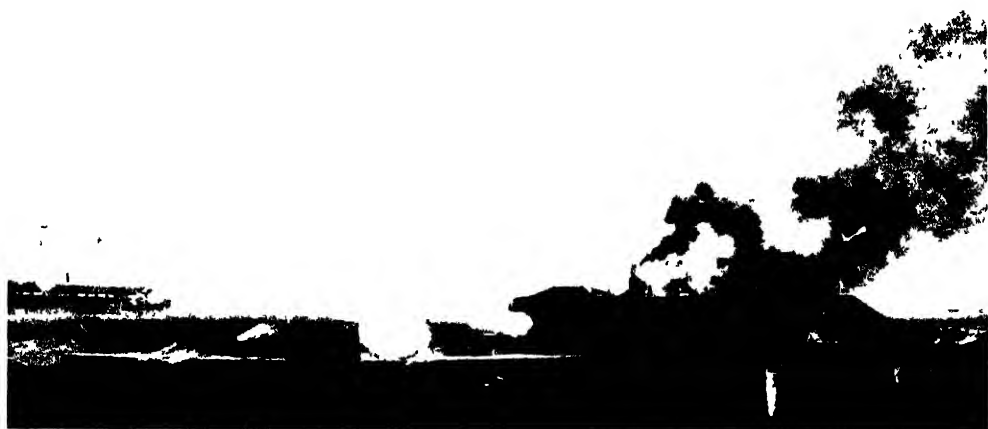


Photo by Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

One of the most famous battles in history was this fight between the first ironclad vessels, the "Monitor"

and the "Merrimac," in the American Civil War. The "Monitor" is shown in the foreground, above.

The MAN WHO BUILT the "MONITOR"

A Great Inventor, John Ericsson Is Known for Many Other Things besides His Famous Fighting Ship

SOON after the war started to rage between the Northern and the Southern states in 1861, the government in Washington was in alarm at hearing that the Southerners had raised an old frigate that had been sunk, and had put a coat of iron on her for fighting. It was the famous "Merrimac." The Northern navy had no way to fight an iron ship, and for a while it was at a loss to know what to do.

Then John Ericsson came forward to meet the menace. He was no unknown man, for he had already made many an invention. He told the President and the Secretary of the Navy that he could make a boat to fight the "Merrimac," and he showed them his plans and drawings. Then he went ahead, with their permission, and his "Monitor" was soon ready for the fray.

It was a big boat that lay so low in the water as hardly to appear above the surface, except for the turret in the middle, where two 11-inch guns were placed, and the pilot house in front. All over, the boat was sheathed in iron, which was of course thickest on the sides and especially on the pilot house

and the turret. The turret could revolve, and the whole ship could be turned around a good deal faster than the dreaded "Merrimac"—which had a disadvantage in its slow motion and a great advantage in its great iron "ram," as useful as its guns in sinking the wooden ships it met.

For the "Merrimac" had already been in action before the "Monitor" came on the scene, and had been playing havoc. There had been nothing to stop her, for what ship of wood could touch her? But on the 8th of March, 1862, the "Monitor" steamed slowly into Hampton Roads to engage the terror, and a great battle began at once. For hours the fight raged between the two strange and ugly monsters, and yet hardly anyone was hurt because neither boat could do much damage to the iron armor of the other. It was a drawn battle. But it was to the advantage of the Northerners, because even if they could not sink the "Merrimac" they had found the way to keep her from working her will on the defenseless wooden ships that she had been handling like so many toys.

ERICSSON

And it was far more important than that. For this was the first fight in all the world between two iron vessels, and it meant the quick end of any other kind of fighting on the sea. It was the beginning of all our modern navies, so stoutly armored in steel.

The "Merrimac" and the "Monitor" did not do very much more. The South-erners sank their boat to keep her from falling into the hands of the Northern navy when they gave up Norfolk, and the Northerners lost theirs at sea about the end of the year. But the fame of the man who made the "Monitor" lived on, for it was founded on many other achievements besides that one invention.

John Ericsson had been born in Sweden in 1803. As a mere boy he had started drawing pictures of machines and engines—he did it even before he knew how to write. At eight he was already making drawings in the office of a civil engineer, and at twelve he was regularly employed by the company that built the famous Gota (yû'tà) Canal. Like most of the engineers in Sweden, he went into the army at seventeen, showing so much talent that he was soon made a lieutenant and then a captain.

But Sweden was a poor country, and when Ericsson had made a number of inventions that could hardly be put on the market at home, he made his way to Eng-

land. There he went on inventing and building many kinds of machinery, and in the course of ten years took out thirty patents. His most famous invention was that of the screw propeller that finally took the place of the old paddle wheels in driving boats through the water. But since a

good many other people claimed a share in this invention, he did not get as rich from it as he had hoped. He also built

the first steam fire engine, and he made a hot-air engine which some people thought might take the place of steam. He made a locomotive to enter the contest which was won by Stephenson's

famous "Rocket," as we have said elsewhere.

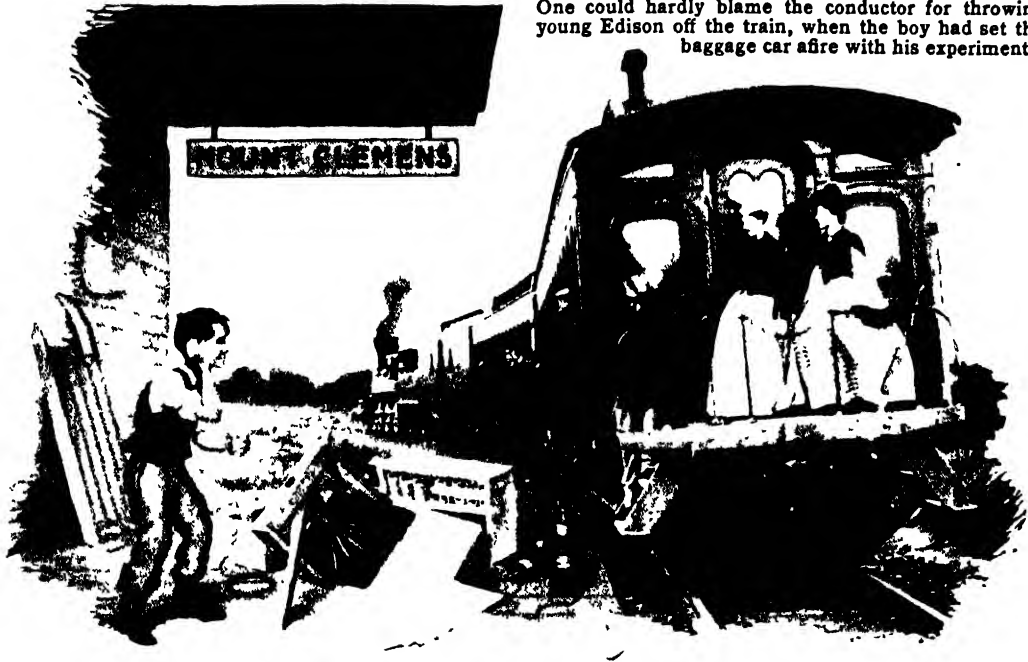
With these things to his credit he came to America in 1839, in the hope of building ships to be run by his patent boilers and propellers, and for the rest of his life he lived in the United States. For many years he had a hard time here, but he finally met with success. And after the building of the "Monitor" he was a famous man. He built many

other and better Monitors for the Navy, and when the war was over he lived on in New York, always bent on new experiments and further inventions. He died in great honor in 1889. Now his statue stands in the Battery Park of that city, like a bold man looking out over the water at the great ships that come in from the sea.



This is a portrait of John Ericsson, the clever inventor who tried his hand at so many things first in Sweden, then in England, and later in America. It was the "Monitor" that won him fame. Later on, it was found that the ship was not so practical as people had thought at first. But what did that matter? She had served her purpose well!

THOMAS A. EDISON



One could hardly blame the conductor for throwing young Edison off the train, when the boy had set the baggage car afire with his experiments.

HE TURNED ON LIGHT *for the WORLD*

*And That Is Only the Main Glory of the Wizard Edison,
Greatest of All Inventors*

IN a corner of the baggage car on a Grand Trunk train a boy of fourteen was very busy. It was not exactly at his work, for he was the newsboy on the train, and his business was selling papers and fruit to the passengers. But between his trips through the train he was doing something far more exciting. He was making experiments in chemistry. Perhaps he was the only boy who ever used a baggage car for that.

He was a strange boy anyhow. He had never gone to school more than three months, and yet he had read a great deal, and for several years he had been trying to find out all sorts of things to do with chemicals. At twelve he had persuaded his mother to let him go and sell papers on the trains, not so much because he needed to as because he wanted to. And ever since then he had been doing his tricks in the baggage car.

On this day he was doing things with

phosphorus. Now phosphorus will blaze up very easily, and pretty soon the car was on fire. The fire was soon put out—and so was the boy and all his chemicals—at the next station. The conductor had enough of *that!*

And yet this boy was going to be famous as Thomas Alva Edison, the greatest inventor in all the world. Born at Milan, Ohio, in 1847, he was already on his way to his career on that unlucky day in the baggage car. But how could a conductor know it?

Once out of the train, he wanted to get into a telegraph office. Electricity was doing so many new and wonderful things! But the boy did not know how to be a telegrapher. Then one day he saw a little child in peril and rushed to save it from being run over. What could the father do for such a boy? He could give him a chance to learn telegraphy, said Edison: and pretty soon Edison knew all about it.

THOMAS A. EDISON

Then he went to work hard as a telegrapher. But with him, as of old, working hard meant a good deal more than merely sending messages over the wires. He was always taking the instruments apart and making them over, to see if he could improve

that he was not a good telegrapher, but that he was so much else! In one office they told him he would have to send through the letters S I X every half hour, to let them know that he was at his desk. But he just rigged up a clock and a machine to send the letters every half hour for him, while he went on with his experiments. Then they found out his trick and put him out again.

But before long he did not need to care what *they* did to him. He had some inventions that were going to give him enough



Above is the merry face of Thomas Alva Edison when he was a newsboy of fourteen. "Al" was no common newsboy. For one thing, he set up a press in his baggage car and got out the first newspaper ever printed on a moving train. It won comment even from the far-away London "Times."



At the left is the famous laboratory at Menlo Park, where the greatest of Edison's inventions were born.



Below is Edison in early manhood, at the time when most of his tremendous energy was going into his favorite invention—the phonograph. And at the left is Edison toward the end of his life, still alert and active, though with a record behind him unmatched among inventors.



Photos by Keystone View Co. and Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

them. His office was soon a mass of wires and his desk a counter for experiments. And of course his employers did not love that. They were like the old conductor. They thought he was wasting his time and theirs, and pretty soon they put him out of the office.

He moved on to another town and got another place. He moved to a good many towns and got a good many places, and he lost most of them in the same way. Not

money to do as he pleased—that is, to go on for the rest of his life making inventions. He had made a machine that would repeat any message that came over the wires too fast for him to take down. He had made another to record the voting in an election by electricity. But nobody wanted to use that; and Edison learned the lesson of finding out whether a thing was needed before he set out to invent it.

When he found a way to send two messages on the same wire at once, he was at

THOMAS A. EDISON



In this little house, which of course was lighted only by tallow candles Edison, the great inventor, first

last on the right track, and the telegraph company knew it. It was a lucky day for them when they stopped telling him to let his experimenting alone, and gave him a good salary to do nothing but experiment for them; for soon he was showing them how to send four messages on the same wire, and saving them about \$75,000 a year.

Then he made a machine for printing the prices of stocks on the Stock Exchange—we call it a “stock ticker.” With the \$40,000 he received from this and from his other inventions up to the time, he now set up for himself; at the age of twenty-six, as an inventor. He bought a place at Newark, in New Jersey, and built a laboratory. And in that neighborhood—next at Menlo Park and finally at Orange—he was to remain till he died (1931), with his plant steadily growing until it became large enough to employ some three hundred other inventors and workmen—himself always the greatest inventor in it, and the hardest worker.

Of course Edison was a great genius; but he himself always said that hard work was nearly all his secret—that genius has very little inspiration in it, and is nearly all perspiration! And of course that is not quite true. Hard work is a very fine thing, and

saw the light of day. How much he was to add to the comfort of little homes like this one!

nobody will get very far without it, but many a man has done a great deal of hard work without being any kind of Edison. Yet with all his genius, Edison needed very often to forget all about sleeping and eating, in order to carry his inventions through. Thousands of days he went without more than four or five hours of sleep, and hundreds of times he did without any sleep for three or four days on end in order to push through his long experiments. With all his genius we should not have half his inventions but for the vast amount of work he was willing to do.

There is no room to list all the inventions that Edison and his helpers have made. He took out more than a thousand different patents, and he helped in many a thing for which he did not get the patent. He greatly improved the telephone with his carbon transmitter, he invented a motion picture machine, he gave us a phonograph and a dictaphone. But above all other things, he turned on the incandescent (in'-kăn-dēs'ent) electric lights that now burn all over the world. For the incandescent light is his great work. Other men had tried to invent it, but the boy that was put out of the baggage car was the one to succeed.

BIOGRAPHIES of EXPLORERS

Reading Unit No. 14

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For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Summary Statement

For adventure, for gain, and for many other reasons, men have been willing to brave danger and	death in order to explore the world.
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MARCO POLO

When Marco Polo came back
from Cathay his own house-
hold did not know him
and, as you see at the
left, refused to let
him in.



While
Marco Polo
was in prison he
told his strange tale
to a friend, who wrote it
faithfully down, as you see
at the right.



The MOST FAMOUS of ALL TRAVELERS

*The Stories That Marco Polo Told about His Voyages Were So
Strange That for a Long Time People Would
Not Believe Them*

THIS is just about the strangest story in the world. It is so strange that for a long time after it was first told, about six hundred years ago, it was usually thought to be only one more fairy tale. Then it was found out to be absolutely true.

For many a century before any man from Europe ever tried to sail across the sea to China, the trading ships of Italy, and especially those of Venice, had been nosing into the eastern harbors of the Mediterranean and along the shores of the Black Sea. There they would buy the spices and silks, the rich carpets and precious stones, such as we still get from the Far East; only in those days these were brought west by caravans. Venice had long controlled the profitable trade and so had roused the ill will of other states. So the envious kings of Spain and Portugal sent mariners south and westward hoping to find a ship route to Cipango (sĭ-pāng'gō) and Cathay (kǎ-thā'), the two lands of the mysterious East that we now call Japan and China. The wealth and wonders of those lands had already

been made known to the Western world by a Venetian merchant, Marco Polo, who had made his way afoot into them, returned richer than a prince, and then written an account of his travels which gave us the strange story we are now going to tell.

While on a trading expedition along the coast of the Black Sea, Marco's father, Nicolo Polo, a nobleman and wealthy merchant, had kept on traveling inland to the east until he finally reached Cathay, or China. There he was cordially received by Kublai Khan (kōō'blī kan), the emperor, at whose court he stayed two years. He then returned to Venice, bearing letters from the great Kublai Khan to the pope and to many of the rulers of Europe, but not before he had promised Kublai Khan that he would come back and bring with him missionaries who could teach his people their religion and tell them about the art and science of the Western world. When Nicolo reached Venice he found that his wife was dead and that his son Marco was now a well-grown youth. After a stay of two years, he again

MARCO POLO

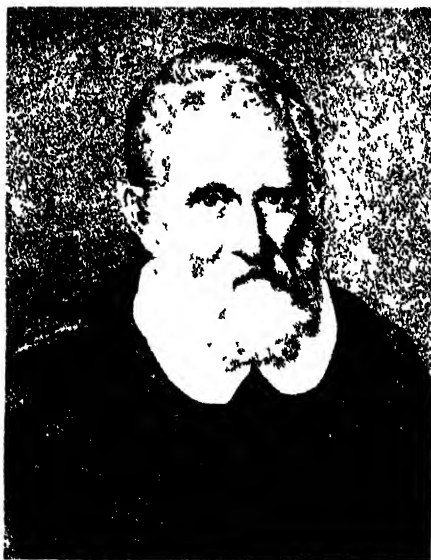
set out, in 1271, bound for Cathay. With him were Maffeo, his brother, and Marco, then a boy of seventeen years.

In their fear of the dangerous trip, a few monks of Palestine whom the pope had asked to go soon deserted and turned back. But the Polos continued on their way. Passing through Persia and Tartary, and crossing the great Desert of Gobi (gō'hē), where they suffered all sorts of hardships, they finally reached China and were welcomed by the Emperor. At once Kublai Khan took a fancy to young Marco. The boy, in turn, was pleased with the people and their country, and at once began to master some of the strange and difficult languages he heard there. Then indeed the Emperor showered favors on him. He sent Marco on many diplomatic missions from one end of the empire to the other, and Marco talked with all sorts of influential persons where he went, and with many merchants and travelers from places where he himself had not gone. Always he made notes of what he saw and heard. At last he was made governor of a great city and loaded with honors and riches; for now that the Polos were back in China, the old Emperor wanted them to spend the rest of their lives there.

But such was not to be the case. The Polos had always looked forward to going home again, and they patiently awaited their chance. It came when Kublai Khan gave his daughter in marriage to the King of Persia. Because they had been such travelers, the three Italians were appointed to take charge of the expedition to conduct the bride to her future home. From inner Cathay the party went southwestward to

the sea, then by boat among the islands of the Indian Ocean and along the coast of India, until they finally reached their destination. After a stay there the Polos traveled on, but this time northward of the Black Sea, where they once more took ship and returned to Venice, which they reached after an absence of nearly twenty years.

With them they brought such riches in gems and such a wealth of marvelous tales as their countrymen had never before seen or heard. Many of their stories were doubted, but not their wealth, for Marco came to be popularly known as "Marco Millions." His riches brought him high position in Venice, and he was even made an admiral. During a war with Genoa in 1296, Marco took command of the Venetian fleet. He was captured by the enemy and thrown into prison, and there he helped to pass the time



This portrait of Marco Polo shows the famous traveler in his later years, when time and hardship had left their mark upon him.

by telling his story to a fellow prisoner who wrote it down and made a book of it. Marco lived on until 1324.

The book has ever since been one of the most famous in the world. Marco had been to many places that no other man from Europe had ever seen, or was ever going to see for many a year to come indeed, to places where we are still sending explorers to this very day. And most people would not believe his tale until much later, when explorers in the East proved his story to be just as real as his riches.

In fact, Marco Polo's book had something to do with sending out these later explorers. It was favorite reading with some of the adventurous souls—including Columbus who were to push back the edges of the map a century or two after Marco died.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Many a lad in Genoa used to sit on the shore and watch the incoming ships climb up over the horizon sails first, and then the hull. And many a lad must have heard that the manner in which those ships appeared was thought by some men to prove that the earth was round. And yet, out of all those boys at Genoa and elsewhere, there was only one who ever set out to see whether it was true. What was it in that boy to make him a Columbus, while all the rest stayed at home?



This is the face of the courageous man who presented the world with a new hemisphere. If you have any skill in reading countenances a glance at this one will show you that Christopher Columbus was a man not only to dream dreams, but to make them come true.



Photo by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

HE DOUBLED *the* SIZE of *the* WORLD

*Everybody Knows That This Was Christopher Columbus,
but How Much Else Do You Know about Him?*

ONE evening long ago a man was trudging along a road in Northern Spain, leading his only child, a weary, worn-out little fellow of five years. They were eagerly looking for a convent, said to stand on a bleak and rugged hill, where they might find shelter for the night and where the motherless boy might be left in care of the monks while the father went on about his affairs. Those affairs were very important to him, though they seemed very silly to most people of his time. Not only did the way seem weary to the man, but so too did the whole wide world. After far traveling he was in a foreign land. Many a misfortune had assailed him. He had been shipwrecked once, and, what was even worse to him, he had been laughed at many times. He wondered whether people had once more deceived him, this time about finding shelter for his child. But after a few more miles the convent, called La Rabida, came into

view, on its bleak and rugged hillside. For once the man had met with good fortune.

The monks welcomed the traveler and made provision for him and the child. After supper some of them gathered in the great hall to hear news of the outside world, for in those days the news traveled only with travelers. Of course the monks asked all about their guest—where he came from, where he was going, what his business was, and by what name he was known.

The man had already told his story many times, but he now repeated it once more. He was an Italian, he said, born in Genoa about forty years before, the son of a humble wool comber. As a boy he had worked at the weaver's trade, but in his longing for adventure he had shipped as a sailor and voyaged to the eastern Mediterranean. A single voyage had given him a taste for others, and two years later he had set sail for England and the northern seas. When

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



Photo by J. Ruiz Vernaes

Here is Columbus at last laying his great plan before Ferdinand and Isabella. This ridiculed and weary

man must convince the proudest monarchs of Europe that his wild scheme will bring them untold wealth

When he got back to Lisbon he had settled down there and married, and there the boy was born.

Sailing Westward to the East

Dissatisfied with life ashore he sailed again in 1481, this time southward as far as the Equator. There, so he said, he made geographical measurements that confirmed what he had learned from maps and charts and voyages. He was convinced he told the monks, that by sailing straight westward across the Atlantic he could reach those lands on the other side of the world, for like many others of his day he had come to believe that the earth was round. The King of Portugal, to whom he had told this, had been sly enough to fit out a secret expedition without telling him. But the boat had turned back, and the sailors would not set out again. Disheartened by such treatment, the weary man had gone back to Lisbon, picked up his child, whose mother had died a year before, and set out for Spain, there to lay his plans before the King, who was much interested in finding a new route to

the East. He did not know whether he could reach the King for he had no friends at court, but he had at least reached La Rabida, where he hoped to leave the boy while he went on. The little boy was called Diego, and his father's name was Christopher Columbus.

This was in 1485. After Columbus had gone to bed, some of the monks talked long and earnestly about what he had told them. They were convinced that this sailor might be right in his notions about reaching the East by sailing westward, since many other geographers held the same opinion about the shape of the earth. At any rate, they concluded, Columbus ought to have a chance to tell the Spanish King about his plan, for if new lands should be discovered the King would be the richer and they themselves might carry their faith to whole nations of heathen people. They decided to send Columbus to some noblemen in Seville who might be able to bring him before the King.

When Columbus heard the monks' plans he quickly agreed, and soon went to Seville, where he readily convinced the two noble-

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



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For many years Columbus had followed the Spanish court about, hoping for a hearing. At Salamanca, where

he stayed in a monastery, his plan was at last discussed. Above is shown his despair when it was rejected.

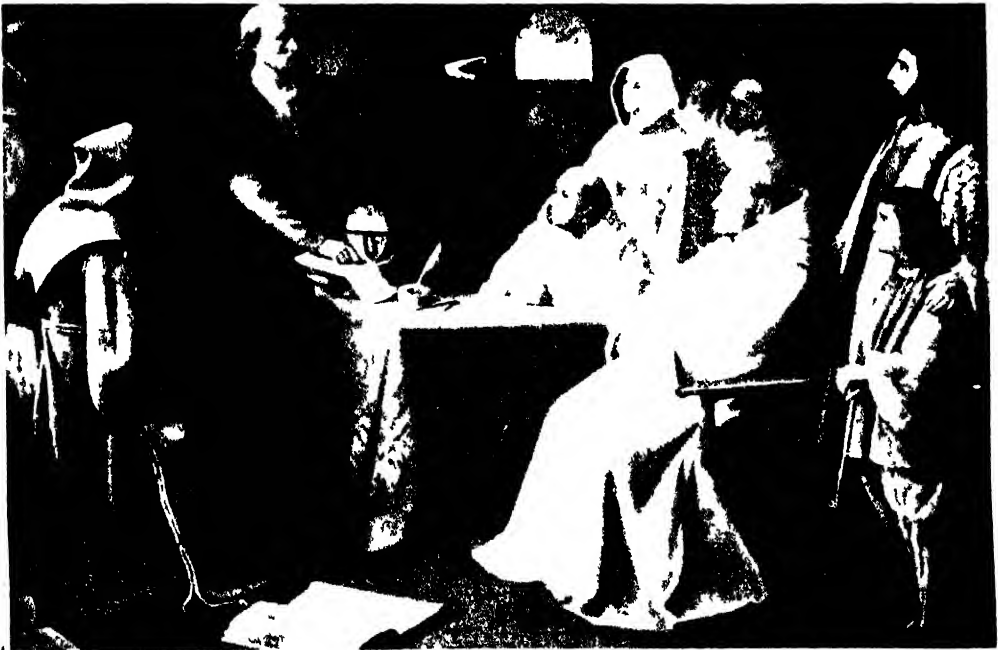


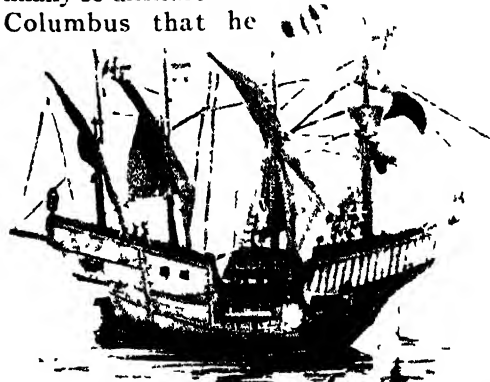
Photo by J. Ruiz Vernacci

Twice the monks of La Rabida took Columbus in when he was completely disheartened. Here is the scene in 1491 when he told them of the defeat of his plans. At

once they opened the way that led him to success the next year. One wonders if the eleven-year-old Diego, standing at the right, knows what it is all about.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

men. But they did not so readily convince the King, for Columbus could not even manage to lay the plan before him until some time had passed. When the King at last did hear the plan, he put off his decision for a long time, and the delay finally so disheartened Columbus that he



thought of going on into France and trying to win the King of that land to his scheme. At last, however, the Spanish Queen Isabella prevailed upon King Ferdinand to send Columbus on a voyage, and there is a story that she even sold her jewels for money to fit out the ships. The agreement was made. Columbus

was to be a nobleman and an admiral if he succeeded, and to become governor of all the lands he discovered—if he did discover any at all. It seems that neither King nor Queen was as yet wholly convinced.

Himself in command of the "Santa Maria," with his good friend Alonzo Pinzón commanding the "Pinta," and Alonzo's brother in charge of a third ship, the "Niña," Columbus sailed out of Palos harbor on August 3, 1492, bound first for the Canary Islands, where he was to provision his ships for the

great adventure. On September 6 he set sail westward across the Atlantic. As the long days passed without any sight of land, the men grew ever more dissatisfied, and talked of mutiny. But no threats could make Columbus turn back, for he was realizing a dream that he had clung to for years. The fleet kept on, ever westward, but veering just a little to the south.

After seventy days of sailing Columbus one night saw a light that seemed to come from a fire along a coast. At daybreak next morning, October 12, a sailor on the "Niña" sighted land, and the three tiny ships at once made for shore. Columbus landed first. Bearing the flag of Spain in one hand and his sword in the other, he knelt down, kissed the earth, gave thanks to God, and claimed the country for the King of



These are the brave little ships that set sail one August morning upon the greatest voyage the world has ever known. The "Pinta," at the left, was a boat of fifty tons. The "Santa Maria," Columbus' flagship, was a boat of a hundred tons. And the "Niña," at the right, was a little shell of only forty tons. But with sails unfurled and pennons flying, they must have made a brave show; and certainly when they sailed back home again, they brought the biggest piece of news a boat has ever carried.



Photos by Natta

Spain. He named it San Salvador—Holy Redeemer.

The new-found land was an island of the west Atlantic, and not India as Columbus thought. On this voyage the ships touched at other islands near, among them Cuba and the one now called Haiti. Columbus named it Hispaniola, and after leaving a garrison there he set sail for Spain, arriving in Palos on March 15, 1493. Spain was filled with rejoicing. Christopher Columbus, the hero of the day, was at once made an admiral and appointed governor of the new territories, as had been promised.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



Had it not been for Isabella Columbus' plans would all have fallen through But even after he had been

finally dismissed by Ferdinand, she called him back and somehow persuaded her husband to agree.



Photo by J. Ruiz Vera 1911

This is the scene in the little harbor of Palos on the day when Columbus set out on his famous voyage. It is well to remember that most of the men in that

little crew did not have Columbus' strong conviction as to the shape of the world. They did not know but that some day they might sail over its edge.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Later in the same year Columbus set out on a second voyage, this time with a fleet of seventeen ships and over fifteen hundred men. When he reached Hispaniola he found that the garrison had disappeared; all the men had been killed by the Indians. Undaunted, the great captain established a new settlement, which he called Isabella, and then went on with an exploring expedition that lasted nearly two years before he finally returned to Spain in midsummer, 1496.

Though the King was eager to have Columbus start at once on another voyage, two years passed before he again set sail. With a fleet of six ships he sailed in 1498, to be gone for two years. On this trip he skirted the eastern coast of South

America, discovered the Orinoco River, and at last, with his ships in bad condition, reached the settlement on Hispaniola. Here he found the people quarreling bitterly, so bitterly indeed that they had sent to Spain for a new governor. While Columbus tarried

there, trying to patch up the quarrel, the new governor arrived. According to the king's agreement, made in 1492 and confirmed in 1493, Columbus still felt that he was the governor of all the lands he had

discovered, so the two men at once fell into a dispute which ended by Columbus being put in chains and sent back to Spain as a trouble maker.

When he reached Spain and was brought before the rulers, the King and Queen both pretended that they had known nothing at all of the affair and had had nothing to do with it, and that some great mistake had been made. Columbus was released, to be sure, but he never again received much favor from the rulers.



"Land! Land!" Can you imagine what it meant to the weary commander of a discouraged, rebellious crew to hear the words ring out at two o'clock of that morning in October? The cry had been raised once or twice before, but it always had proved false. This time he knew it must be true, for on the day preceding, the "Pinta" had fished out of the water a cane, a pole, a board, and a stick that showed tool marks; and sailors on the "Niña" had seen a branch with berries on it. At ten o'clock in the evening Columbus himself had seen a light ahead. And now, on this famous Friday, he saw the shore at last.

When Isabella died, his one good friend was gone. Two years later the King again fitted out an expedition, and with four miserable ships the great discoverer set sail once more. On this, his last voyage, he skirted the eastern coast of Central America, revis-

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Columbus lands with most of his crew, who kneel upon the shore and kiss the ground with tears of joy.



Photo by Hirschgits

Columbus presents to his King and Queen a whole New World, together with the wealth he has brought home with him and certain of the natives of that distant land—strange people who take the white men for gods.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



The world has a way of misusing its greatest men. From his third voyage Columbus went home in chains—

which he always kept hanging in his cabinet afterwards, and which he asked to have buried with him.



Poor and sad, Columbus died neglected by the sovereigns to whom he had given a hemisphere. To-day that

king and queen are known to the world at large only because they once were served by the great discoverer.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



Photo by Metropolitan

Here is the eventful interview at which the bargain was struck between Columbus and Isabella of Spain. The intelligent and farsighted queen must have been a good judge of men, and upon the soundness of her instinct she is about to stake a fortune. For in those jewel caskets opened on the table are the gems of the

proudest queen in Europe at that day. We need no portrait to tell us of the noble sincerity of the man the queen is honoring. Rulers like her do not throw their jewels at the feet of every glib adventurer. That single act of confidence shows better than a hundred portraits the kind of man Columbus must have been.

ited Hispaniola, and at last, reached Spain.

But this time no cordial greetings awaited him; he had no friends to do him honor. The King himself gave him no more money. Poor, weary of life, and disappointed with his fellow men, Columbus lived on for four miserable years and at last died in Valladolid (val'ya-thô-lêth') on May 20, 1506. His body was sent over to Hispaniola and buried in the cathedral at Santo Domingo.

In 1705-1706 the remains were taken to Havana, where they rested in the cathedral until 1809. In that year, which marked Spain's loss of her last possession in the Americas, the bones of the dauntless Genoese were once more removed, and taken this time to Spain, the land of his adoption for which he had done so much and which had done so little for him. He had doubled the size of the known world.

WHO FOUND *the* CAPE of GOOD HOPE? And Do You Know Why It Was Given That Name?

NO WONDER young Bartholomew Diaz wanted to become a sailor. For centuries the men of his family had been known for their skill at sea and for their daring. And Bartholomew had been born at a time when the people of his country thought and dreamed of nothing more than of discoveries on the sea.

In the belief that India with her great wealth could best be reached by sailing round Africa, the Portuguese sailors had slowly pushed their way down the African coast. For nearly a hundred years they had worked patiently, charting the shore line and seeking the tip of the continent. Finally one expedition crossed the Equator and reached Guinea. Soon afterwards the ivory and gold brought in from there made Portugal one of the wealthiest countries of Europe. This spurred the Portuguese on in their search for the even richer shores of India. The entire country hummed with the talk of her great sailors and their brave deeds.

A Boy Born to Explore

We do not know the exact date of his birth, but we do know that this was the world into which Diaz (dē'ash) was born some time about 1460. Of course he set out to sea when he was very young. At first he made several voyages to Guinea in search of gold and ivory. On these trips he showed such bravery and skill that his king asked him to take charge of an expedition to explore along the western coast of Africa further south than any European had yet been. Leaving Portugal in 1481, he sailed southward for months, exploring the coast, making charts, and gathering information. Upon his return the King rewarded him for his splendid work by making him a member of the royal household. But this was only the beginning of the great sailor's success.

In 1487 he was chosen to command another

expedition that was to search for a route around Africa. After several months of preparation he left Portugal with three ships. Making his way southward, he sailed into unknown seas. The weather grew colder each day and his men were afraid to go on. But Diaz would not turn back. Then one day the little vessels ran into a terrible storm. For almost two weeks they were tossed about as though they had been made of paper. Although Diaz tried to stay close to the shore, the gale blew his ships far out to sea. When the storm passed and he finally sighted the coast again, he discovered that the land no longer stretched southward in front of him. Instead, it inclined to the northeast. Although this made him think that he might have rounded Africa, he still sailed on for some weeks. To his amazement the land continued to run in a northerly direction. This made him almost sure that he had accomplished the great task he had set out to do. Overjoyed with his success, he started back home. When he had again passed the stormy cape, he knew that he really had found the southern end of the "Dark Continent."

"The Cape of Storms"

In December, 1488, Diaz got back to Portugal. On the charts that he placed before the King, so it is said, the cape at the end of the continent was named the "Cape of Storms." This the King changed at once to the "Cape of Good Hope," for he knew that the finding of that cape would bring Portugal great power and wealth.

Two years later Diaz returned to Africa and carried on trade again much as he had done before his famous voyage. When America had been discovered, he went to Brazil on another trading expedition. On his way back home, some time in the early autumn of 1500, he was shipwrecked and was never heard from again.

HALF *the* WORLD WAS NAMED *for* HIM

Yet the Name of America Was an Error; It Ought to Have Been Called Columbia, after Its Discoverer

IN OLDEN days a man who wrote a book would often have two names - one in the language he was born to, and the other one in Latin. For if he wrote a book, it would almost certainly be in Latin, and then his own name as author would be translated into Latin too. That is why the man for whom America is named is sometimes called Americus Vespucius (vēs-pū'-shūs) and sometimes Amerigo Vespucci (a-mā'īē gō vēs-pōōt'-chē).

Amerigo knew he was to be a merchant when he grew up, but still he spent a great deal of his study time poring over old maps and charts of the world. No one would have been more surprised than he to know that the time would come when two new continents would appear on those maps of the world and that they would both be named after him. Yet that is what actually happened.

Born on March 9, 1451, at Florence, in Italy, the boy was educated by his uncle, a monk, who taught him the mathematics and astronomy that were later to be of so much use to him. As a young man he entered a great commercial house. Then, in 1492, he left his native land and went to Spain. At Seville he made himself a good place as a merchant, and finally entered on the business of furnishing supplies to the sailors engaged in trade with the West Indies. So his interest in the New World grew, and in 1497 he claimed that he had

made a voyage to South America. We are by no means sure he made this trip, but we do know that he made another two years later. On his return to Seville he met Columbus and talked with him about the new lands in the west. It has sometimes been thought that the two men were rivals, but at least Columbus wrote to his son about his worthy countryman, who tried to do all he could to help him.

Later Vespucci received an invitation from the King of Portugal to join an expedition to the New World. The voyage was made in 1501, and was followed by another with the Portuguese in 1504.

On his return to Spain Vespucci wrote some interesting accounts of his voyages and of the things he had seen. Because he told so much about the new lands and the people in them, it was soon decided that they ought to bear his name. So they

were called America, and America they have remained until this day. They might better have been called Columbia.

Most of Vespucci's accounts of his travels are now lost, and we are not sure just what lands he explored. It is thought, however, that he visited a good part of the north-eastern coast of South America. Certainly he gathered a good deal of valuable information and wrote the first good description of the new land. And when he died in 1512, his name had already been given to the new half of the globe.



Photo by Alu

"America" is just the feminine form of "Americus," and here is the Americus from whose name the word "America" was made. Yet if Americus Vespucius had not been such a clever writer and publicity man, he would have stood no more chance than many another explorer of having two continents named for him.

BALBOA

The great Balboa, who discovered the Pacific, first traveled to the New World as a stowaway



HE FOUND *the* PACIFIC OCEAN

And That Was Only One of the Exciting Things in the Life of Balboa, Who Finally Died under the Headsman's Axe

BALBOA'S life was simply one adventure after another. Born of a good Spanish family in 1475, he early entered the army and fought against the Moors. Soon, however, he had spent all his money and was deeply in debt. Like many another young Spaniard of his day, he decided to go to the New World in search of riches. In Santo Domingo he tried farming, but he was not successful. Before long he was even deeper in debt than he had been at home. When he learned that his creditors were planning to have him arrested, he determined to escape them. How was this to be done? Balboa (bāl-bō'ā) was used to finding his way out of tight places and he must do it again.

His plan was a clever one. He had himself hauled in a closed cask from his farm to a vessel that was soon to sail for Panama. Since the cask was supposed to hold provisions, he was soon at sea. Imagine the surprise of the sailors when he came out of his

hiding place. The captain was so furious that he threatened to put the stowaway off on a desert island, but the crew persuaded him to spare the daring fellow.

In Panama, Vasco Nunez de Balboa's adventures became even more exciting. Soon after landing he cunningly managed to have himself made governor of Darien (dā'rī čn') a small settlement on the coast of the Isthmus. This, of course, did not please the former governor, who went back to Spain to tell the King what had happened. Not wishing to be without a friend at court, Balboa sent another man to plead his cause there. With him went a gift of gold for the King. This, the crafty Balboa thought, would so please the King that he would allow him to continue as ruler of the rich little colony.

While he waited for news Balboa spent his time making friends with the Indians, exploring the country, and collecting what riches he could find. Before long he had so won the friendship of the natives that they

BALBOA

told him of a great body of water that lay to the west. On its shores, they said, were marvelous golden temples. Naturally, Balboa was eager to see whether their stories were true. But he did not want to leave Darien until he had heard from his friend in Spain.

In Search of a Fabled Ocean

At last a letter came saying that the friend had not been successful. King Ferdinand had decided against Balboa and had ordered him brought back to Spain and punished for his misdeeds. Balboa knew that there was only one way to save himself. He must find the fabled ocean. If he could report such a discovery to the King, he felt sure he would be pardoned.

Although he had only about two hundred followers, he set out at once on the journey that was to prove the greatest adventure of his life. Traveling over steep mountain crags and through dense tropical forests, the little party suffered terribly from the intense heat. The Indians of the region were not at all pleased to see him, but Balboa forced them to guide him. The first shot from his guns and the sight of the ferocious bloodhounds he had brought with him were all that was needed to get anything he wanted.

The First European to See the Pacific

At last he was told that he could get a view of the great sea from a nearby peak. Leaving his men behind, Balboa hurried on alone. When he reached the top of the mountain he saw what no European had ever before seen. Before him lay another ocean. Then he called his men. At first sight of the great expanse of water they burst into cheers and song. After setting up a cross on the spot they hurried on to the seacoast.

Several days later they stood on the shores of the ocean. Balboa named it the "Southern Sea"; we to-day call it the Pacific. Wading into the water to his knees, Balboa drew his sword and took the sea and all the lands washed by it for the king of Spain.

While Balboa was resting there, the In-

dians told him of another rich land far to the south. It was the land that we now call Peru. The ambitious adventurer wanted to discover it, too, but he had no ships. Besides he must get back to Darien as soon as possible.

Upon his return he was hailed as a great explorer. At once he sent a report of his discovery to King Ferdinand and with it a great heap of gold. When Ferdinand saw this he was sorry that he had sent another governor to take Balboa's place. But before he could get word to Darien the new governor had made peace with Balboa by offering him his daughter in marriage.

Balboa Builds a Ship

While the great hero waited for the girl to be brought from Spain, he began to build the ships that would be needed to reach the rich land to the south. Such a task as it was! Hundreds of Indian slaves perished in their attempt to carry the heavy timbers across the rugged mountains to the "Southern Sea" on whose shore the ships were to be built. But that did not worry Balboa. At last he launched a vessel on the waters of the Pacific. The first Europeans to sail that sea, he and his men started southward. But a storm soon drove them back.

The Tragic End of a Brave Explorer

Balboa then decided that iron and pitch would be needed for the ships, so he went back to Darien for them. Before he reached the settlement a messenger met him and asked him to go to the governor at once. Thinking that all was well, he hurried on, only to be taken prisoner as he neared the town. The governor had listened to false charges made against the bold explorer and had determined to put an end to him. So Balboa was charged with treason and beheaded (1517). Thus the great adventurer came to his death. But the people of Darien grieved for the daring man who had done so much for their country, and even to-day we gratefully remember Balboa as one of Spain's greatest explorers.

VASCO DA GAMA



Photo by J and M Lazar is

For ten long months Vasco da Gama and his weary crew have been tossed about in their little boat. At

last they have reached Calicut and da Gama is telling the story of his voyage to the Eastern king

The FIRST MAN to SAIL to INDIA

Vasco da Gama Started all the Rich Trade between the East and the West That Has Gone on Since His Day

ALL Lisbon was wild with excitement. A man had at last been chosen to command the four splendid ships that lay in the harbor. That man—Vasco da Gama (vas'kō da ga'ma) was to sail soon on a new expedition in search of an all-water route to India. Upon him depended Portugal's glory, her wealth, and her fame.

For more than half a century Portuguese sailors had ventured ever farther southward, and in 1488 Diaz (dē'ash) had actually rounded the tip of Africa and sailed a short distance along the eastern coast. Yet Portugal had done little exploring during the past nine years. In the meantime Spain

had sent out Columbus and had found a path across the wide Atlantic. News of this great discovery had made the Portuguese more eager than ever to find a shorter route to the rich lands of the East. This, King Emanuel thought, could best be done by sailing around Africa and then eastward. And so he had fitted out an expedition to undertake the difficult journey.

His choice of a commander was a wise one. From the time of his birth at Sines (sē'nās), a small seaport near Palos, some time about 1460, Vasco da Gama had known the sea. He was of noble birth and he was brave. He had fought in the army, he had

VASCO DA GAMA

become a skilled sailor; and he was a favorite at the court.

On July 5, 1497, the bold explorer and his men sailed gaily out from Lisbon amid the cheers of the city. Sailing steadily for months they passed through the sweltering tropical sea, across the Equator, and finally into the milder regions to the south. When the weather began to get colder than any they had ever known and the terrific winds tossed their little vessels about, the men begged da Gama to turn back. Da Gama answered by putting the frightened leaders of the mutiny into chains and sailing on. In December he rounded the tip of Africa and turned northward toward India. Months later he came upon a shipload of Indian traders who agreed to pilot him to their country.

Around Africa to India

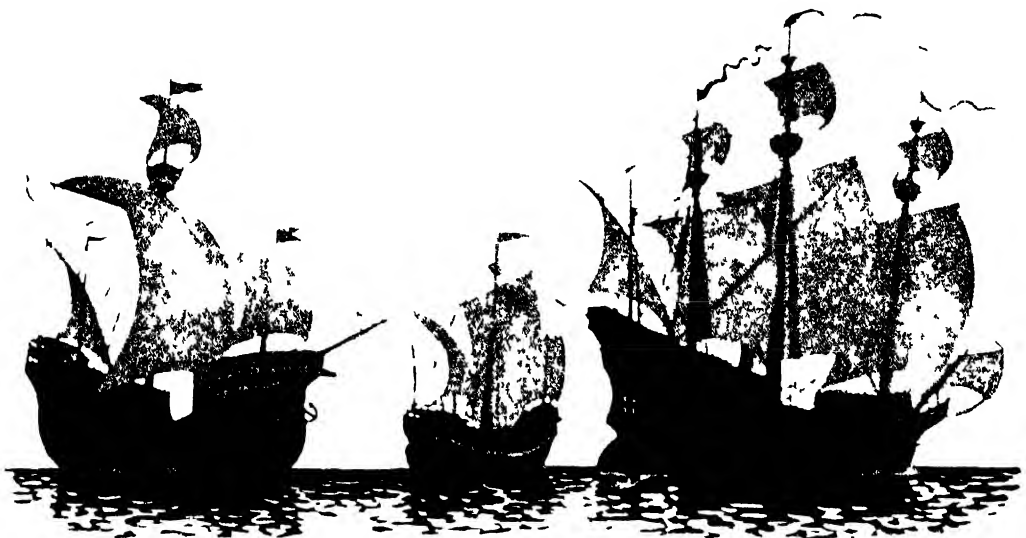
At last, after ten months' sailing, he landed at Calcut, the first European to reach India by sailing round Africa. Da Gama and his men were overjoyed to touch land again, but the welcome they received from the Indian ruler was far from cordial. They did, however, see enough of the country to

learn that it was rich in spices and precious stones.

On September 8, 1499, the little fleet limped back into Lisbon harbor. Many of the crew had died from the hardships of the long voyage, and their leader was weary and worn. But they had found a new trade route that was to make their country wealthy. Then indeed did Portugal sing their praises. In honor of his success Vasco da Gama was given a title and a great sum of money.

Then, in 1502, da Gama again sailed to India, founded two colonies there, and collected a great cargo of Eastern riches. Upon his return home he was given a still higher title and another vast sum of money.

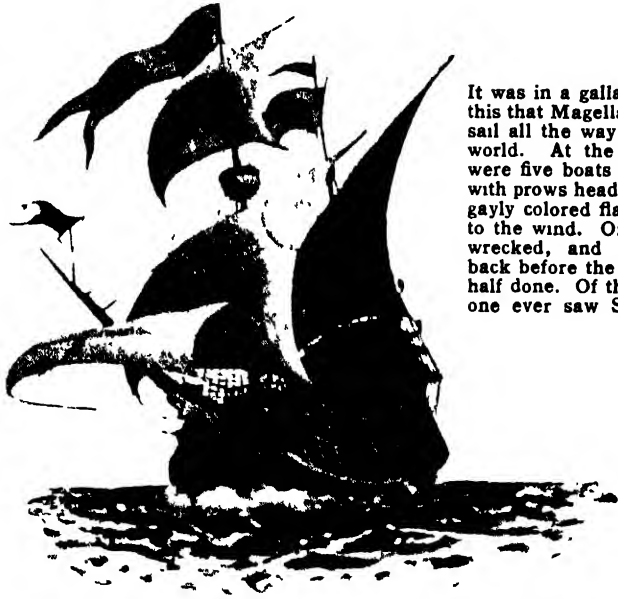
So rich and famous had he grown that he spent the next twenty years in luxury. In all these years he made no further expeditions. Then, in 1524, he was asked to go again to India, this time as a viceroy who was to right the wrongs that had grown up among the colonists. A few months later the great captain died there. His body was taken back to Portugal so that it might rest forever in his native land, for which he had won vast riches in the spicy East.



MAGELLAN



This is how Ferdinand Magellan probably looked at the time when he set out on the perilous journey which was to bring him death - and immortality.



It was in a gallant ship like this that Magellan set out to sail all the way around the world. At the start there were five boats in his fleet, with prows headed west and gayly colored flags unfurled to the wind. One ship was wrecked, and one turned back before the voyage was half done. Of the rest, only one ever saw Spain again.

The FIRST MAN around the WORLD

The Great Magellan Had to Feed on Rats and Leather to Sail All the Way around the Earth, but He Kept Right On

MOST of the great explorers went to sea when they were boys, but the first one of them all to sail around the world was no sort of sailor by training. Ferdinand Magellan (mă-jěl'ăn) was born, in 1480, fifty miles from the coast in Portugal. As the son of a poor nobleman, he went to serve as a page at the court when he was fourteen. He was twenty-five before he first put out to sea. Even then he did not go as a sailor, but as a gentleman volunteer in the forces of Almeida (al-mě'ê-da), who was going to India as the Portuguese governor.

The trip around the south of Africa took seven long months, and during the dull days Magellan passed the time in learning all he could about the sailors and the sea. Little did he dream that all this was going to make him famous just a little later.

In India he saw plenty of fighting, and in the course of his journey he went as far east as the Spice Islands. In his seven years in India he showed so much courage and good sense that he was made commander of a ship.

Then he fell out of favor with his chief, and returned to Portugal. He went on a crusade against the Arabs in Morocco, where he was wounded in the knee and forced to limp for the rest of his life. After this, he stayed quietly at home for a time, busy with his maps and charts. And then he was ready with his great scheme - to sail to India by going around South America and through the great ocean which Balboa (băl-bō'ă) had sighted, just a few years before, from Panama.

The King of Portugal was too dull and stingy to take up with the wild scheme. But Magellan went off to Spain, where the young King soon gave him five ships and nearly three hundred men for his great venture.

On September 20, 1519, Magellan set sail for the west. His own ship was the "Trinidad"; the others were the "San Antonio," the "Concepción," the "Vittoria," and the "Santiago." We shall see what became of all of them.

The voyage started badly. There were fierce storms, and the Spanish captains

MAGELLAN

grumbled at their Portuguese commander. But after a while the weather cleared, and in due time South America was sighted. On December 13 the boats came to rest in the harbor that is now Rio de Janeiro.

Putting Up for the Winter

Two weeks later the fleet sailed into the broad mouth of the Rio de la Plata, which Magellan hoped might be a passage through to the great ocean that Balboa had seen. But of course it was not that. So Magellan went on down to the harbor of St. Julian. It was March now, and in that region of course the winter was coming on. The fleet settled down for the cold, stormy season.

Then the Spaniards grew so angry that they started a mutiny. Magellan put it down with a firm hand, and there was peace again. He sent the "Santiago" on south, to scout along the coast, and that was her end. She was wrecked, but her sailors were rescued. It was in this land that Magellan found the tracks of what he took to be a giant race whom he called Patagonians (păt'ă-gō'nī-ăn) which means "big-footed."

In August the fleet moved on to the south and waited for good weather. It was not until the middle of October that they could go on. Three days later they rounded a bold headland, and found themselves going westward. For more than another month they fought the fierce storms as they felt their way along the bleak shores. Then one sunny day they finally passed the point of land which Magellan gladly named the Desired Cape, and saw another ocean stretching out ahead of them. Little did they think it was so much wider than the one they had just crossed.

But there were only three ships now. The "San Antonio" had turned back for Spain one night, with a story that the other boats had gone down with all on board.

Taking on fresh water and all the supplies they could get, the three boats left set out with new courage on their last lap over the unknown sea. They had good winds to carry them, and the ocean was so calm that Magellan named it the Pacific.

But the sailors soon began to have terrible

troubles. The food and water ran short, and there was sickness with the famine that followed. For two fearful months the men were glad to cook the rats on the ship, and the leather from the rigging, for their food. Magellan went as hungry and as thirsty as his men. But his strong will never wavered. He went on.

One blessed day at last he saw the green of a tropical island ahead. Very soon the islanders were swarming around them in canoes. They brought coconuts and other food, but they were such thieves that they carried off from the ships anything they could lay their hands on. For that reason Magellan called the islands the Ladrões, which simply means "robbers." But he was glad of food and water at any price, though he sailed away again as soon as he could. A little later, he reached one of the Philippines.

All his troubles seemed to be over. He cruised around among the Philippines, welcomed by the natives and feasted by their kings. At Cebu, the King even adopted him as a brother; and in return Magellan promised to help the King against a rebel chief in a neighboring island. That was his great error, and it cost him his life. In the fight that followed he fell, on April 27, 1521.

So he never got back to Spain, but he had still sailed all the way around the world. For on his earlier trip to India he had been as far east as the place where he now fell dead.

The Price of Bravery

The other sailors met with many troubles after they had lost their leader. Two of their ships were lost. The "Vittoria" alone lived to see Spain again. She arrived there on September 6, 1522, three years after she had sailed. She brought back thirty-one men out of nearly three hundred that had started. There is no better way to tell how bold a man had to be to be a Magellan, or to sail with him.

Yet the "Vittoria" had such a rich cargo of spices that they paid for the whole expedition. Her captain was made a noble and given a coat of arms—and on his coat of arms appeared two sticks of cinnamon, three nutmegs, and twelve cloves!



Photo by Granistoff Bros

Surrounded by Spaniards and Indians, Hernando de Soto is gazing for the first time on the vast waters of

the Mississippi. In the bed of this great river its discoverer was to find his last resting place.

The MAN WHO FOUND *the* MISSISSIPPI

These Are the Perilous Adventures of Hernando de Soto, One of the Bold Spanish Explorers of the New World

WORD had gone out far and wide through Spain and Portugal that the great captain, Hernando de Soto (dē sō'tō) was about to lead an expedition into Florida. And was not Hernando de Soto one of the richest adventurers of Spain, who had come home from Peru laden with treasure and would doubtless know how to lead his followers to greater treasure yet? And had not the explorer de Vaca sworn that Florida, that wide land found by Ponce de Leon but still unexplored, was "the richest country yet discovered"? No wonder that from all parts of Spain, and even from Portugal, eager adventurers came thronging to Seville, where De Soto lived in princely state.

This princely De Soto had been poor

enough once. Born about 1496, he had gone at eighteen to the Isthmus of Darien in the fabulous New World, to seek his fortune with nothing more than his sword and shield. He had soon risen to the command of a troop of horse, and gaining in years and experience as soldier and explorer, he had grown in favor with the governor. Eventually he married the governor's daughter.

At the Isthmus, De Soto met the great explorer and warrior Pizarro. Later, when Pizarro had gone to South America to plunder the riches of Peru, De Soto was sent to him with more men and supplies, and took an important part in the capture of Cuzco (kōōs'kō), the capital. Pizarro rewarded him with a generous share of the immense treasure wrung from the unhappy ruler of



De Soto's desire for wealth and fame led him farther and farther into lands no white man had ever seen.

the country. So with his fame and his hundred thousand pesos of gold somewhere around \$300,000 De Soto returned to Spain.

De Soto Lands in Florida

But De Soto liked so well his taste of glory and wealth that he could not be satisfied till he had more. He wanted to surpass the conquests and plunderings of Pizarro himself, and of Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico. So when word came of fabulous riches to be had and an empire to be won in that mysterious land lying a few days' sail north of Cuba, he persuaded the king to give him the governorship of that island, and gracious permission to conquer and settle Florida at his own expense. It was for this expedition that daring adventurers were flocking to him from all over Spain.

Choosing the best of them, he set out one spring day in 1538, to the salutes of booming cannon and the gay farewell of flying flags.

Arriving in Cuba, the new governor spent a year in careful preparation before he finally set sail for this marvelous Florida—a land in that day vaguely extending over the whole southern part of what is now the United States. For his conquest of the wilderness, De Soto had nine ships, 620 men, more than

Here he is, with his gallant company, on the shore of what is now called Tampa Bay, in Florida.

two hundred horses, and a generous quantity of supplies of all sorts including iron collars and chains for the Indians he expected to seize as slaves.

Two weeks later the expedition landed at what we know as Tampa Bay, on the west coast of the Florida peninsula. Camp was made and exploring parties sent out. They returned with reports of hostile natives, thick forests, and treacherous swamps. But De Soto never doubted that farther from the coast there were rich cities to be plundered. So sending some of his ships back to Cuba for more supplies, he set out on the march that was to last three long years.

Adventures in the Southern Forests

Slowly the little army pushed its way into the country. There was continual fighting, for De Soto was cruel and faithless in his treatment of the Indians. At last, having found nothing but hardships, the Spaniards turned back to the coast and passed the winter near Apalachee Bay. By spring, still full of hope, they were again on their way.

That year their march took them across what is now Georgia. Their hopes now leaped high, for they obtained a large quantity of pearls from a river tribe. Food was

DE SOTO

plentiful, too. They pressed on across the Blue Mountains nearly to Tennessee, and then turned into what is now Alabama. Here, at Mavilla, near the present city of Mobile, they were fiercely attacked. De Soto himself and more than a hundred of his men were wounded, and much of the baggage, including the pearls, was burned. Then De Soto heard that his ships were off the coast, only six days' march away. But he was too proud to let it be known that he had not found his treasure, and sent them no word.

The dauntless adventurers spent the second winter in a wretched Indian village on the Yazoo River, in what is now Mississippi. And there the worst disaster they had so far met befell them. There had been constant trouble with the neighboring Indians, the Chickasaws; and one day the Indians descended on their hated visitors, setting fire to the huts and destroying much of what supplies remained to them after the fight at Mavilla. Eleven Spaniards were killed, and most of the survivors lost everything—even their clothes. Fifty horses were burned, and several hundred pigs, which were to have supplied meat to the explorers. But De Soto and his men made clothes out of the skins of wild animals, closed up their ranks, and struggled on to the northwest.

Then on May 8, 1541, they saw the "Great River." "The River was almost half a league broad," one of them later wrote. "If a man stood still on the other side, it could not be discerned whether he were a man or no." The current was deep and strong, and "trees and timber" were continually floating downward on its muddy waters. De Soto and his followers were the first white men ever to gaze on the broad reaches of the Mississippi.

The explorers spent a month building barges on which to cross the stream. Once

on the other side, they started again on their westward march. Surely the golden land they had come so far to find lay just beyond! So they struggled westward across Arkansas, fighting forests and wild beasts and hunger and Indians. They even met the roving Indians of the plains, and heard tales of the shaggy buffalo that roamed to the westward. The Indians said that farther on they might find guides to lead them to "the other sea."

But it was of no use. If the fabled treasure lay "just beyond," it was always running away from them! Supplies were very low, and they had been gone a long time. At last they turned southeast again. The third winter was spent in a snowy and miserable Indian village on the Wichita. It was a gloomy company that, with milder weather, followed the stream back to the Great River. They had lost half their number, the Indians were getting bolder, and men and horses were weakened by the terrible hardships. In his discouragement the great leader fell ill.

He knew he was going to die. His fortune spent, his hopes of treasure dead, his companions in suffering muttering that it was he who had caused all their useless misery—what had he to live for now? So he bade them all farewell, and on May 21, 1542, on the banks of the mighty river he had discovered, he died. In fear of the hostile Indians his followers wrapped his body in mantles, weighted it with sand, and went secretly with it to the Mississippi. Taking it in a canoe, they lowered it "into the midst of the River."

After various adventures, the remnants of De Soto's once gay band reached the Spanish settlements at last. It was more than a year since they had left De Soto in his lonely grave beneath the waters of the mighty stream he had discovered.



CORTES



Cortes is riding victorious over the battlefield of Otumba, where his Spanish soldiers have finally con-

quered the Aztecs, the remarkable Indian tribe who had ruled over Mexico for many years.

The MAN WHO MASTERED MEXICO

*If You Do Not Hate Him Too Much for His Cruelty, You May
Admire the Great Cortes for His Courage*

IF YOU think the white race has a right to all the earth, and may as well seize it at the point of the sword from anybody else who wants a bit of it, then you may like Hernando Cortes (kôr-těz). But if you still wonder whether any man has a right, just because he is white and knows about gunpowder, to take another man's country away from him, you may not be able to love Cortes very much. In any case you will have to admit that he was a strong and clever conqueror. And he is an important man, because he is the one who added Mexico to the map of the civilized world.

Cortes was born in Spain in 1485, just seven years before the discovery of the New World, where he was going to make his fame. He was only nineteen when he first set out to make his fortune there. At San Domingo and later in Cuba he grew rich and had his share of adventure with the

Indians. But it was not until fifteen years later that he was sent out in 1519 on the great adventure that was to make him famous—the exploration of the new-found land of Mexico.

Cortes set out on his trip with eleven ships and some five hundred men, with sixteen horses and a few cannon. The horses were as new and strange as the cannon in the land where he was going. The Indians were astonished and terrified at the sight of both; and as for the men who rode on the horses and fired the deadly cannon, the Indians could only think they must be some new kind of gods. They were going to learn a good deal about such gods in the next few months!

Cortes landed at the Tabasco River, a little south of the peninsula we now call Yucatan. With his strange and mighty weapons he easily overcame the large tribes of natives and made them promise to be

CORTES



Photo by National Museum

Here are some of the people whom Cortes so cruelly conquered. They had progressed far beyond the tribes

of North America in the arts and in government. They could write and weave cotton and build in stone.

good Spanish subjects. Then he sailed on up the coast.

In general, whenever Cortes found it easier to make friends with the natives and secure their help, he did so. When it was easier to shoot them down or scare them into helping him, he did that. He had not been sent out exactly for these purposes, but rather to explore and trade; but Cortes was a conqueror, and conquer he must. And then it was no easy thing to go exploring without a bit of fighting.

A Remarkable Indian Tribe

He landed again where Vera Cruz now stands and founded the town with a fortress. The Indians he discovered in the region had

gone a long way toward civilization, for they were very different from the tribes that lived farther up in North America. They lived in villages, and even in large cities. They planted gardens and orchards, wove cloth out of cotton, and built houses and great temples out of stone. And though these Indians had been conquered some time before by the fierce tribe of the Aztecs, and were now ruled by them, they were still a strong and warlike race.

From them Cortes now heard of the great Aztec chieftain Montezuma (mön'tè-zō'-mä), who lived with his fabulous riches in the island town of Tenochtitlan, 160 miles away. In fact, Montezuma sent him some very rich gifts in the hope that he would

CORTES

go away and leave the country in peace. But that was the wrong way to get Cortes to sail off. He only wanted all the more to see Montezuma and his city, and to get the rest of the riches.

With a few hundred of his own men and as many Indians as he could persuade or force to go along, he now set out for the city of Montezuma. All along the way he craftily persuaded the tribes he met to rebel against their Aztec rulers and to join with the forces of Spain. Finally he came to the mountain pass from which he could look down on the fertile valley and the beautiful city he was seeking. A few days later, in armor and plumed helmet, he and the other of-



J. Ruiz A

ficers rode ahead of his men over the long, broad causeway that led through the lake to Tenochtitlan. All around him thronged the wondering Aztecs, on foot and in canoes, to see the bearded visitors. What a sight it must have been to look at the first men from the other side of the world!

But the Aztecs knew nothing of the other side of the world, or of other men like these. They still took them, not for men, but for gods come down from heaven. So Montezuma gave them every honor in his great palace and loaded them

with rich presents. Not very many days later Montezuma was a prisoner in irons in his own palace, and a few rebellious Spaniards had been burned in the sight of everybody just outside. Verily these were strange and cruel gods—but at least they could be put to death!

The only thing that Montezuma could do was to swear allegiance to Cortes and to the king of Spain, and to give the Spaniards all the rich gifts they demanded. But even that was not going to be enough.

Cortes now heard that a new general had been sent over from Cuba to take command. He left a few soldiers to keep hold of Montezuma, and hurried back to Vera Cruz. With many a bribe he there persuaded the new general's troops to desert

their leader, captured the general himself with all his supplies, and took him back to Tenochtitlan. There Cortes found that the Aztecs had risen against the garrison he had left and were holding it in siege. When he had managed to rejoin the garrison, several days of fighting followed. Montezuma was wounded and soon died. But Cortes saw that he was so outnumbered

by the enraged natives that he must get away or perish, and he planned to steal out quietly with his men by night.

It is not easy to steal away from Indians

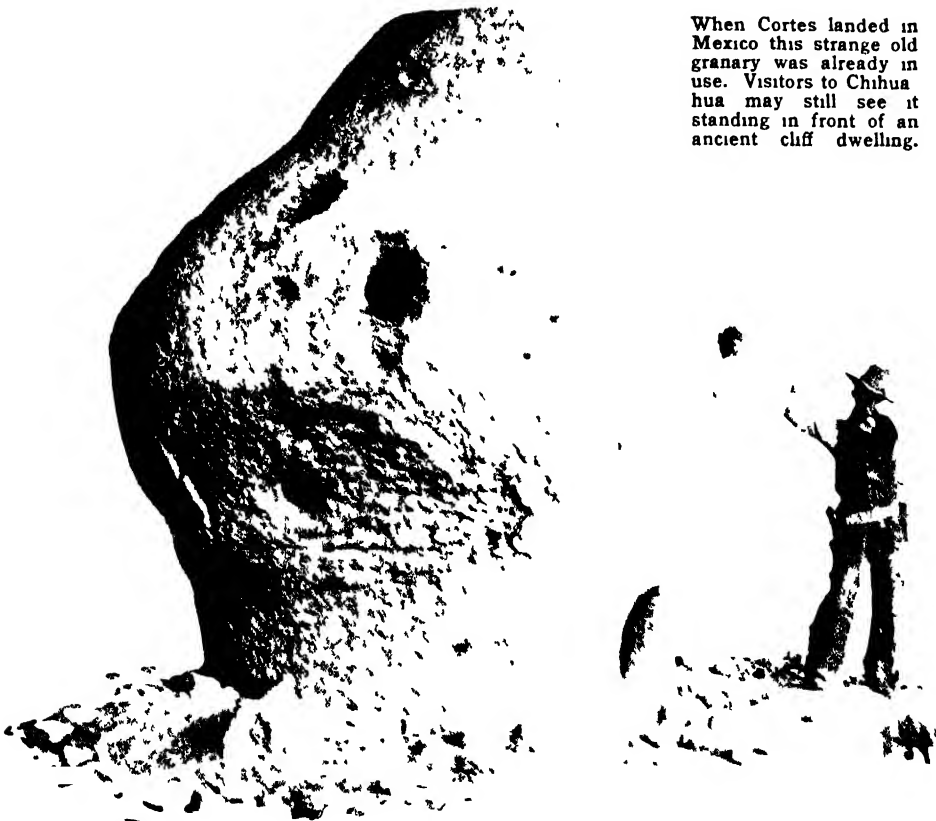
If you are going to be a conqueror, you must be willing to stop at nothing, no matter how cruel or dishonest it may be. Here Cortes is shown giving an order which he hopes will help to make him governor of Mexico. He has all along been under the command of Velasquez, governor of Cuba, but has come to conquer Mexico against Velasquez's orders, though he sailed in the governor's ships. Now that he sees the country within his grasp, he has decided on a bold move. He will send the best ship back to Spain loaded with gifts given him by Montezuma, the Aztec king. It will carry to the Spanish ruler news of Cortes' great deeds and a request for his appointment as governor of Mexico. And Velasquez's other ships he will burn. That will make him forever independent of the governor of Cuba. So he gives the order to burn the ships and the artist has shown him at the moment of that daring command. Of course his own followers at once elected him commander in chief.

CORTES

A little noise told them what was happening, and a terrible battle followed on the causeway. It is known in Spanish history as the "Dreadful Night." Less than half of the Spaniards managed to get away, and many of these were wounded before they escaped. Then the Aztecs kept pursuing them— these people who had been gods such a little while before. But of course the Spaniards knew more about fighting a pitched battle than the Aztecs; and once they had lured the Aztecs into an open battle it was all over. Cortes was the victor, and the Spanish power was planted in Mexico for many a year to come. The next year Cortes went back and captured the city of Tenochtitlan.

When he went home for the first time to Spain he was received with the highest

honors. The King gave him great rewards and made him captain over all Mexico. But when Cortes returned to rule the land and spread the Spanish power through it, he had plenty of troubles still to meet. There were rebellions among the natives, and still worse quarrels among the Spaniards themselves. Cortes put them all down with an iron hand, which often meant terrible cruelty. The rulers back in Spain were often jealous of him too, and he had to make another trip to the home country to get the best of his enemies there. But on his last trip home he found that the King had also turned against him, and he soon had to give up. His last years were very unhappy, though it is hard to feel much sorrow over the fact. He died in 1547.



When Cortes landed in Mexico this strange old granary was already in use. Visitors to Chihuahua may still see it standing in front of an ancient cliff dwelling.

Photo by Mexican Railways

CABOT



John Cabot and his men thought that it was North-eastern Asia they were claiming for England, but it was really Labrador. Since the forgotten voyages of the Norsemen no white man had until that day set foot in North America. If Henry VII of England had

listened to Cabot as Queen Isabella of Spain listened to Columbus, it is possible that English ships under this great explorer might have been first to find the New World. Even as it was, Cabot laid the foundation of the great British empire that grew up here.

The FIRST WHITE MAN in NORTH AMERICA

As a Little Boy, John Cabot Lived in the Same Town as Columbus, with Never a Notion of the Continent He Would Find One Day across the Ocean

JUST a few years before Columbus sailed across the ocean there had come to England an expert Italian seaman named Giovanni Caboto (jō-van'nē ka-bō'tō). The English could not make much of that name, so they called him John Cabot instead. And as John Cabot he is famous to this day.

He was born about 1450 in Genoa, where Columbus himself had been born about five years earlier. It is altogether possible that when they were boys they may have passed each other in the narrow streets that wind among the tall houses of that city. Just suppose they had then known that one of them would be the first man in history to find land on the other side of the ocean and the other the first man in history to see the coast of North America!

At about eleven years of age, Cabot had gone to live in Venice, and had very naturally become a sailor. For Venice had many a ship sailing over the Mediterranean in her trade with Asia. On one of his trips Cabot even went as far east as Mecca, the great market city of Arabia to which came the long caravans with their precious loads of jewels, silks, and spices. But these caravans had received their goods from other caravans that came from still farther east—perhaps, thought Cabot, even from far-away Cathay (kǎ-thā'), or China, that marvelous land where another man from Venice, the great Marco Polo, had managed to go about two hundred years before.

Now Cabot knew well enough that the earth was round. So if Marco Polo could get to Cathay by going east over the land,

why could not someone else get there by going west across the water? It was the same question that Columbus asked, and many another man was asking it at the time.

It was with this idea that Cabot had come to England, with his wife and three little boys. For a while, in London and in the seaport of Bristol, Cabot had a hard time persuading anybody to give him ships and money for the great venture. But while he was still busy talking about it, the news drifted into Bristol that Columbus had gone over the ocean and found the "Indies"—in other words, what everybody took to be the land of Asia.

Up to London to See the King

Cabot went up to London to see the King. Now King Henry VII was a prudent man, and careful with his money; but when he found that Cabot had gathered enough money for the expedition, and only wanted his gracious permission to go ahead, he soon signed a paper allowing Cabot and his three sons to sail as far west as they liked and to discover any lands they could, claiming them all for England. The King should have one-fifth of any wealth that came out of the venture, and the Cabots should have the sole right to trade with the new countries, without paying any duty on the goods they might find to bring into England.

So one morning early in May, 1497, Cabot set out down the channel from Bristol, with eighteen sailors in a little boat called the "Matthew," to find his way across the ocean. It sounds so easy now, and it was such a venture then! But the little ship had fine weather, and in less than two months, on June 24, she sighted land. For a long time we used to think it was Cape Breton Island that she first saw, but we now believe that she was somewhere off the coast of Labrador.

Here Cabot went ashore and planted the banner of England—and along with it, as a compliment to his own city of Venice, the banner of St. Mark. Of course he thought he had reached the coast of Asia as he cruised along it, landing here and there, naming the capes and islands that he saw,

and observing immense shoals of fish. In fact, the codfish were so plentiful that the sailors had only to let down baskets into the water to catch all they wanted. But Cabot saw no human beings, though he found a few signs of them, such as snares to catch game and some notched or felled trees. He thought he must be pretty far north on the coast of Asia, and that the rich lands of China and Japan must lie to the south. But his provisions were running short, and he had to sail home.

There must have been plenty of excitement in Bristol on the morning of August 6, when the little ship came back from over the ocean and a good deal more in London when Cabot went up to report to the King. The King made him a Grand Admiral and gave him £100—a good deal more than it would be now—and Cabot went about dressed in silks as the hero of the day. He made out a chart of his trip and also a solid globe on which he traced his course.

Cabot's Last Voyage

But Cabot loved to be a hero on the sea rather than in London, and he got the King to promise him ten vessels for another trip the next spring. By the month of May the number had dwindled to two, but in these he set out with his son Sebastian and about three hundred men. They made for Greenland and then tried to sail on west. But of course the ice blocked them there, and they had to turn south in the search for the islands that we now call Japan. So he sailed down the coast of America about as far as Chesapeake Bay, and then had to go back home.

He is supposed to have died shortly.

His son Sebastian was also a bold mariner. In 1525 he set out from Spain to find his way to China and Japan by a southern route. This took him to Brazil and on farther south along the coast. In 1553 he sent out three ships from England in an effort to get to the East around the north of Europe. The ice kept them from reaching China, and the crews of two of the vessels were frozen. But the commander of the third ship made his way into Russia and started the trade between England and that country.



When the brave Breton sailor, Jacques Cartier, finally moored his little ships on the shores of the New World, at the point of land we now call Cape Gaspé, he planted

the cross and the banner of France and claimed the fertile soil for his king. And that was the beginning of what later came to be the colony of New France.

LOOKING *for* CHINA HE FOUND CANADA

***And Then the Bold Sailor, Jacques Cartier, Started a New France
Many Times Larger than the Old One***

HIGH on a granite cliff of Brittany, in France, stands the town of Saint-Malo. The single, slender spire of its cathedral towers above the city walls, soaring upward as though it would pierce the sky. Far out at sea, the sailors catch sight of it before they can see the town, and so they know that they have ended one more voyage. Now, as always, most of the people of Saint-Malo (săN-mă' lô') are sailors, and always they have been renowned as hardy seamen and as doughty fighters. So famous have they always been that France's

greatest king would have only Bretons in his fleets and only the Bretons of Saint-Malo.

Greatest of all Saint-Malo's sailors, and best remembered by the French, is Jacques Cartier (zhăk căr'tyă'), who sailed from there in 1534 and gave his king a claim on the New World. When only a youth Cartier had made a trip to Brazil. This time, as a seasoned sailor of forty-three years, he did not go southward again, but boldly struck out to the northeast across the Atlantic. He was not looking for new lands, but for

CARTIER



Photo by Rischgitz

Jacques Cartier never found a Northwest Passage to the East, but he did find the St. Lawrence. Here you

see the daring Frenchman and his party sailing for the first time up the great Canadian river, in 1535.

a sea route to distant China. He sighted Newfoundland, already discovered by John Cabot, sailed along the southern coast of Labrador, and finally moored his ships in a great bay at a point of land now called Cape Gaspé. Later he wrote that he was spellbound by the beauty of the country, by its fertility, and by the welcome of the hospitable Indians. Here he planted a cross and the banner of France, claiming all the land for Francis I, his great king. This was the beginning of New France.

The next year Cartier set out again from Saint-Malo, this time with a little fleet, for he had some hope of founding a colony. When he once more reached the spot which he had visited before, his men somehow discovered that the water of this arm of the sea is fresh, not salty. Then they sailed on westward. On August tenth Cartier concluded that he was sailing up a great river, and since the date was that of the feast day of Saint Lawrence, he named the river for the saint.

Keeping on up the magnificent stream, the voyagers came to the point where the city of Quebec now stands, and there they found an Indian village called Stadacona, where Chief Donnacona ruled. Here they rested for a few days and were entertained by the natives. When Donnacona tried to persuade them not to go on any farther, they refused to listen. They sailed on and at last reached a beautiful island lying in

the river at a spot where a great hill, towering out of a plain, stands on one bank. Cartier and his men stopped at Hochelaga, the Indian village on the island, and before they left they named the hill Mont-Royal. To this day the isle itself and the city that stands on the site are both called Montreal.

As winter came on, the voyagers decided to go back to Stadacona. Unused to such a long cold season, the men endured great hardships and many died of scurvy. Cartier himself suffered an attack of the disease but was cured by some remedy given him by a friendly and admiring Indian. In the spring of 1536 the ships set sail for France, taking along Chief Donnacona, who had been treacherously seized despite his many kindnesses to the sick and suffering sailors.

In 1542 Cartier made his last trip to the New World, this time as pilot for Sieur de Roberval (syûr dē rô'bêr'vâl'), who was sent out by the King as governor of New France. The glittering stones that the bold Breton sailor carried back home from this voyage did not prove to bear gold, however, as he had expected. But none the less he soon became a rich man from his voyages. As a reward for his labors the King gave him great farms and a fine home in Brittany, and there the courageous explorer, forgetting the sea and its perils, settled down to write the interesting memoirs that give us a charming story of his adventures. He died on September 1, 1557.

HENRY HUDSON



Photo by Museum of the City of N. Y.

Aboard the gallant "Half Moon." For this is a picture of the little boat in which white men first sailed up the Hudson River. And the man on the right is no

other than Henry Hudson himself in command of his crew upon that famous occasion. How their eyes would open if they could repeat the trip to-day!

WHO FOUND *the* PLACE *to* BUILD NEW YORK?

It Was Henry Hudson. He Was Trying Four Ways to Get to China, and Look at What He Found

HERE I am in England and I want to go to China. Now how in the world am I going to get there? The Turks have closed the only path I ever knew to the East, and now I cannot go that way to get all the silks and spices and precious stones that have always come from there. I must find another way. How can I go?

That was the puzzle of many a man three or four hundred years ago. He did not know any too much about the map, of course. He knew the world was round, and therefore that he could get to China if he could only sail far enough east or far enough west. But if he went east, he had to sail way down around Africa and face all sorts of dangers; and if he went west, he must sail down under South America.

Could he sail around the top of Europe,

and so find a Northeast Passage? No one had ever done it. Could he go around the top of North America? No one had ever done that either, and no one knew how much land or how much ice there would be to block either of these paths. Could he sail right over the North Pole? That would be the shortest way, but was it all ice? Or could he find a way straight through North America? Nobody knew how wide America was, and maybe he could find a waterway and sail right through it. At any rate, these were the only ways to China, and the only thing to do was to try them all.

This was exactly where Henry Hudson stood three hundred years ago. He wanted to find the way to China, and he had the rich Muscovy Company in England to put up the money. He tried all the four ways

HENRY HUDSON



Photo by the artist David C. Lithgow

These were the farmers Hudson saw along the river that now bears his name. When they wanted a good crop, they put a fish in each corn hill to fertilize the

soil. And when they had gathered their grain the women pounded it into meal, as the girl is doing in the picture. Then they baked it without yeast into bread.

and though he never got to China, he found out a great many things in trying

When he first set out, in 1607, he tried to sail over the North Pole. It looked pretty simple on the map. But of course the great ice sheet kept him from coming anywhere near the Pole, and it is a wonder that he ever got back home alive. But he did explore several islands on this trip, and he found out how many whales there were around Spitsbergen.

Then he made another trip and tried to go around the top of Europe. There the ice blocked him again. By now he had his own ideas about where to go, and he started westward for America. Then the winds caught him and drove him out of his course, and he had to go back home once more.

But the Muscovy Company now had

enough. Instead of wasting any more money on Hudson, they went hunting for whales instead, and out of that they grew very rich.

Then the Dutch merchants sent for Hudson. There must have been an interesting conversation. Hudson told them that the way to China lay to the west, either around the north of America or straight through it somewhere near Virginia. But they thought they knew better and they still made

him start around the top of Europe. So Hudson set out in that direction once more, in 1609. He went in a tiny boat called the "Half Moon"—and that boat is now about as famous as Hudson himself.

It was because he sailed for the Dutch that we always call him Hendrick Hudson, now, for Hendrick is only Dutch for Henry.



The Indians had not yet learned to hate the white man when Hudson first landed in North America. So our artist has painted this scene of welcome when the strangers put to land from their little vessel.

HENRY HUDSON

Of course the ice blocked him around the top of Europe. Then he called his men together and offered them a choice. He was going west, and they could either look for the way to China around the top of America or straight through the middle of it. His friend Captain John Smith had sent him some maps of the middle. Which way would they go?

They had had enough of icebergs, and they chose the middle.

There was a man on board named Juet who kept a log of the whole trip, and parts of it have come down to us. They tell us just what happened on the long voyage. The "Half Moon" lost her mast, and had to put into a bay in Maine to cut down and her in the forest. One day a man in the crew got an Indian arrow in his throat and died. On the third of September the little ship came into what is now the harbor of New York. Was this the way to China? On the twelfth, Hudson started up the river to find out. He got as far as Albany before he decided that

he could not get to China up the Hudson - but the river is now named after him.

Then he had to go home again. It is a curious fact that at Albany he was only about sixty miles away from the great French explorer Champlain, who was just coming down from Canada through Lake George. How they would have been surprised to meet in these wilds!

Up the Hudson to China!

All this was the beginning of New York. The Dutch merchants were sorry they had not found the way to China, but at least they could send over men to trade in furs

along the Hudson. A little later they planted a colony there. And that is why we have so many Dutch names around New York to this day and also so many Dutch customs, like paying New Year's calls and believing in Saint Nicholas.

Henry Hudson made one more trip, in 1610, this time under the flag of England. He tried to get around the top of North America the last of the four ways. He went through the strait now named for him and into the great body of water that we still call Hudson Bay. And there he perished.

His men were so angry after a hard winter in that region that they put him, with a few other people, out into a little boat and left them to their fate.

And now suppose Henry Hudson could see a modern map! How he might laugh to think he tried to get to China up the Hudson River! Can you imagine asking for a ticket to China at the office of the Hudson River Day Line? But he was groping as best he could around a vast unknown continent, and among its

islands and ice fields. It was all like a gigantic picture puzzle. He did a good deal to put it together. But it was too much for any one man.

A Tribute to a Ship

Some day when you sail up the Hudson you must look for the exact copy of the "Half Moon" that now lies at Bear Mountain. Try to imagine going through the ice to China in that tiny boat! And think of the terrors of a storm for so frail a shell. Then you will have some notion of the bravery of all the sturdy souls who risked their lives to open up the great New World.



This is the last sad voyage of the great explorer who discovered the Hudson River. For when he was trying to find a passage around the north of America, his rebellious crew set him adrift in this little boat to perish on the bay that bears his name.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH



Photo by Anderson Rose

When Sir Walter Raleigh was a little boy he must often have sat like this on the seashore in Devonshire and listened to the tales of some old salt till he could hardly wait to grow up and go adventuring himself. For those were the days when every ship brought news

of some Spanish galleon robbed of its treasure on the high seas, of some new land discovered or sea explored, of some new wonder found in the incredible New World. And when he did grow up this little lad was to be one of the greatest adventurers of them all.

BRAVE and BRILLIANT SIR WALTER

The Darling of the Great Queen Plants a Colony in Virginia for Her, and Then the King Chops Off His Head

WHY did any Englishman want to leave his own merry land, three hundred years ago, and come over to live with the Indians in the wilds of North America? Whether he was rich and noble, with a great estate, or poor and humble on a little farm, why should he risk the perils of the waves and forests instead of staying peacefully at home? Well, there were a good many reasons, but one of the main ones was simply the love of high adventure that has made so many men blaze new paths in the world.

And one of the most daring adventurers in all England was the man who planted the first British colony across the water. Wit and poet, courtier and scholar and soldier, Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the great spirits of his daring day.

Raleigh came of a fine family, and was born about 1552 at Hayes, a village in South Devonshire. He was popular at the University of Oxford for his wit and his good looks, but he did not finish his course there because he went to France with a party of

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

adventuring Englishmen who for some five years fought on the Protestant side with the Huguenots (hū'gē-nōt) in the religious wars. On his return to England he spent some time at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and then sailed with his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on what they called a voyage of discovery. Their real aim was to run down and loot Spanish ships bound homeward from America, where they had been loaded full of treasure. Such adventure as this just suited the daring Raleigh, and also gave him a chance to build up a much-needed fortune. For his family had spent their wealth very freely and had left little to the son, who was something of a spendthrift on his own account. And Sir Walter's love of luxury, especially of fine clothes—he was the most splendidly dressed courtier of his time—made the lack of money a constant plague to him.

When Raleigh came back from this voyage he again entered an army, this time as captain of some English troops in Ireland. The adventure proved far more important than ever he expected. When he was sent from the army with letters for Queen Eliza-

beth, his handsome bearing, sprightly wit, and gracious manner won her favor so completely that she insisted upon his remaining at her court. He soon became one of her great favorites. To insure his fortune she

gave him several offices, including the control of the English wine and broadcloth trade, from which he obtained such a princely income that he could afford to live in the best style of his time in the finest house in all London.

Having won a fortune and made his way at court, Raleigh was now seized with the thirst for adventure and he began to get ready for another expedition to cross the Atlantic, loot the Spanish ships, and found a settlement in North America. But Queen Elizabeth would not

hear of his leaving her court, for she feared to trust her favorite to the perils of the deep and the wilds of America. Yet if he could not go himself, Raleigh could at least send others, and so he did. He fitted out an expedition in 1584 and sent out Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe to seek a suitable location. The next year he put his cousin Sir Richard Grenville in charge of seven shiploads of colonists and sent them to plant a



Photo by National Gallery

This is Sir Walter Raleigh, about whom so many fine tales are told that one could never repeat them all. There is the famous story of his throwing his handsome cloak over a mud puddle in Queen Elizabeth's path. There is the tale that once, lying in prison under sentence of death, he asked for one night of freedom to rescue a lady, promising to return—and returning! These may be only stories, but he was gallant and high-hearted and witty, of that we may be sure. On the scaffold he felt the edge of the axe with his fingers. "This is sharp medicine," he said, "but it is a sound cure for all disease."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

settlement. On an island off the coast of the Carolinas they founded Roanoke, the first English settlement in America.

The First Settlement in Virginia

This first settlement in Virginia— as the lands chosen by Amadas and Barlowe had been named, for the Queen— did not prosper. After less than a year of hardship and starvation the settlers gave up and went back to England. But Raleigh would not give up so easily. The next year he sent out a party of a hundred and seventeen men, women, and children, with John White as governor. After a short stay, White returned to England for supplies. When he again reached the settlement on Roanoke Island, he found not a single colonist, but only the half-burned ruins of the houses. Carved on a tree was the word "Croatan," the name of an island to the south, but even a search there revealed no survivors.

Among the lost settlers was little Virginia Dare, the governor's granddaughter, the first English child born in America. It is now believed that those who were not killed by hostile Indians were carried off as prisoners or adopted by the tribe. This was the pitiable end of England's first attempt at colonizing the New World. Later colonists, however, wiser and equally courageous, followed Raleigh in planting settlements in this same Virginia and brought wealth to themselves and to the mother country by growing tobacco, which, with the potato, had been brought back to England by the settlers who deserted Roanoke.

The Search for El Dorado

While Sir Walter's colony at Roanoke was suffering its mishaps, he was busy helping to prepare the English fleet which in 1588 defeated the Spanish Armada. Shortly after that he married, and so lost the favor of his Queen. Since Elizabeth no longer cared for him, she was quite willing to have him try any adventure, so he soon set out for South America in search of the fabled land of El Dorado (ĕl dô-ra'dō), a land of gold which he believed lay along the Orinoco

River. He found little gold there, but he did bring back some mahogany wood, the first ever seen in England, so it is said. After a short rest he joined an English fleet bound for the mid-Atlantic to waylay Spanish treasure ships. This trip took him to the Azores and to Cadiz, in Spain, where as usual he had a hand in some hot fighting.

Raleigh's Reward

In 1603 Queen Elizabeth died and James I came to the throne. This king, who had no friendly interest in the proud and haughty Raleigh, soon began to listen to the many envious courtiers who had long disliked the rich and pampered favorite of Elizabeth. The King was soon eager to be rid of him. He first took away all the offices and privileges that Sir Walter had so long enjoyed, and soon thereafter threw him into prison in the Tower of London, where he remained for twelve long years. Here he passed away his time by writing, among other things, his "History of the World," one of the earliest pieces of really good English prose. In 1616 he was at last set free.

Raleigh's Last Adventure

Still hopeful of finding the El Dorado he had once sought in vain, he immediately set sail for South America again. Making his way up the Orinoco River as before, he stopped at a Spanish settlement, San Tomas, and there, after some sort of dispute with the inhabitants, he set fire to the town. News of this reached Spain. The Spanish king, who had doubtless often heard before of Raleigh's doings, asked his ambassador in London to lodge a complaint against Sir Walter. King James again gladly listened; here, at last, was his chance. When Raleigh reached England he was arrested, charged with treason, and beheaded on October 29, 1618. There are many stories of the grace and gallantry he showed even while awaiting the deadly stroke of the headsman's axe. Whether or not those tales are true, there can be no doubt that during his life Sir Walter had been England's most elegant courtier, and one of her most daring sons.

THE GREAT CHAMPLAIN

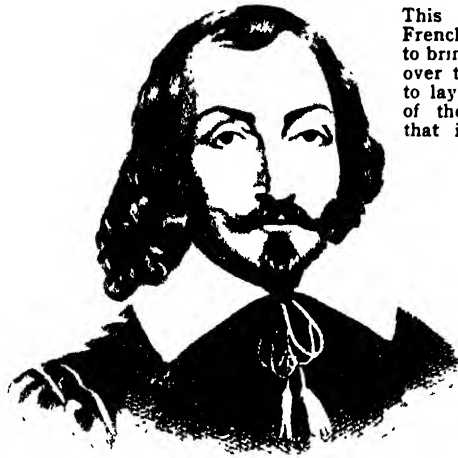


Photo by Amc

This is the gallant Frenchman who helped to bring the Old World over to the New, and to lay the foundations of the splendid land that is now Canada.

WHO FOUND *the* PLACE to BUILD QUEBEC?

And What Else Did the Great Champlain Do in the Wilds and Waters of the New America?

FROM early times the southwest part of France has been known for its men of action. There stands La Rochelle, a city whose people have withstood many a siege. There live the restless, talkative, hard-fighting Gascons. There dwelt the Santones, who centuries ago defied the great Julius Caesar. And from the land of the Santones, or Saintonge (sāN'-tōNzh), as it is now called, came Samuel de Champlain (sham-plan'), one of the great French explorers and colonizers in America. His name is famous because he had the vision of a New France in the New World.

Born in the tiny village of Brouage (brōō'āzh') some time in 1567, Champlain sailed to the Spanish settlements in America when only a youth. This voyage made him eager to find lands and start colonies for his own country. He even had the idea that a canal ought to be dug at Panama, just about where we have put it in our own day. The French king was impressed by his good sense, and sent him out in 1603 to look for a place to plant a colony in North America. From then until his death in Quebec on Christmas Day, 1635, Champlain was either busily exploring the New World

or living in France and writing accounts of America. Crossing and recrossing the Atlantic many times, he divided his life between the Old World and the New.

On his first expedition Champlain sailed up the Saint Lawrence River as far as the Lachine Rapids, and went some fifty miles up the rushing Saguenay. The following year, at the mouth of a little stream in Nova Scotia he helped to found the colony named Port Royal now Annapolis—the first permanent settlement in New France. Still seeking other good places for settlement, during the next four years he explored the Bay of Fundy and the coast of New England from Maine as far south as Cape Cod. Meanwhile the settlers at Port Royal were growing ever more dissatisfied, so in 1607 Champlain took them back to France.

"The Place Where Nut Trees Grew"

The next year he came back to America with other settlers. He sailed up the Saint Lawrence and dropped anchor on July 3 at "a place most proper for a habitation." "No other place," he wrote, "could be more excellent than this, nor better situated, for nut trees abound here. The point is called *Quebec* by the Indians." Here Champlain

THE GREAT CHAMPLAIN



Photo by the artist David C. Lutz

By this single shot, which killed three Iroquois chiefs, Champlain made the powerful Iroquois nation into

lasting enemies of France. As a result England and her settlers became supreme in the New World

led his followers ashore and started a settlement destined to become the capital of New France.

And now Champlain's activities began in earnest. Forming a league with the neighboring Huron and Algonquin Indians in 1609, he started war against the Five Nations, a group of war-loving tribes led by the fierce Iroquois. This needless French hostility later caused the Iroquois to become allies of the Dutch and English colonists in their conflicts with New France. While on this expedition, Champlain discovered the beautiful lake which bears his name.

His next exploring trips led him into the west and north. In 1611 he established a trading post at Montreal, and in 1613 he sailed up the Ottawa River looking for "a

great salt sea" of which he had heard. On his return he came in a roundabout way, touching the shores of Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario.

The great western expedition completed, Champlain settled down in Quebec to live quietly and do what he could to promote the welfare of the struggling village. In 1629 the place was attacked by English ships and forced to surrender. Champlain himself was carried to London as a prisoner, but was later released and sent to Paris. After three years the English gave Quebec back to the French, and at once Champlain set out for his colony with two hundred new settlers. After working there a few months more, he died (1635) in the village he had founded.



Copyright Milwaukee Public Museum
Gentle Father Marquette, an early French missionary to the New World, succeeded where others were to fail. For he carried a magic key which unlocked all

hearts the key of kindly words and deeds. The above picture shows the explorer first entering the broad waters of the Mississippi River in 1673.

A MAN *the* INDIANS LOVED

That Is Why They Told Him So Much about What He Could Discover All along the Upper Mississippi

IT WAS noble blood that ran in the veins of Jacques Marquette (zhāk mār'kēt'). The king of France had given new honors to his father, and the father may have been a little sorry when his youngest son, born in 1637, wanted to become a Jesuit (jēz'û-ît) priest and a missionary to the Indians instead of carving out a great career in France. Yet Jacques was going to make a name that would outlast those of all his kinsmen.

He began to study with the learned Jesuit when he was only sixteen. Known for his gentle disposition and his skill in languages, he made rapid progress; and when his training was over he settled down as a teacher in the Jesuit college. But the quiet life there did not suit him. From time to time he read the stories that came back from the Jesuit missionaries of New France, or Can-

ada, and with every letter he grew more impatient to join them in the wilds of the New World.

At last, when he was twenty-nine, he was sent over to Quebec. For a little while he remained there and then he was sent into the western forests to a region known as the Country of the Upper Lakes. He spent some time at a mission on Chequamegon Bay, on Lake Superior, and then came back to the rapids in the Saint Mary's River, where he started a mission at the place now called Sault Sainte Marie. After some months he opened another mission farther south, at Michilimackinac on Mackinac Strait. And it was there that his great adventure began.

In 1672, Count Frontenac (frōN'tē-nāk'), the governor of New France, sent out Louis Joliet (jō'lyē'), a skillful woodsman and ex-

MARQUETTE

plorer, to find the great river of the West that was said to flow into the "Sea of California." Joliet knew the western forests well enough, but he was nevertheless told to go first to Father Marquette and take him along on the adventure. For it was believed that the priest's friendliness with the Indians, and his knowledge of their speech and customs, would make the way

its source, and thence went overland to the shore of Lake Michigan at the place where Chicago now stands. From here they made their way around the shore of the lake to the mission on Green Bay, arriving there late in September.

The next spring Joliet pushed on to Quebec to tell the governor about the great river and to give a report of the whole trip. But



Photo Copyright by Milwaukee Public Museum

Today the Father of Waters flows through smiling farms and populous cities. Villages cluster along its banks and mighty bridges span it. But in the day

when Father Marquette floated down to the Arkansas, its dense forests had never felt an axe, and the plains on either side were owned by the buffaloes.

of the explorers much easier. And so it did.

Joliet spent the winter with Marquette, and early the next May the two men set out. They first went to Green Bay, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, and from there canoed up the Fox River to Lake Winnebago. The Indians whom they met there guided them across the country to a bend in the Wisconsin River. There the two explorers with their five companions again took to their canoes. After a week of pleasant travel they floated out into the waters of the upper Mississippi.

On this great river, growing ever greater, they floated southward past the mouth of the Missouri and of the Ohio, and onward until they reached the mouth of the Arkansas. There they stayed a while with friendly Indians. But they were afraid to go on farther south, and they turned back and canoed to the mouth of the Illinois River. They ascended this stream to a portage near

Father Marquette, eager to bring Christianity to the Indians living in the south, again set out down the western shore of Lake Michigan. Though he was ill during much of the trip, he and his companions kept on till they reached the Indian village of Kaskaskia on the Illinois River. There they rested till the sick and weary priest was able to start back to his mission at distant Michilimackinac. Slowly, very slowly, they trudged along, Father Marquette growing weaker every day. At last, on May 18, 1675, he died, in the wilderness on the shore of Lake Michigan, near the mouth of the river which now bears his name. There he was buried. Within a few years some Indian converts sought out his grave in the forest and carried his remains on to the mission at Michilimackinac. To-day his body rests in the chapel at Saint Ignace, the village that grew up on the spot where his own mission post once stood.



If the brave La Salle had only been kindly as well as strong and determined disaster might well have given up following him. But he found it hard to get along with people. Though he could command, he could not

persuade. So he came to an untimely end. In the picture above, the artist has chosen to show him at the most glorious moment in his career—when he claimed the Mississippi Valley for his king.

The MAN WHO FOUND the OHIO

*La Salle Gave the Whole Mississippi Valley to His King, and
Somewhere in Its Soil He Lies To-day, Where He Was
Shot Down by His Own Men*

THIRTY hundred years ago the city of Rouen was famous in France for its rich merchant families and richest of them all were the Cavaliers (ka've lyé). They lived like nobles. Some of them ranked high in the church, and some were even courtiers about the household of Louis XIV, the Grand Monarch. One of them, however, a haughty one, was thought to be a ne'er-do-well. Yet this younger son, named Robert René (re-na') but better known as Cavalier de La Salle, brought lasting glory to the family by winning for France the greatest of all her possessions.

Robert was born in Rouen (rōō'ōN' on

November 25, 1643, but at the age of twenty-four he came over to Montreal where an older brother had charge of a monastery. This was then in New France, for it was not till later that the land was named Canada. For a trilling sum he bought a large tract of land near the Lachine Rapids and at once began trading with the Indians. From them he heard of a great river called the 'Ohio,' said to flow westward into the 'China Sea,' or the Pacific Ocean, and he set out to seek it in 1669. After two years he returned, and though he had lost all the maps he had made, he had traveled down the Ohio River to the

LA SALLE

point where Louisville now stands. Even more important, he had learned that what the Indians called the "Ohio" was really the Mississippi, and he had heard, as had Joliet (zhô'lyě') the year before, that this river flows from the lakes of the north southward into a great sea.

This fact gave La Salle the one idea that was to lead him ever onward until the day of his death. Before he told anyone about it, however, he made a trip to Lake Huron, then down Lake Michigan to about where Chicago now stands, and on to the Illinois River. Learning from the Indians that this stream empties into the Mississippi, he returned to Montreal and laid his great plan before Count Frontenac (frôN'tē-nâk'), the governor of New France.

La Salle's scheme was to build a chain of forts along the upper Saint Lawrence River, around the Great Lakes, and along the Ohio and the Mississippi. These, he knew, would give New France many trading posts; and he thought they would hold the western country against the Dutch, the English, and the Spanish, all of whom were eager to win the region. Frontenac agreed to the plan, and in 1673 La Salle set to work.

Until his death on March 19, 1687, La Salle carried on one expedition after another. Fate seemed to be against him from the first. His forts were besieged and destroyed. His ships were lost in storms. Powerful enemies in the New World and the Old plotted against him. His men played traitor, and often deserted him. But he, with a strength and courage beyond all description, never gave up until he voyaged to the mouth of the Mississippi and claimed for France all the lands drained by that great river and its tributaries. Proud of his country and of his king, Louis XIV, he named this vast territory of

the Mississippi Valley after his sovereign—"Land of Louis," or Louisiana.

When La Salle again reached Montreal he found that his good friend Frontenac was no longer in power. In his stead was a mean-spirited, grasping governor, eager to rob the explorer of his glories and of any profits he might make from his great ventures. But La Salle was not so easily mistreated. He went directly to the King in France, told him his story, and received from him the right to govern all the regions he had discovered. Soon he set sail again, intending to go by sea directly to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Once again disaster dogged the sturdy man. All through the voyage there was discontent aboard the ships. The commander of the fleet sailed past the mouth of the Mississippi, and after voyaging about for days, anchored far to the west on the coast of Texas. In a short time he sailed away, leaving La Salle and his companions on that inhospitable shore. Still undaunted, the plucky explorer set out with a few men through the thousands of miles of forest that lay between him and Quebec. He lost his way and wandered aimlessly about through plain and forest for several months. Every day the men grew more disheartened and more angry with their leader. At last, after a bitter quarrel, four of them ambushed him and treacherously shot him.

His ambition, his determined purpose, and his courage brought a glorious fame to La Salle when he completed the work of discovery done by his countrymen, Marquette and Joliet, and by the Spaniard, Hernando de Soto. But his pride and his stern nature made enemies for him all through his life, and finally brought him to an unmarked grave somewhere in the depths of the trackless forest.



HE LOVED *the* WOODS *and the* INDIANS

And That Is Why Joliet Came to Be a Daring Explorer of the Great Northwest

ONE early spring day in 1674 the little village of Quebec, capital of New France, was filled with excitement. Travelers were coming. It was not just trappers returning from the western forests, but real explorers. And at their head was Louis Joliet (zhô'lyě') himself. The son of a wagon maker, he had been born in the village twenty-nine years before, on September 21, 1645. Now, after a year's absence on another of his exciting trips, he was reaching home again at last. Now he would tell Frontenac (frôN'tē-nâk'), the governor, about the great river of the west, for he had really found it.

From childhood Joliet had loved the forest and its Indians. His parents, wanting him to become a priest, had early put him into the Jesuit (jěz'û-It) college, but he had not stayed long. Fearing that his superiors might not send him out to be a missionary, he soon left the seminary and joined a party of explorers westward bound to find a more direct route from Montreal to the "Country of the Upper Lakes" and to search for copper along the shores of Lake Superior. This long trip through the forests decided his life's business. He became a fur trader, a "coureur de bois" (kôo'rûr' dē bwa), or "runner of the forests."

Since Joliet knew the western lands so well, Frontenac had sent him to find out if the great western river, about which he had heard from missionaries and from Sieur (syûr) de La Salle, really flowed into the "Vermilion Sea," as the Gulf of California was then called. Setting out, Joliet went first to the mission at Michilimackinac, where he was joined by Father Jacques Marquette (zhâk mâr'kět'), a Jesuit missionary who knew the forests as well as he, and the Indians even better.

The two men, with five French companions, left Michilimackinac in two canoes. They paddled around the northern shore of

Lake Michigan to a settlement on Green Bay, and from there up the Fox River to Lake Winnebago. Having reached the southern end of the lake, they were guided by some Indians across country to the Wisconsin River, which Jean Nicolet (zhôN nê'kô'lě') may have discovered in 1634. There they again embarked in their frail canoes, and drifted southward with the current till they reached the upper waters of the great river they were seeking.

Finding the Mississippi

For four weeks they drifted along, and since the stream kept growing wider they soon came to see why the Indians called it "Mississippi"—the "Father of Waters." Past the mouth of the muddy Missouri and of the sluggish Ohio, they drifted on until they reached the Arkansas River. There, in an Indian village called Akamsea, they found friendly natives who advised them not to venture farther south.

So they started back. Slowly they made their way northward to the mouth of the Illinois River, then to its source, where they again found friendly Indians to guide them overland to the southern shore of Lake Michigan, at the place where Chicago now stands. From there they followed the western shore of the lake to the settlement at Green Bay, arriving in late September. There the leaders parted, Father Marquette making his way to his mission. With the coming of the spring Joliet again set out through the forests, this time for Quebec.

When the people of New France learned of his discoveries there was much rejoicing. The French king himself was so happy that he paid the explorer high honors and gave him—to hold forever—the Island of Anticosti in the broad Gulf of Saint Lawrence. There Louis Joliet, the wagon maker's son, ruled like a prince until the day of his death, some time in May, 1700.

CAPTAIN COOK



Photo by The Public Library, Melbourne

Before the days of Captain Cook men's ideas about the South Seas were so hazy that no one was quite sure whether or not there was another continent southeast of Asia. To be sure, the Dutch had trading posts in Australia, but they knew almost nothing about that

vast island continent. Then in 1770 came Captain Cook, to explore long stretches of the Australian shore and claim the whole land for England. In this picture he is just landing at Botany Bay, not far from where the city of Sydney now stands.

WHO FOUND *the* HAWAIIAN ISLANDS?

Here Is the Story of the Valiant Captain Cook, Who Made Many a Discovery in the Icy Wastes of Arctic and Antarctic

IF EVER a boy was born under a lucky star, as the saying is, that boy was James Cook. No one guessed the fact when he came into the world in a poor little Yorkshire cottage on an October day in 1728. Nor did his early years give promise of what was ahead, for he had only enough schooling to teach him to read and write and do simple sums in arithmetic. At thirteen he was apprenticed to a shopkeeper in a neighboring fishing town, but he soon quit the shop for the sea, and at twenty-seven was the mate of a small vessel.

Then he took an important step; he enlisted in the British Navy as a common

seaman. He was a welcome recruit, for not only was he a sturdy six-footer, with keen brown eyes under his heavy brows, but he was an experienced sailor as well. Assigned to a man-of-war commanded by Captain Hugh Palliser, young Cook soon won the liking of all the officers by his alert, intelligent way of carrying out an order. In four years he was made sailing master, or navigator, on a ship bound for America to assist General Wolfe at Quebec.

There, when a brave, reliable man was needed to take soundings by night of the channel of the river in front of the French camp, Captain Palliser recommended Cook;

CAPTAIN COOK

and after barely escaping capture, Cook drew such a good chart that he was ordered to make others. He came to be known as an able marine surveyor, and was employed for several years in charting along the coast from Newfoundland to Labrador. His leisure hours he gave to study, mastering such books as he possessed and making himself an educated man.

Then that "star" made itself felt in his life. It was known that the planet Venus would pass across the sun in 1769, and that this important event could best be seen in the South Seas. So King George III ordered a ship, the "Endeavor," to be fitted out for carrying astronomers and other scientists to the Pacific island of Tahiti (tä'hê-tê). By Captain Palliser's advice, Cook was made a lieutenant and put in command of the ship.

Sailing from England in August and going around Cape Horn, the "Endeavor" reached Tahiti the following April (1769). The islanders were friendly, though they were incurable thieves, like most of the South Sea natives. A camp was set up on shore for the astronomers, and there (June 3) they had a fine view of the "transit of Venus." Soon afterward the "Endeavor" sailed for New Zealand. There the people proved to be so fierce that few landings were made; but several months were spent exploring the coast before going on to "New Holland," as Australia was then called.

How Botany Bay Got Its Name

Here the inhabitants were scattered and timid, and so the scientists could often go ashore, finding all sorts of strange life—swarming millions of butterflies, fishes that hopped about on land, huge ants' nests in the trees, the curious kangaroos, and so

many new plants that Lieutenant Cook named one place Botany Bay. They sailed northward along the eastern coast of Australia; and since they had no charts to warn them of reefs and shallows, navigation grew more and more dangerous. Suddenly one night the ship struck on a rocky shoal and was almost wrecked.

They escaped this peril only to run into others that threatened to send them to the bottom; but finally the travelers reached a sheltered cove where the "Endeavor" could be repaired.

Many great dangers still lay before them, through which they were safely brought by the cool courage and good sense of their commander. But the greatest was awaiting them at Batavia, in Java, when they arrived there four months later; for there the climate was so unhealthful that during their two months' stay, while the "Endeavor" was being made seaworthy, all but ten of them fell ill. Many had died before the ship reached England.

Home again, in June, 1771, Cook found himself famous, and soon became a captain. He made two more voyages. On the first of these (1772-75) he even crossed the Antarctic Circle, only to be driven back by intense cold, thick fogs, and icebergs, which he called "floating rocks." This cruise lasted three years and covered sixty thousand miles.

On his return, Captain Cook was rewarded with higher rank and further honors, and published his diary of the voyage. But he had been at home scarcely a year before he set out again—on July 12, 1776, just about the time of the signing of our Declaration of Independence. This time he went to search for a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. It was his last voyage.



Photo by National Portrait Gallery

This is Captain James Cook, who discovered Hawaii, claimed Australia and New Zealand for England, and explored islands and coast lines of the Pacific practically from the top to the bottom of the map.

CAPTAIN COOK



Photo by Rischgitz

Here you see the tragic death of a great explorer. One night, after Captain Cook's return to the Hawaiian Islands, it was discovered that a ship's boat had been stolen by the natives. Early the following morning—the morning of the fourteenth of February, 1779—

Taking the eastern route, he again explored the Pacific, discovering the Hawaiian, or Sandwich, Islands before he sailed for the western coast of North America, where he examined every promising opening as he made his way north and passed through Bering Strait into the "Icy Sea." On his second voyage he had crossed the Antarctic Circle; now he crossed the Arctic Circle.

In November (1778) he was back among the Sandwich Islands and discovered the island of Hawaii itself. The natives, seemingly a gentle, kindly people, made the strangers welcome. Thousands came from all over the island to see them, lining the shore, swimming around the ship, and crowding about it in hundreds of canoes. Whenever the captain went ashore he was received like a king.

Then one night a ship's boat was stolen, and Captain Cook landed with a small party to demand its return. At first everything

Cook and a party of marines set out for the island to recover the missing boat. The natives became hostile and the party was obliged to retreat. The gallant captain, the last to retire, was stabbed in the back, but kept on fighting bravely until he died.

went well; but the throng about him grew suddenly hostile, and within a few yards of safety and in sight of his panic-stricken men, he was struck down.

So died one of the most gallant of explorers. He was devotedly loved by his men—and no wonder, for he saw that they had good food and fresh water, and he kept his ships clean, dry, and well-aired. In this way he proved that a ship could go on long voyages and yet escape the dread scourge of the sea, scurvy, which comes from improper food and unsanitary living. And what discoveries he made, what lands and waters he charted on those long voyages! He left the map of the Southern Hemisphere much as it is to-day, filling in many a hazy outline. Furthermore, he claimed Australia for England, and thus affected the lives of countless people.

The star under which Captain Cook was born was perhaps even luckier for England than it was for the brave explorer!

LEWIS AND CLARK



Photo by Jerald Photo Shop

Far into the unknown wilderness where no white man had ever been before Lewis and Clark have won their way until they stand at the Three Forks, where three small streams meet to form the Missouri. Not far beyond is the continental divide. And pointing the way onward, as she had been doing for many a difficult mile, stands Sacajawea, the gallant sixteen-year-old Indian girl, who knows the country half by instinct

and half by childhood memories. With her baby strapped to her back she has come with her husband, a French-Canadian trapper, to visit the land of her own people and to show the way to the "kind white chiefs" who are so bent on crossing the Shining Mountains to the Everywhere-Salt-Water. One of the finest things about these "white chiefs" was that they nearly always managed to get along very well with the Indians.

FIRST ACROSS NORTH AMERICA

In Many Ways the Trip of Lewis and Clark over the Rockies to the Pacific Was a More Daring Feat than Any of the Great Sea Voyages of the Explorers

AFTER North America had been discovered, how long do you think it was before anybody made a trip across it to the western coast? Just about three hundred years; and that is enough to show how hard the thing was to do far harder than just sailing over the ocean, where there were no jungles or Indians.

In 1803 President Jefferson bought from Napoleon the vast land of Louisiana, which then covered about half of the whole Mississippi Valley. He got it for the price of a good New York City block, for many parts of it were just wild woods that had never seen a white man. He thought someone ought to go out to see what it was all like. And for this purpose he chose Lewis and

Clark — Meriwether Lewis and William Clark.

Neither of these brave men could spell very well, and here is what they wrote in their journal when they had reached the end of one of the greatest trips of exploration ever made. They had come "in view of the Ocean, this great Pacific Ocean which we have been so long anxious to see, and the roaring or noise made by the waves breaking on the rocky shores . . . may be heard distinctly."

Lewis was a captain in the army. He had been born near Charlottesville, Virginia, on August 18, 1774; Clark was also a captain, born near the same place four years earlier. They had long been friends. After serving in the army against the Indians,

LEWIS AND CLARK

Clark had gone back to his home, now in Kentucky, and Lewis had been made private secretary to President Jefferson.

His service at Washington paved the way for Lewis's exploring trip. Since Jefferson had been interested in the great untraveled West even before he became president, he decided to send out an expedition into that region when he foresaw that we were likely to buy the territory. He made Lewis the leader, and Lewis chose his friend Clark for a companion. They were to "go up the Missouri River to its source, to find out if possible the fountains of the Mississippi, . . . cross the Stony Mountains, and, having found the nearest river flowing into the Pacific, go down it to the sea." Also, they were to find out all about the country, its Indian inhabitants, and the chances for buying furs.

No explorers ever set out with better trained men than the ones who started up the Missouri River on May 14, 1804. There were forty-five soldiers and woodsmen in the three stout boats. By the end of July they had reached the mouth of the Platte River, and in late October they pitched camp for the winter near an Indian village in what is now the state of South Dakota.

On April 7, 1805 they broke camp and again started westward, though fourteen men were now sent back to St. Louis, according to the plan. The rest were accompanied from this point to the coast by a half-breed Indian and his wife and child. The woman, called Sacajawea, or "Bird Woman," served as guide and interpreter, for she had grown up in the country farther west.

By the end of July the party reached the Rocky Mountains and came to the place, in what is now southwestern Montana, where three little rivers unite to form the Missouri. Soon they crossed the Great Divide; and they rejoiced to find at last a tiny stream that was flowing westward. They launched their canoes in this stream, the Clear Water River, passed on into the Snake River, and finally into a mighty rushing torrent that led them down to the Pacific Ocean. The mouth of this great river had been discovered from the Pacific in 1791, by Robert Gray, an American sea captain, who had named it the Columbia.

Along the shore of the Pacific near

this point the explorers built Fort Clatsop and went into camp for the winter. On May 26, 1806, they started back to the East. Guided by the friendly Indians, they made the trip back rapidly and fairly easily, and on September 23 they were again in St.

Louis. In spite of floods and blizzards, wild animals

and many hostile Indians, Lewis and Clark had traveled nearly nine thousand miles through pathless territory and had returned with a story of their expedition which reads like a romance—as the actual deeds of men so often do.

In 1807 Meriwether Lewis was made governor of the Louisiana Territory. He managed his business from St. Louis until he mysteriously met his death in the home of a Tennessee settler, some time in late September, 1809, as he was making his way across the country to Washington. William Clark lived until September 1, 1838. He had been Indian agent for the Upper Louisiana Territory from 1813 to 1821.



Photos by Independence Hall

Here are the two men who first crossed North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific—William Clark above and Meriwether Lewis at the right.



HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE



Here is a picture of Robert Edwin Peary, the first man who ever saw the North Pole. To the right is his ship, the "Roosevelt," which carried him through icy waters

on the first lap of his journey. Below are his sledges drawn by hardy Eskimo dogs, who hauled all his supplies on the dangerous dash to the Pole.

HOW WE FOUND *the* NORTH POLE

How Many Men, How Many Centuries, Do You Think It Took before the First Man Finally Reached the Top of the World?

SI FARS and stripes nailed to the Pole " This was the historic telegram that reached the White House on September 6, 1909, from Indian Harbor, in Labrador. It was signed by Robert Edwin Peary. This man had at last reached the North Pole, exactly five months earlier, and he had just got back to the first place from which he could let the world know about it.

Now people had been searching through the frozen north for many a century before this, and had even been trying to get to the Pole for a long time. Nothing that men had ever tried to do had been more daring or more perilous. The long account of their heroic efforts to go farthest north is full of bravery and full of tragedy. And this is

the story of it all. We will begin at the very beginning.

Many a century ago the people living around the Mediterranean thought the world was a flat disk surrounded by the great river Oceanus. They knew very little about any region far away, but they liked to dream about such places—for instance, the places that must lie to the north beyond the Alps and the mountains in the Balkans. From those regions came some of the tin for making bronze, and the amber that was worn for ornament.

But there was no reliable account of the north, so the poets used to make up many a marvelous tale about it. Homer tells about the Cimmerians (sī-mē'rī-ăn) who lived far

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE

to the north in a land of fog, and about a race of giants who dwelt up there where the nights were so short that one shepherd driving out his flock for the day might meet another bringing his sheep in for the night. And there were many other tales. They show that the people knew *something* about the north—for instance, the short nights in summer—but only very, very little, and nearly all of that wrong.

Bit by bit the people learned a little more. Way back about 500 B.C., a man from Carthage named Himilco made a great voyage north, apparently as far as Ireland, and wrote down the story of his trip. It is the first true story of the north we know. Nearly two hundred years later a Greek named Pytheas (pīth'ē-ās), living in the town that was then Massilia and is now Marseilles, sailed up to Britain and saw the tin mines in Cornwall. Later he skirted the eastern coast of Britain to its northernmost point; and there he heard about the land of Thule (thū'lē), on the edge of the frozen ocean, where half of the year was day and half of it night. So Pytheas was the first

man to find out a little of the real truth about the Arctic.

It was still more than a thousand years before any reliable account was written of the Arctic. During that long time a good many people, above all the Romans, found out a great deal about the northern coasts of Europe. Many years later, King Alfred of England had a very interesting visitor named Ohthere (ō'ther ē)

who told how he had sailed north along the coast of Norway and then east as far as what we now call the White Sea. We still have the story as King Alfred wrote it down. So the first man to bring back a story from the Arctic that has come down to us in writing was a Scandinavian, and the man who wrote out the story was an Anglo-Saxon.

And from that day to this, most of the polar trips have been made by men of Scandinavian or Saxon blood. These races have always given birth to sailors, and have always been hardy.

King Alfred wrote his story about the year 890. But long before that other men from Scandinavia had been sailing in the icy northern seas. They had



Photo by Herbert G. Ponting

Nature did not intend that any but the most hardy and experienced should conquer this forbidding country, where the desert wastes of snow are swept by gales and fearful blizzards, and the harbors are locked with great ice floes.



This little citizen of the Arctic has just had an invigorating plunge in his ice-water bathtub, and is poking his head above the ice to see who would like to join him. He is one of the few inhabitants of polar regions.

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE

found Iceland and settled it. From that island and from their own mainland they had set out boldly year after year to search for land and treasure. Just about a hundred years after Ohthere's voyage, the famous Eric the Red, an Iclander, set out to the west across the waters and landed on the coast of Greenland. So we are already far beyond the farthest land that any Roman ever dreamed of seeing.

For three years Eric sailed up and down the shores of Greenland in the search for good places to settle. He found several of them. Then he went back home, and in a few years returned to Greenland with twenty shiploads of colonists. If we think the Pilgrim fathers had a hard time on the rocky coast of New England, just suppose we try to fancy what it was like to settle down in Greenland six hundred years earlier!

From the time of Eric to that of Columbus there was no great interest in exploring through the frozen north. But once Columbus had come over and claimed the New World for Spain, various other nations began to send out men to see what they could find. Many of them went north, especially if they already lived in the northern part of Europe. As early as 1497 England

sent out John Cabot and his son Sebastian. They reached the great island of Newfoundland, and sailed many miles along the coast of America, which of course they thought was Asia.

Westward to China

Of course Cabot never dreamed of looking for the North Pole, any more than Eric the Red did. That was coming many years later. When Cabot and the men who followed him went far north, they were all looking for something very different. They wanted to find a way to China.

That was what had brought Columbus over. He had set out hoping he could get to Asia by going west across the water. Even when it was found that America was

not Asia, the explorers kept on trying to find a way *through* America to Asia.

And they tried many ways, north and south; one of them, for instance, thought

he might get through by way of the Hudson River, and the river is still named after him. But as time went on, ex-

The ships that carried the Norsemen to Greenland were as rugged and sturdy as their owners. They must have made an awe-inspiring sight, with their painted sails and prows carved with strange monsters; but how uncomfortable to cross the ocean in a craft like this!

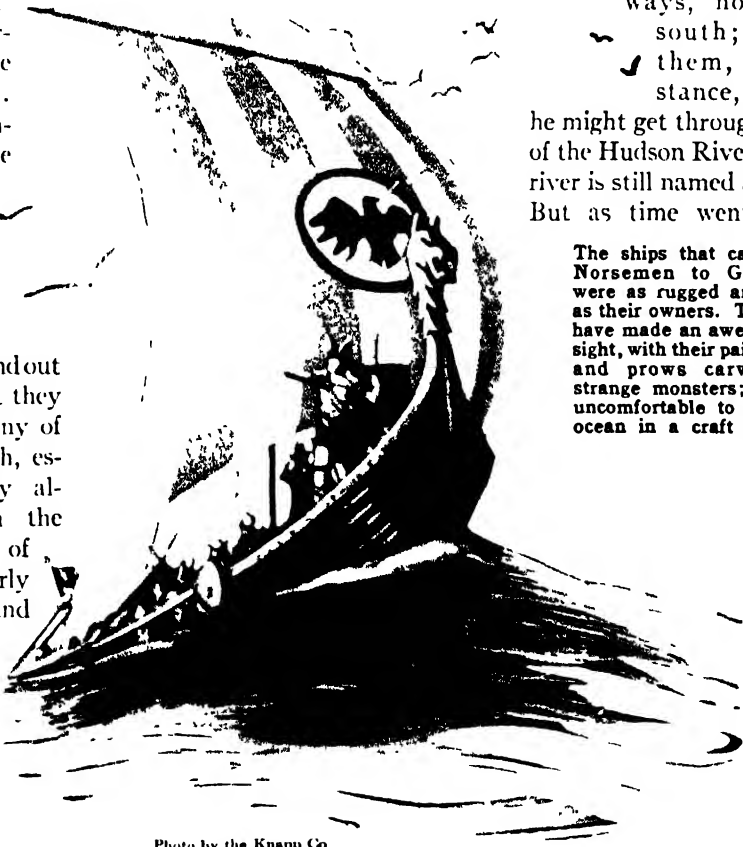


Photo by the Knapp Co

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE

plorers saw that the way to Asia, if ever found, must be around the top of North America—it must be the Northwest Passage. And the Northwest Passage was what many bold explorers in the Arctic toiled in vain to find. But as time went on they found out more and more about the Arctic Zone, and got farther and farther north. Then some of them were finally fired to get to the Pole—mostly just for daring and for curiosity.

The First Explorers of the North

Before we come to the men who were trying to get to the Pole, we must say a little about the ones who were trying to get to Asia.

One of the first was Martin Frobisher (fró'bish-ēr), an Englishman who made three voyages, beginning in 1576. On his last trip he brought over some colonists, but they decided that the country around Labrador was no place to settle. Frobisher's name was given to the bay that he discovered. Then came an able sea captain named John Davis, who also made three voyages, in 1585 and the two following years. On one of these he got as far north as $72^{\circ} 12'$ —seventy-two degrees and twelve minutes of latitude, or about twelve hundred miles from the Pole. He left his name to the great Davis Strait.

In 1616 William Baffin followed in the path of Davis and discovered the great body of water known as Baffin Bay. He went about 350 miles farther north than Davis, to $77^{\circ} 45'$; that was the farthest north that any man had ever gone, and the farthest anyone was going for over two hundred years more.

A little before Baffin, Henry Hudson had sailed up the Hudson River in 1609, and in the next year had gone north and discovered the

vast bay that bears his name. Somewhere in its frozen reaches he met his end; for his angry men put him and his son, with six sick or crippled sailors, off in a rowboat and set them adrift in the icy sea.

All of these men had a pretty poor idea of the size and shape of the world, or they would never have tried to get to China by sailing up the Hudson. But they were slowly finding out the truth, and after Davis and Baffin the idea of a Northwest Passage to China or India was pretty well abandoned. So there was fairly little daring exploration in the Arctic for the next two hundred years.

Then an English captain, William Scoresby, came back from one of his whaling trips and wrote a fine book about the Arctic which helped to start a great new interest in the region. In 1806 Scoresby got as far north as $81^{\circ} 12'$. In 1818 two exploring parties went out, one of them under Captain David Buchan (būk'án) and a young lieutenant named John Franklin, and the other under Captain John Ross and Lieutenant William Parry.

The Mythical Northwest Passage

They were still looking for a Northwest Passage; and although in these and other trips they failed to find it, they brought

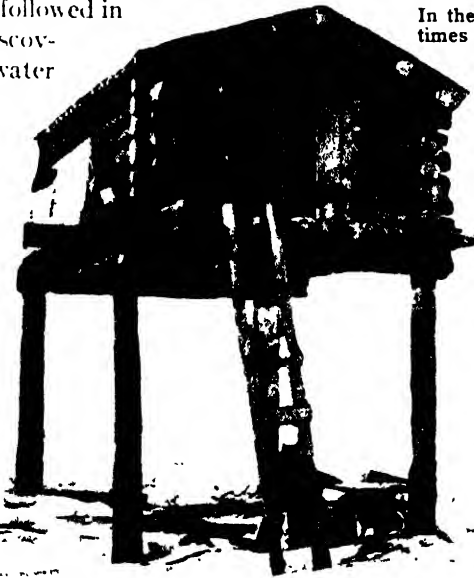


Photo by Alaska Railway

In the north men sometimes keep their supplies in houses built on stilts; the taller the house, the less likelihood there is of its being snowed in.

back a good deal of information. Parry in particular found out that no explorer must expect to keep to his ship in the farthest north, but must be ready to make his way over the ice in sledges and on foot. In this way he managed to get as far as $82^{\circ} 45'$ —the farthest north yet, only nine and a half degrees from the Pole.

These men taught the world a great deal

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE



These are not explorers, but real Eskimos, who are quite at home in a sub-zero temperature. In the winter they live in huts built of stone and earth, or any material they can lay their hands on. There is practically no ventilation, and the heat from the blubber

about the troubles and dangers in the far north, and about the way to travel in those terrible regions. First of all, there was the terrific cold—it froze the mercury in the thermometers as hard as ice. There was the lack of food. When the men had to fight their freezing way over miles and miles of snow field and ice crags, it was very hard to carry food enough—and in those conditions a man needs to eat. There was the scurvy, a terrible disease that often comes to anyone who cannot get any green things to eat. And among many other troubles, there were the terrible mosquitoes

for strange as it may be, the swarms of these pests in the Arctic make the mosquitoes of our own lands seem tame creatures. To bear up under all these things one has to be a man of steel who never heard of fear.

A Bold Explorer of the Eighteenth Century

So far we have been talking only about sailors, but there was also many a gallant man who tried to cross the Arctic region of America on land. The great Hudson Bay Company had a noble list of these bold spirits. In 1771 Samuel Hearne, one of their men, set out with four others from the western side of Hudson Bay. They had a single sledge load of supplies to take across the Arctic wastes to the west.

lamps is often unbearable. Sometimes, when they are not going to stay in one place for very long, they build neat little round houses of snow bricks. The Eskimos are a dirty race, but who can blame them for not taking baths in their icy streams?

The party met with terrible trials, and twice the men threatened to turn back and leave Hearne to his fate. They finally did it; but Hearne went on, without a firearm or a scrap of food. Each winter he managed to struggle into some Indian camp or some Hudson Bay post, each summer he pushed on west. After four years of this he got to his goal at last—the mouth of the Coppermine River, far out west in Northern Canada. He did not find the Northwest Passage, but he gave other men some new ideas about how to look for it.

The Adventures of John Franklin

Some of these ideas were taken up by Sir John Franklin—the same John Franklin we were mentioning a moment ago—who became the greatest Arctic explorer of his day. In 1810 he set out over Hearne's country and traveled under heart-breaking hardships and dangers to the Coppermine River and back—a distance of nearly six thousand miles across the silent wastes. This was followed by still further explorations and by other services to his country. And then, more than twenty-five years after his first trip, he set out upon his fatal voyage in the north.

He had two ships, and took supplies for three years. When two full years had

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE



Photo by Herbert G. Ponting

In the spring the great ice sheets break up, leaving channels, or "leads," through which boats may pass.

What a welcome sight it must be for the men who have been frozen in during the long, dark winter!

passed without a word from him, the world began to grow anxious, and exploring parties started out from France and from America as well as from England, in the hope of finding him and his hundred or more men. No trace of him could be discovered, though the searching parties learned a good deal that was new about the Arctic. Franklin was gone—one more martyr in the daring conquest of the north.

The Discovery of Franklin's Fate

Nine years after he had set sail, a party of English explorers in the north of Canada met some Eskimos who said they had seen some white men there a few years before. They had traded them some seal meat, and they still had a few tools that had been taken in exchange. The tools had come from Franklin's ship. Then another party of Eskimos told about the same tale, and showed some spoons with Franklin's crest on them. So the truth was known. Three years later England sent out one more expedition to search for any traces left by Franklin and his men. This time they found plenty of traces, and even journals kept by some of the men who had gone to their

death. The two ships had been crushed to pieces in the ice. Franklin had died on June 11, 1847, and the other men had fallen one by one, from hunger and exhaustion, as they tried to make their way south.

One of the Americans who went to search for Franklin was Dr. Elisha Kane. In 1853 he went north again, and this time he was trying to reach the Pole. But his ship was locked in the ice for nearly two years. The food ran short, and scurvy broke out. After great suffering the men gave up the ship and made their way on foot for thirteen hundred miles to a town in Greenland. All but one got there.

The Lure of the Frozen North

And now the search for the Pole itself was well begun. In the search for Franklin, the Americans were fired with eagerness to be the first to get to the top of the world. One party followed another, each one meeting with terrific hardship, each one failing, but all adding something to our knowledge of the north and of the way to travel there.

In 1850 Dr. Isaac Hayes made the perilous attempt. In 1871 Charles Francis Hall sailed north, only to die in the Arctic

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE

snow—though his men returned. In 1879 Lieutenant George Washington De Long made the attempt, but he and all his men lost their lives. In 1881 Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely set out on a voyage lasting three years. Nearly every one of these got a little farther north than man had ever been before, and Greely reached a latitude of $83^{\circ} 24'$.

The Americans were by no means the only people trying to get to the Pole. Among the others there was Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who nearly reached it in 1895. He climbed as far north as $86^{\circ} 17'$ —only about two hundred miles from the end!

Nansen had long been in training for the feat. Seven years earlier he had crossed over the ice plateau in Greenland and lived among the Eskimos all winter, learning a great deal about life in the land of snows. Then in 1893 he started for the Pole with twelve other stout men on the "Fram," a boat that he had built to stand against the crushing ice. He sailed off north of Russia and then floated with the Arctic ice drift as near to the Pole as it would carry him. Then with dog sleds and provisions for a hundred days, and with only one companion, Nansen made the dash for the Pole. He pushed on until there was only food for two weeks left and then he had to turn sadly back!

And now we must turn aside from the Pole a moment to say that a few men were still looking for

the famous Northwest Passage. They were pretty sure it was there, though it was still amazingly hard to find. But at last, over

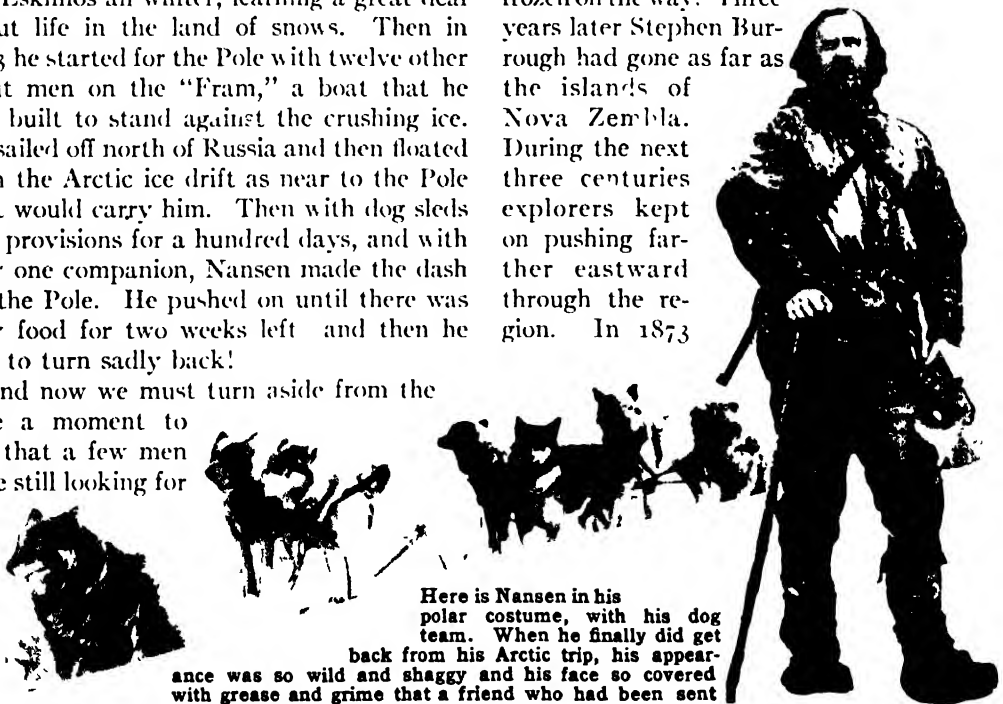
four hundred years after the first search for it, it was discovered. The man who found it was a brave Norwegian named Roald Amundsen. He sailed away from home in 1903 and remained ice-bound for three long winters; but in 1906 he finally got through to Alaska. He had made the Northwest Passage—but none of us will ever use it to get to China!

We ought to say, too, that all this while there had been other men searching for a Northeast Passage—a way to China through the icy seas north of Russia

and Siberia. Back in 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby had tried it, and had starved and frozen on the way. Three years later Stephen Burrough had gone as far as the islands of Nova Zembla. During the next three centuries explorers kept on pushing farther eastward through the region. In 1873

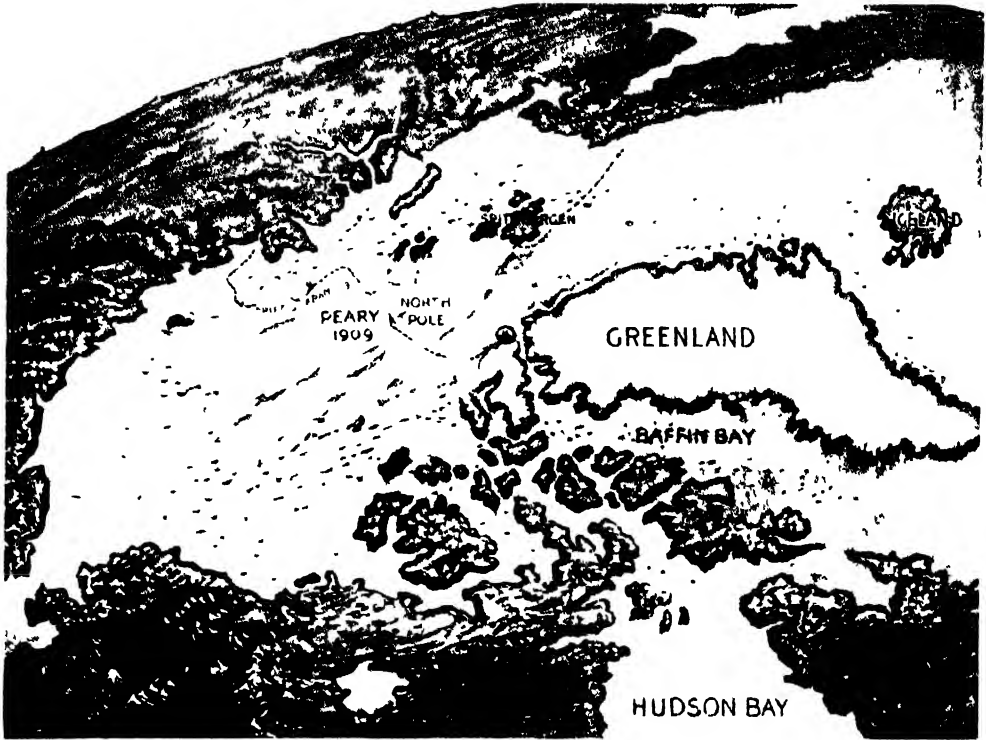


Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the famous Norwegian explorer, never reached the Pole, but he and his companion Johansen spent a long, terrible year in the Arctic. They were attacked by bears and walrus, were nearly frozen to death, and barely managed to get back to civilization.



Here is Nansen in his polar costume, with his dog team. When he finally did get back from his Arctic trip, his appearance was so wild and shaggy and his face so covered with grease and grime that a friend who had been sent to find him talked to Nansen for some time before recognizing him!

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE



1 to by American Museum of Natural History

This is a map of the polar region showing you the drift of the "Fram," Nansen's ship, and Peary's route to

the Austrian lieutenant, Julius Payer, found a new country there and named it Franz Josef Land in honor of his emperor. And four years later a Swede, E. A. Nordenskiöld, managed to get all the way through. So we finally got to China from the east sooner than from the west. But none of us will ever go that way either!

The Man Who Found the North Pole

And now we come back to the finding of the Pole. Six years after Nansen an Italian expedition, under the Duke of the Abruzzi (a-brōōt'sē), managed to get eighteen miles farther north than Nansen; and that remained the farthest north until eight years later, when Peary reached the Pole at last.

Robert Edwin Peary was born in Pennsylvania in 1856. He studied civil engineering and then entered the United States Navy. Before he was thirty years old he was greatly interested in Arctic exploration. He knew all the dangers that explorers had to face

the Pole, which he reached in 1909 and found to be in an ocean of ice, miles from the nearest point of land.

and the disasters they so often met, and he thought he could best fit himself for Arctic exploration by first learning all about conditions in the polar regions. In 1886 he made a trip to northern Greenland. Five years later he made a second trip, studied the people, crossed the ice plateau, and proved that Greenland has a northern shore line and so is an island—one of the largest in the world. Two years later he went again to Greenland, and in 1896 to Melville Bay. He made a four-year trip in 1898.

Peary's Dash for the Pole

Peary now felt ready for a dash for the Pole. He set out in 1902, reached $84^{\circ} 17'$ north latitude, and then had to turn back. In 1905 he made another trip, and this time reached $87^{\circ} 6'$ north latitude. Finally, in 1908, he set out in the ship "Roosevelt" on his eighth trip, the one that was to win the goal. The ship made its way north as far as it could go. Then a sledge party left it

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE

for a dash to the Pole. From time to time a few members of the party dropped out and set up a camp or station. With a number of these behind him, Peary made sure that he would find help and food on his way back. Finally, with one Negro servant and four

no way to steer it; the hope was simply to drift with the air currents across the Pole. A few hours after it left, a carrier pigeon came back with a message saying all was well. That was the last ever heard of the party. But thirty-three years later, in 1930, a group of Norwegian fishermen found the bodies of Andrée and his companions, with their equipment and their records, on White Island, not far from Spitsbergen. The balloon had stayed aloft three days. When it landed, the men started south-



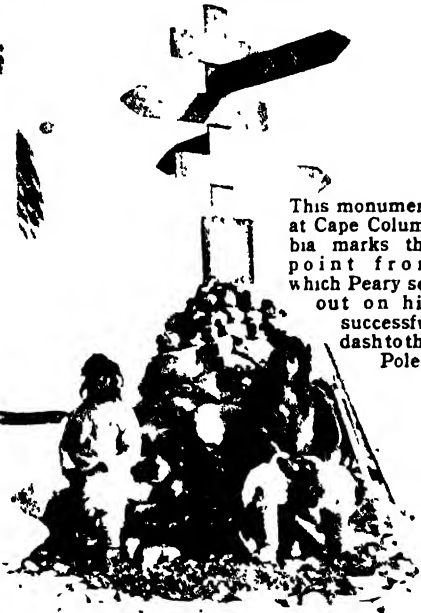
Here is Peary's expedition on the march. They walked Indian file, for as each sledge or man passed over the snow and packed it down, the path became just that much easier for the man behind.

Eskimos, and with supplies for forty days, Peary said good by to those he left behind at the last station, and started for the Pole. He reached it on April 6. At last he stood on the top of the world.

A few days before Peary sent his telegram announcing his success, another American, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, cabled from the Shetland Islands that he had reached the Pole about a year before. When Dr. Cook's claims were examined, the scientists decided that they were false and that he had never reached the Pole at all. They did, however, give him credit for notable explorations in the Arctic regions.

Even before the airplane was perfected, men had tried to reach the North Pole by balloon. The first attempt was made by Salomon A. Andrée, a Swedish scientist. On July 11, 1897, he and two companions left Spitsbergen in a balloon. There was

This is Peary at the Pole calculating his position with instruments. As a matter of fact, he passed over the Pole twice in his march before he managed to find the exact spot where it was located.



This monument at Cape Columbia marks the point from which Peary set out on his successful dash to the Pole.

ward afoot. The last entry in their diary was dated October 6, 1897.

The next attempts to reach the North Pole by balloon were made by an American journalist, Walter Wellman. Having already tried several times to reach the Pole by sledge, he tried to get there in a balloon in 1906, 1907, and 1909. Again he failed each time.

With the coming of the airplane and the dirigible, various flyers tried to reach the Pole by air. The first to try it was Roald Amundsen, the hardy Norwegian who first made the Northwest Passage. He and Lincoln Ellsworth started in two airplanes from Spitsbergen on May 21, 1925. But both

HOW WE FOUND THE NORTH POLE

their planes soon met with mishap and had to be abandoned. The men made their way back to Spitsbergen on foot and reached there on June 15.

The next year the North Pole was first crossed by aircraft.

On May 9, 1926, Lieutenant-Commander Richard E. Byrd and pilot Floyd Bennett, of the United States Navy, flew in an airplane from Spitsbergen to the Pole and back in a single day. They had excellent weather, and made the trip of more than fifteen hundred miles in fifteen and a half hours. Two days later, a dirigible named the "Norge," carrying its Italian designer, General Umberto Nobile (nô-bê'lâ), Roald Amundsen, Lincoln Ellsworth, and several other men, left Spitsbergen and flew over the Pole to Teller, Alaska. The flight of more than 2,700 miles was made in three days despite the high winds and heavy fog.

Once the aviators had learned that flying is possible in Arctic regions, and once the North Pole had been crossed through the air, other daring flyers were eager for the flight. Some were successful, others not. On April 21, 1928, Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins flew from Point Barrow in Alaska to Spitsbergen. He made the flight of 2,200 miles across the snowy wastes in twenty and a half hours.

That same year another tragedy of Arctic exploration took place. In May, General Nobile, the Italian who had reached the pole with the "Norge" in 1926, started from Spitsbergen in another dirigible called the

"Italia." In the near-polar regions the airship was disabled, crashed, and later floated away with some members of the crew, leaving the others stranded on the ice. The survivors sent a radio message for help, and at once explorers set out to the rescue from various countries. After ten weeks a Russian rescue ship found the party and brought them safely home.

Nobile was saved, but one of the men who had started out to rescue him was lost. It was the famous Amundsen. He had set out from Spitsbergen in an airplane to hunt for Nobile, and nothing more was ever heard of him or his five companions. The silent north is still far from safe, even for those who know it best. For all others it is certain death.

Yet all its dangers fail to keep men at home. For until the spirit of adventure dies in the human race, there will always be brave souls to whom the threat of death is only a challenge. Our earth, even to its most forbidding corners, is nearly all conquered, but happily for the human race, the spirit of its conquerors still lives on.

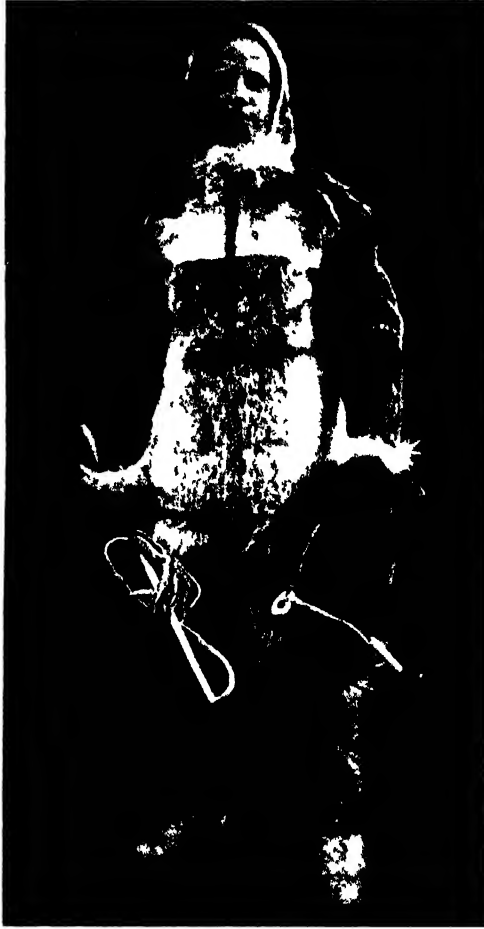
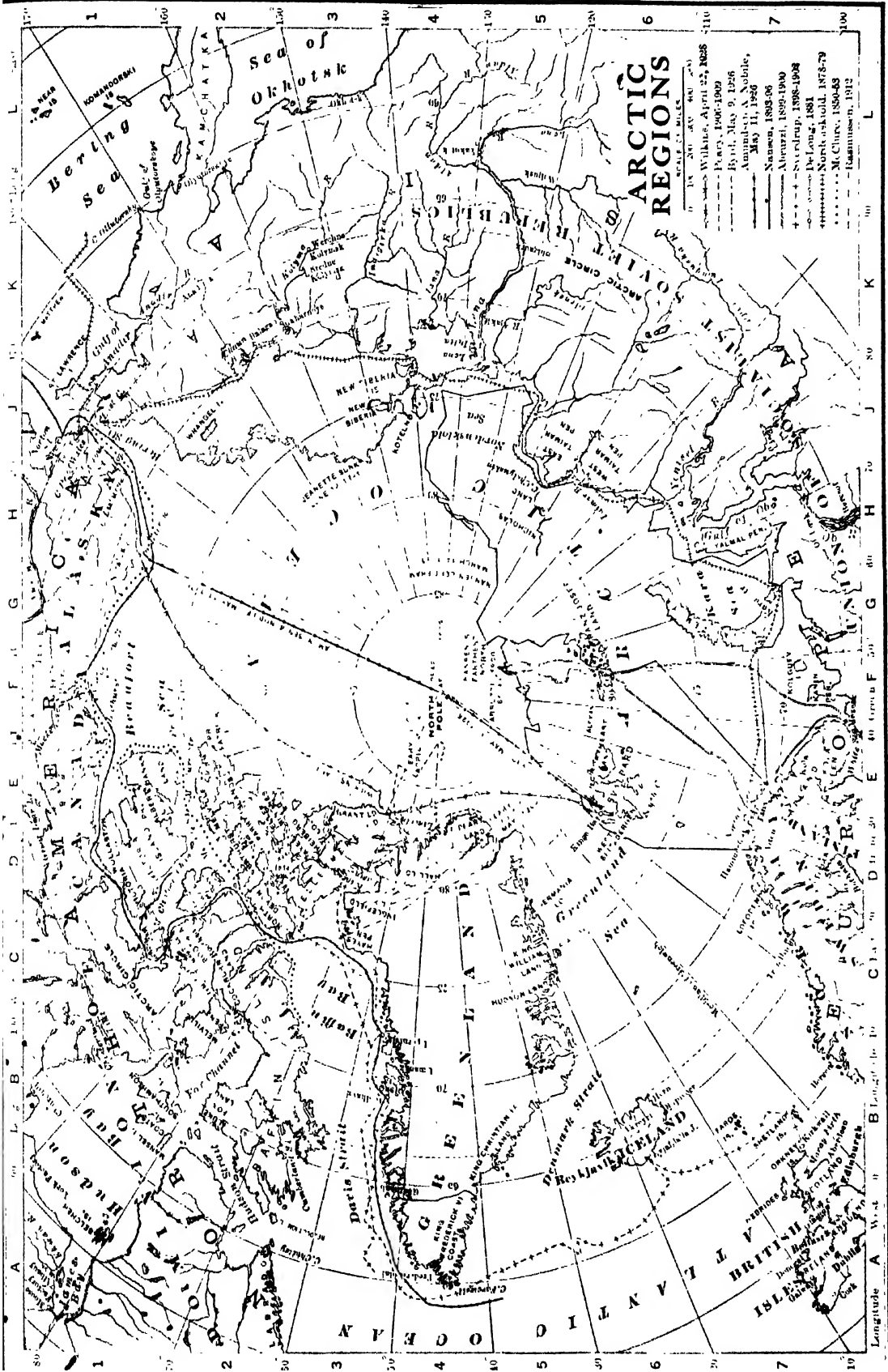


Photo by American Mu

Dr. Donald B. MacMillan, dressed for the Arctic snows. He was one of the men who accompanied Peary when that explorer set out on his final dash for the Pole. In 1913 MacMillan himself headed an expedition that spent four years in the Arctic, exploring its unknown lands.

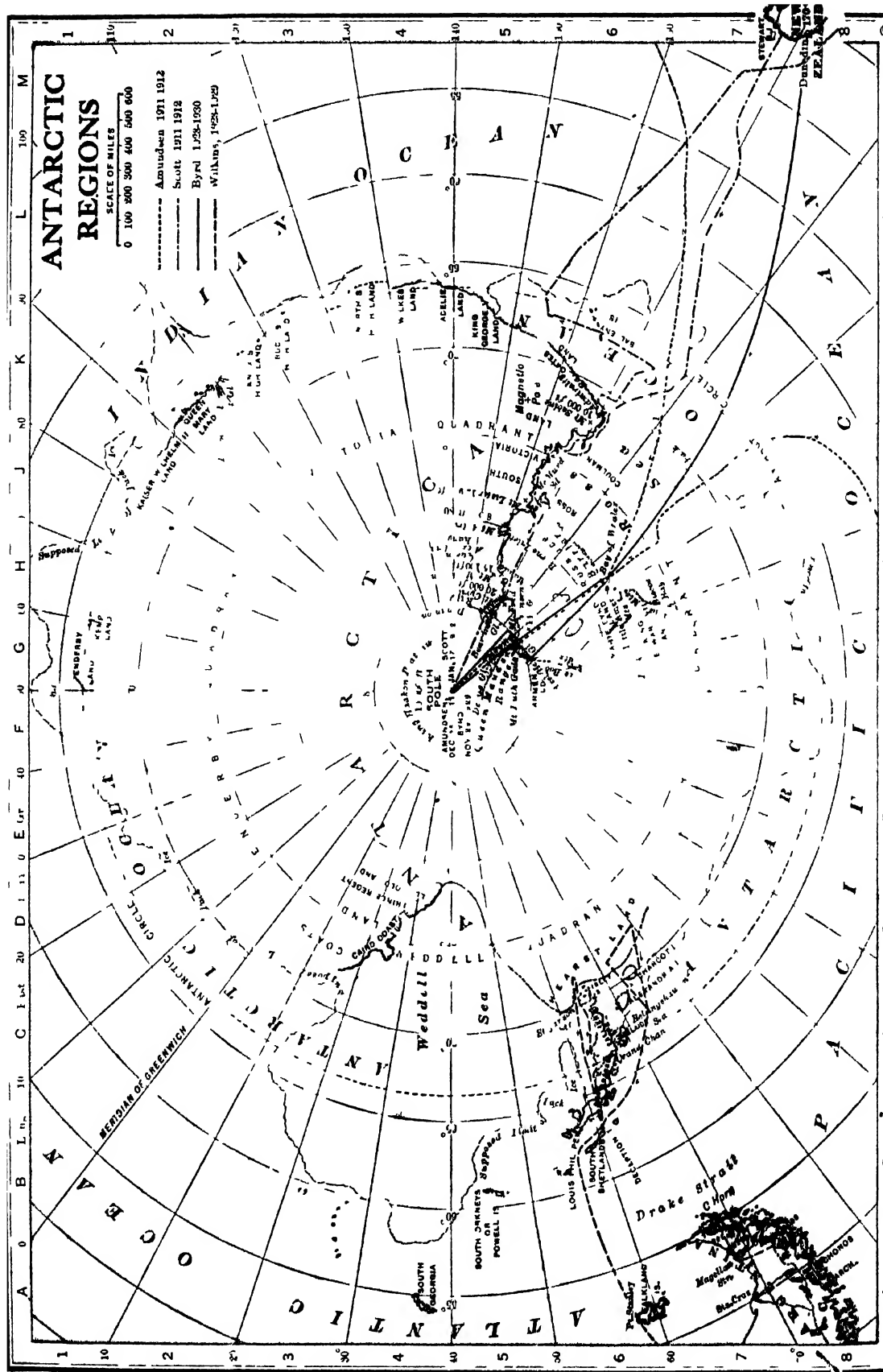


ARCTIC REGIONS

SCALE: 1:100,000

- 1. Arctic Circle
- 2. North Pole
- 3. Bering Sea
- 4. Sea of Okhotsk
- 5. Gulf of Alaska
- 6. Arctic Ocean
- 7. Arctic Regions

Longitude



ANTARCTIC REGIONS

SCALE OF MILES
0 100 200 300 400 500 600

- Amundsen 1911-1912
- Scott 1911-1912
- Byrd 1926-1930
- Wilkes 1825-1829

ATLANTIC

WEDDILL SEA

INDIAN

PACIFIC

WEDDILL SEA

INDIAN

PACIFIC

WEDDILL SEA

INDIAN

PACIFIC

WEDDILL SEA

INDIAN

PACIFIC

WEDDILL SEA

INDIAN

PACIFIC

WEDDILL SEA

INDIAN

PACIFIC

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE



Brave men of several countries have explored Antarctica, but of them all it is the Englishmen who have had to endure the greatest hardships. The pillars of snow

in the picture above are to guide Shackleton's men back to the ship in case a terrible blizzard comes up and hides all other guiding landmarks.

HOW WE FOUND *the* SOUTH POLE

Nearly Three Thousand Years Ago People Began to Say There Was Land There; About a Hundred Years Ago We Found There Was a Continent Bigger than Europe

IT WOULD sound rather funny if we suddenly heard somebody talking about the Bear Zone and the Bear Pole. Yet that is what we are really saying when we talk about the Arctic Zone and Arctic Pole. For centuries ago, when the old Greeks noticed some stars that never seemed to move from their position due north, they called the constellation "Arctos," or "The Bear"; so our Arctic Circle and our Arctic Pole really mean Bear Circle and Bear Pole.

Now the old Greeks knew there must be another pole on the other side of the earth, opposite the Arctic one. They could not see any stars down there, because they lived too far north for that; so they had no name like "Bear" for the other pole. They just called it "Anti-Arctic," "Antarctic," which

means only "opposite the Arctic", and that is the only name it has to this day.

The Greeks knew nothing about the place, but they imagined there must be some land down there, to balance all the land they knew on the northern side of the world. And the legend of the land around the South Pole came right down through the centuries from their time. Many a century later, when explorers were going everywhere else in the world, some of them were seized with the idea of going toward the South Pole and finding out whether the fabled land was really there. It took many a year and many a man to find the land. But it was finally found, about a century ago. It was a great icy continent, bigger than Europe or Australia! And still we have no real name for

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE

this seventh continent—we just call it Antarctica.

This is the story of the way we found the South Pole and the vast continent around it.

In the beginning the explorers were not looking for it, but for something else. They were all searching for a way across the water to India and China; one of them merely struck America on the way to India. Then they still kept on looking for the path to India, but they had to go far south, around the tip of Africa or the tip of South America; and little by little they got nearer to the South Pole—though they were not looking for it—and found out more and more about the waters and the islands down in that part of the world.

That is what Diaz (dě'ash) was doing when he went around the tip of Africa in 1487, and what Magellan (mā-jě'l'ān) was doing when he rounded South America in 1519. Magellan even saw some land to the south, and thought it was part of the continent that people had so long believed to be there. He named the land Tierra del Fuego (tyě'r'ra dēl fwā'gō), or the "Land of Fire"—not because it was hot there, but because the natives carried fire in their canoes.

Northward to the East

During the next century a good many bold captains, mainly from Portugal and Spain, sailed through the Strait of Magellan and out into the Pacific. They discovered various islands, but they never went far south, for they were all bound toward Asia; so New

Zealand and Australia remained undiscovered, as did also the fringes of Antarctica.

The First Sails in the Antarctic

By 1578 Sir Francis Drake was sailing around South America. Then a storm blew his ship southward about as far as 56°—fifty-six degrees south latitude—the farthest any sailor had ever gone; and he found out that Tierra del Fuego was a group of islands and not part of the Antarctic continent that Magellan had taken it to be.

Twenty years later another storm—there are plenty in that region—may have blown a Dutch captain named Dirk Gerritsz as far as 64° south. He said that he saw a land with high mountains covered up in snow, like Norway; and it may be possible that he had got into the Antarctic Circle, though many doubt the truth of the story.

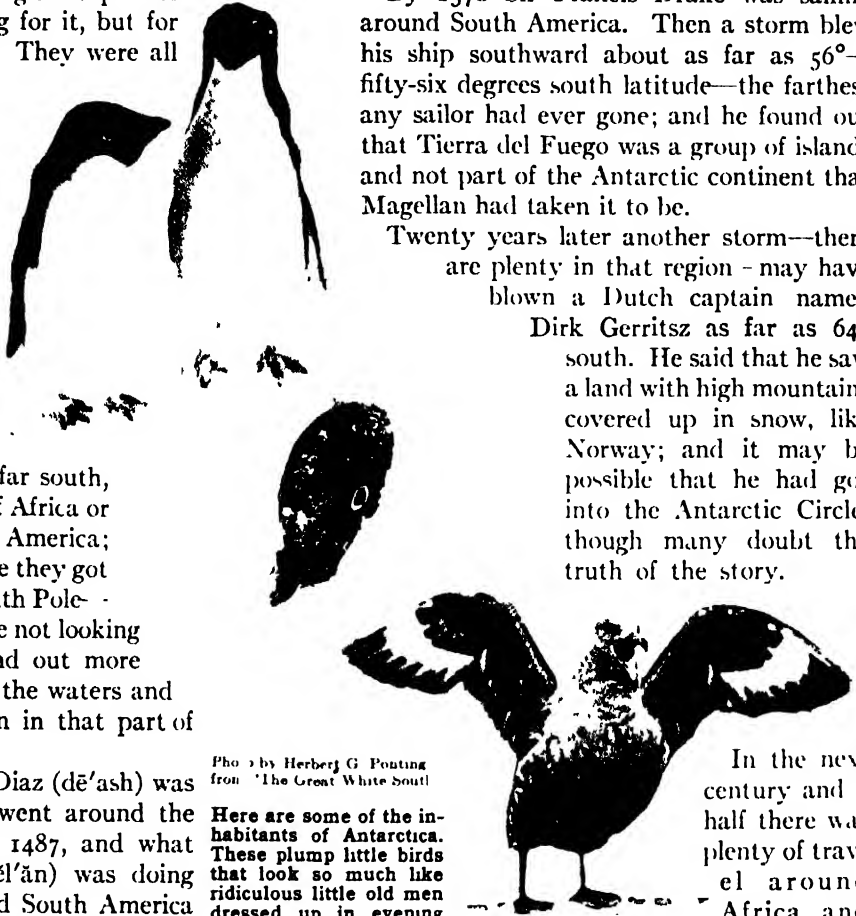


Photo by Herberg G. Ponting from "The Great White South"

Here are some of the inhabitants of Antarctica. These plump little birds that look so much like ridiculous little old men dressed up in evening clothes are the famous penguins, who live in the South polar lands. In the center is a female penguin who was snowed in while sitting on her eggs. She does not seem to be very much concerned about it, though. Below is a skua gull.

South America, but fairly little effort to go far south or to find the fabled continent down there. Nobody went far south unless he was blown there by high winds. To be sure, Australia and New Zealand were soon discovered, and many a little island was added to the map. In fact, the southern oceans were fairly full of ships from many lands, but very little search was made for the great southern continent, and nobody was dreaming of going to the South Pole. They had other things to do.

About the only man to try to reach the southern continent was the French captain Pierre Bouvet (pyě'r bōō'vě'). His was the

In the next century and a half there was plenty of travel around Africa and around

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE



Landscapes and seascapes are familiar to us all, but few of us have seen a view so completely made up of

snow that it can be called a snowscape. Snow mountains, snow cliffs, snow prairies—and not a tree in sight!



Photos by Herbert G. Ponting from *The Great White South*

The penguins are not interested in the iceberg that has just broken off. They are wondering if their enemy the killer whale has gone off far enough so that they can safely take a swim. They may stand here for

some time debating the point until one of them goes a bit too near the edge and gets pushed in. Then they will watch eagerly to see if he is eaten up, and if he is not, they will all flop in for a swim.

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE

first trip made simply for the sake of science. In 1739, on New Year's Day, he sighted a new land about fourteen hundred miles south of Africa. He skirted it along the edge of an ice pack for some four hundred miles, and then had to give up. He could not find out whether it was an island or a continent. We now know it was only an island—Bouvet Island—and that he was not within a thousand miles of the Antarctic continent, though he helped to find the way to it.

All along there had been many people who still believed in the continent, and many a map kept showing some sort of picture of it. One of the men who still had faith in it was Alexander Dalrymple, of the East India Company; and he managed to get

the British government to send out an explorer to search for it. The man they chose to go was James Cook, who had run away to sea when only a boy and had slowly worked his way up till he was a lieutenant in the navy. He turned into one of the greatest explorers of all time.

Captain Cook made three voyages to the South. In 1768-71 he charted the coasts of New Zealand and Australia, and gave final proof that these lands were separate islands and not part of the great southern continent. In 1772 he tried to find Bouvet's island and make a map of it. But he missed it and

sailed on southward, crossing the Antarctic Circle—the first man who is surely known to have done so. In spite of cold and ice, he got as far as 70° south, the farthest any man had yet gone. He discovered the rocky

land that we now know as South Georgia. But he found no southern continent, and came back convinced that there was no such thing. Nearly everybody took his word about it, and for a good while there was very little faith in any land around the South Pole.

But explorers kept on going south, finding island after island in the icy region. One of the greatest of these men was Bellingshausen, who was sent out by the czar of Russia in 1819. He made two long cruises around the Antarctic Circle, and

discovered Alexander Land and Peter Island. Two years later Captain James Weddell made a new record by sailing about two hundred miles farther south than Captain Cook had gone. In 1831 a whaling captain named John Biscoe reached a point of land which he called Cape Ann. And this at last was a bit of the long-sought continent, for the point he named Cape Ann juts out from the land that covers the South Pole.

Soon after this came various other voyagers from various nations. The American Charles Wilkes set out in 1839 on the first of two expeditions. He reached the coast



Photo by Herbert G. Ponting from "The Great White South"

This ship in its icy harbor is the "Terra Nova," which carried Robert Scott to a gallant death in Antarctica.

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE



Photo by Royal Geographic Society

In spite of tremendous hardships and bitter disappointments, Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton returned again and again to Antarctica in search of scientific

knowledge. Below his picture you see his ship the "Endurance." Caught and crushed between two enormous ice floes, she sank when the ice finally withdrew.

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Some simple people think that Nature, in a thoughtful mood, placed a large post at the southernmost tip of the world with a sign marked "South Pole"! But it was only after careful calculations with various instru-

of the southern continent and said he saw mountains there—and we now know that there are very high ones. A year or two earlier the Frenchman Jules d'Urville (jül dür'vel') had sighted the continent. In the same year with Wilkes, Captain Ross of the British Navy made the first of three trips to this land, on the second of which he got as far as $78^{\circ} 9'$ —or about eight hundred miles from the South Pole. No one went any farther south until our own century.

Not until then, either, did anyone try to spend a winter in the far south. But in 1899 a Norwegian, Carstens Borchgrevink, sailed with a party of scientists to stay for

ments that Roald Amundsen discovered one spot—exactly like any other spot on the vast polar plateau—that really was the South Pole. Here he planted the Norwegian flag and photographed one of the party.

the six months of night that is the polar winter. On their sledges these men managed to get about forty miles farther south than Ross had been.

And now the stage was set for a great dash over the frozen continent to the Pole itself. Thousands of years since the old Greeks had had their fancy of a southern continent, we had found out it was really there. But what was it like? For though many men had sailed around it and mapped out its coasts, they had not gone over it and explored its icy and craggy wastes. If they made the venture for the Pole, they would find out a great deal about the continent they had to cross to get there.

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE

Here are some of the pictures taken by the ill-fated Scott expedition, showing how they lived in a land that would be too cold even for Eskimos.



A Fish for dinner! Yes, but what a lot of work to get it! Often they had to cut a hole in the ice before the iron fish trap could be lowered into the water. And how would you like to live on fish for months on end—if you were lucky enough to catch any?

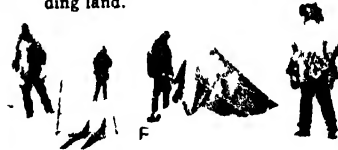


B. Here are the members of Scott's party at the Pole.
C. The motor crew seems to think that life can be amusing even in this forbidding land.

How disappointed Scott must have been when, as is shown at F, he found Amundsen's tent and knew that he was not the first to reach the Pole!



G. Under this rude mound lies the body of one of the bravest of Englishmen, Robert Scott.



At D is a picture of Captain Scott and at E you see him in his rude shack writing the famous journal which was later found on his body. It contained valuable scientific records and that last brave passage: "We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaining, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last." H. On the march with a heavy sledge of supplies.



Photos by Herbert G. Ponting from the "Great White South"

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE

In the past thirty years various trips of exploration have been made to the southern continent, by men from various nations, and several dashes for the Pole itself. Once more the men of Norway, England, and America have led, as in all polar exploration, and the great names are those of Amundsen, Scott, Shackleton, Mawson, and Byrd.

Roald Amundsen was the first to reach the South Pole, on December 14, 1911—just two years and a half after Peary got to the North Pole. Amundsen had made the dash with four other men and a pack of dogs. This was the same heroic Amundsen who had discovered the Northwest Passage five years earlier, and who was going to fly over the North Pole fifteen years later—and who was later going to perish while hunting in an airplane for the lost Italian flyers in the Arctic in 1928.

Two Heroic Englishmen

Sir Douglas Mawson never tried to reach the Pole, but he spent about three years in the Antarctic, beginning in 1911, and with his party made very valuable discoveries or science.

The names of Robert Falcon Scott and Ernest Shackleton are justly famous. No explorers around either Pole have been more heroic, and none have done more for the cause of science.

They began together in 1901, when they sailed for the far south in the "Discovery." They spent the winter in the ice and made many observations of the land. It was at this time that Scott made the first balloon ascent in the south polar region, though he had no idea of getting to the Pole in the balloon. But Scott and Shackleton, with one other man, did start on sledges toward the Pole. They had to give up at about 82° because Shackleton fell ill; but they found out a great deal about the glaciers, the mountains, and the vast plateaus they would have to cross when they should try again. Shackleton had to go back to England on a relief ship, but Scott stayed on for another winter.

In 1910 Scott started on his second and last trip. This time he reached the Pole, on January 18, 1912—only to find that

Amundsen had been there one month ahead of him. But neither Scott nor any of the four men with him were ever to get back again. They met with furious blizzards and endured heart-breaking sufferings as they tried to struggle home over the ice mountains. One of them fell from exhaustion. The four soon knew their end was near. Oates, the next one to fail, was no man to keep the others waiting to close his eyes. He hoped that by sacrificing his own life he might save theirs. "Gentlemen," he said, as he felt his forces ebbing, "gentlemen, I think I'll be walking out." And he mustered his last strength to step out into the storm. The others kept a journal as long as their fingers could move, to tell us about it all if we ever found them. Nearly a year later their bodies and their journal were found.

Shackleton did more than other men up to his time in finding out the secrets of the frozen south. In 1908 he made a heroic voyage and came within about a hundred miles of the Pole. He climbed Mount Erebus, an icy, smoking volcano about twelve thousand feet high. With his comrades he fought his way through incredible blizzards, over the ice peaks, and along the great unknown glaciers. In 1914 he went to the far south again. This time his ship broke up in the ice, and he and his men drifted on an ice floe for a year and a half. Then they made a trip of nearly eight hundred miles through icy seas in a tiny boat. A man who has lived through that sort of thing has something to remember. He might surely be excused if he stayed at home for the rest of his life. But that was not Shackleton's way. The south called him once more, in 1921, and he died there the next year.

Wings over the Pole

In the most recent years explorers in the far south have been trying to learn more and more about the great continent there. One after another they have added to our knowledge, straightened out our maps, and told us more about the icy land. In this work the airplane has been of great help, in spite of the terrific winds around the Pole and the lack of landing places.

HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE



These photographs were taken during Commander Byrd's expedition to Antarctica. Modern science has at last produced ships which can plow through ice-filled waters, airplanes which will fly over the great ice barriers, and safe, almost luxurious, equipment of other kinds, so while the men of "Little America" suffered many hardships, they all returned alive.



The queer-looking specimen of humanity above is Jim Feury, who drove the snowmobile. He had to wear dark glasses because the sun on the endless expanse of white snow was so blinding

Byrd's geological party found this heap of stones eighteen years after Amundsen left it there to mark his trip. Buried inside in a tin can was a page from the Norwegian explorer's notebook. On it he had written a short account of his discovery of the Pole.



The furry lump you see above is an Eskimo dog, which can sleep out in the snow in sub-zero weather, kept warm by his thick coat



Here is Commander Byrd with Igloo, his faithful little companion who went with him on his trips to both the North and South Poles.

Because of those tall broadcasting towers this settlement of Byrd's in Little America was in constant touch with the greater America at home.



HOW WE FOUND THE SOUTH POLE



Photo by Museum of Science and Industry, N. Y.

The "City of New York," the ship in which Richard Evelyn Byrd first sailed to the Antarctic. From that two years' trip she came back whole, in this way faring better than many another ship. She was not a new boat, for she had been in service since 1885, and hard service, too. But her Norwegian builders had made her strong and trim, with a wedge-shaped hull

that would rise when it felt the grip of the ice, and with sides that were reinforced with timbers thirty-four inches thick. There probably is no ship afloat with sides so thick. In addition to her engines, this 512-ton bark was fully rigged with sails, in order that the wind might help to increase her speed, and also as a last resort in case the coal should not hold out.

In 1928 Rear Admiral, then Commander, Richard E. Byrd, of the United States Navy, set out for the Antarctic. Among other things, he was going to fly to the South Pole, just as he had flown over the North Pole two years earlier.

There had never been an expedition so well fitted out. Of course there was a special boat, built to fight the ice. But there were also sledges run by tractors, several airplanes, an electric plant, and—think of it!—a radio to send us back the news. So every day Byrd could talk to his friends far off in America. And every morning we could read in the paper about what he was doing in his icy camp—even about the puppies that were born down there, puppies that never saw the light until the six-month winter night was over. Imagine one of the old Greeks telephoning to their fabled land around the

South Pole! It would have seemed stranger than any myth come true.

Byrd discovered a great deal. He charted a vast stretch of land, and found a great range of mountains, with peaks of ten thousand feet and higher. He

and his men made many flights in their airplanes. At last the day came when the winds told him to try for the Pole. On November 28, 1929, he made the flight of sixteen hundred miles in nineteen hours. He was the first man to fly over both the poles. On later expeditions he added a good deal more to our knowledge. In 1947 his Navy fliers discovered near Knox Coast a 40-mile stretch of what seemed to be brown earth quite free of ice and dotted with lakes and 500-foot mounds. They could see nothing to account for this strange "oasis" amid the snow and ice.



Photo by the National M
Richard Evelyn Byrd,
as commander of the
expedition that set sail
in 1928 on the "City of
New York," to visit the
South Pole.

RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHIES

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No. 15

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For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

Which has had greater influence on the world the founders of the great religions or the builders of great empires?
 Why did Buddha tell his followers that they need not become monks unless they wanted to?
 Why did such legends as those about St. George and St. Catherine come to be told?

Compare the way in which Savonarola went about reforming Florence with the way in which Calvin reformed Geneva.
 What influence did the English reformer, John Wycliffe, have on John Huss?
 Why did Livingstone decide to become an explorer?

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CONFUCIUS



Photo by Granstorff Bros. Copyright H. K. I.

This is a painting called "Confucius," by the American artist John La Farge. The great sage sits under a favorite tree, as was his custom, intent upon a manuscript. Behind him hangs a white curtain, which is

one of his symbols, for he was sometimes called the Sage of the Curtain. On either side stand disciples, meditating intently on the wise man's teaching, just as millions of Chinese do to this day.

The GREAT WISE MAN of CHINA

Foremost among the Sages of the Far East Is the Man Whom We in the West Call Confucius

EVERY civilized nation has one or more religions by means of which its people explain the mysteries of the world around them and express their ideas of God. In China men speak of the Three Teachings, meaning the teachings of Buddha (bööd'ä), Lao-tse (la'ô-tsü') and Confucius (kōn-fü'shī-üs). Oddly enough, these three great teachers all lived at about the same time, in the sixth century B.C. - the Buddha across the Himalyas in India, Lao-tse and Confucius in China itself. But though their three teachings have come to divide most of China among them, surely the teaching of Confucius is the most thoroughly Chinese of them all.

Confucius was the last and greatest of the Three Sages, or Wise Men, of China. His real name was Kung-fu-tse (kōōng'-fōō'-tsü'). But when Europeans heard about

Kung they changed his name into Latin, as it was their habit for a long time to do with the names of philosophers, so in Europe and America he has always been known as Confucius. He was born about 550 B.C. in the province of Lu (lōō), in China, a part of what is now Shantung.

Kung came of a noble family, but his father, a high government official, died when the boy was only three, leaving the family very poor. So Kung was brought up by his mother, whom he always loved very dearly. He was a strange, thoughtful child, who did not care much for games and would not eat his meals until he had given at least a small offering of rice to Heaven. The other boys wondered at the things he said, but they liked and admired him and did as he told them.

When he was nineteen Kung married, as

was fitting, and entered the service of the government as overseer to the royal gardens, parks, and public markets.

Ancient Culture of Far-away China

Now in the sixth century B.C., when Europe was still a howling wilderness and the great days of Greece and Rome were still ahead, China already had many long centuries of civilization behind her. There were gracious homes, and schools, and princely courts where gathered poets, artists, musicians, and scholars. Yet Confucius' day was not one of China's times of greatest glory. The emperors had for long been losing their grip on the provinces, and there was much quarreling and fighting among the dukes and princes, and much grievous misrule. Besides, barbarian hordes pressed on the frontiers, and the times were so much the more unsettled for that.

Kung looked around him, and he saw these things. He saw that the rich were quarrelsome and greedy and the poor miserable. He saw that much was wrong with the world. And he was sure that in the old days things had been different.

So he set himself to study ancient times and to save all the ancient customs which seemed to him good. He was not seeking for a new vision of God, but only for a noble rule for living a practical life in the world. He thought that if enough people found such a rule of life they could make the state noble, too; and all his life Confucius, himself a government official, was particularly interested in right government.

The Law of Living

When he had worked out his ideal, with the help of the ancient wisdom of the philosophers, he gave it a name that is rather hard to translate into English: it was the ideal of the Superior Man - not that the man was to *act* or *feel* superior, but that he was to be finer and more noble than men usually are. He must know how to act in all the "Five Relations"--to his ruler, his father or his son, his wife, his brother, his friend; for if we know how to treat all these, shall we not know how to act in most situations? Confucius made very elaborate rules

to guide people in these things. It was really like making morals and religion out of good manners. It was the very thing for which the Chinese had and still have a peculiar genius, and it worked marvelously well.

Yet if we should think that all this sounds so practical and commonplace that it must be shallow, we should remember that there are many ways of teaching the same thing. For instance, one of Confucius' disciples tells us: "The doctrine of our Master consists solely in having uprightness of heart, and in loving one's neighbor as one's self." "Do not do to others," said Kung, "what you would not like them to do to you." Both of these sayings are about as close to the sayings of the founder of Christianity as they well could be.

A Great Teacher of Wisdom

After a time Kung became a teacher and gathered young men about him to tell them of the wisdom he had learned. He was a stern master, and if any student was careless or stupid he sent him off at once. "When I have shown a pupil one corner of the subject," he said, "and he is unable to understand the other three, I do not repeat my lesson."

Later on Kung tried very hard to find some prince who would let him work out his ideas in practical government. For a time he did govern a city in his native province, where he tried to make rules for nearly everything the people did. At another time we find him in the Imperial City, visiting the aged philosopher Lao-tse, founder of one of the other great Chinese religions. But on the whole we do not know so much as we wish we did about Confucius' life during these years.

In his old age the sage lost some of the favor of his duke, and was rather unhappy and generally disappointed. But he did not lose courage. "What matters to me the ingratitude of men?" he said. "It will not prevent me from doing them all the good that may be in my power. If my teaching remains fruitless, at least I shall have the consolation of having faithfully fulfilled my task."

One morning when Kung was seventy, he

arose, being unable to sleep, and walked along with his hands behind him, trailing his stick. "The great mountain must crumble away," he was heard to murmur, "the strong pillars must break, the sage must disappear like a blade of grass." After a while he went back to his bed. Eight days later he died.

Kung did not believe that men live after death except in the lives and memories of other men. But certainly he was one of the men who have kept alive in that way. When he died, many of his disciples built themselves huts around his grave and mourned him for twenty-seven months, the usual time of mourning for a parent. But that was nothing to what was to come.

From that day to this his grave has been

honored, and his teachings have guided the lives of many millions of Chinese. In time they were gathered into books, and every boy who wanted to become a mandarin (mǎn'dá-rǐn), or public official, had to pass a terrific examination in the Confucian classics. These examinations were not done away with until the republican revolution of 1911. Of course not many people have managed to keep Confucius' teaching just as it was at first, and strange religious or magical ideas have grown up about it. But even so it has always been a great power in the hearts of the Chinese people. To-day his followers, together with the Taoists (t'au'ist), who claim to be followers of Lao-tse, number over 350,000,000 persons.



Photo by Huchigata

Though Confucius' teaching was rather a code of morals than a religion, it has been turned into a re-

ligion by many followers. In our picture worshipers are making offerings in a Confucian temple.

A FAMOUS SAGE of OLD CHINA

In the Days before Rome Had Grown to Fame, This Man Was Teaching Wisdom to the People in the Far East

THE world has always had its "wise men" in many lands, but the greatest of them have always come from the East. And one of the greatest of all was Lao-tse. "Lao-tse" means "the Old Philosopher"; it is the name by which we know the Chinese sage Li Erh (lĕ ĕr), who was

born about 604 B.C. Lao-tse (lă'ô-tsŭ') must indeed have seemed very old and wise to those who knew him or read his teaching, for a legend grew up that his hair was white with age and wisdom even when he was born.

Lao-tse was only a generation older than

the great Chinese philosopher Confucius (kōn-fū'shī-ŭs); when he was old and Confucius was young, the two seem to have met and talked. But we do not know anywhere near so much of Lao-tse's life as we do of the life of Confucius. Perhaps that is because Lao-tse was not a busy, practical person like Confucius, but a quiet dreamer, who loved obscurity and had little interest in the great world.

The Boyhood Home of Lao-tse

We do know, however, that Lao-tse was born in the Chinese province now called Honan (hō'nān'). He grew up in a delightful valley, sheltered by low hills and watered by a noble river. All around him were rich crops and gardens and plantations of cyprus and bamboo.

Now even in those far-off days, when ancient Babylon was at the height of her glory and the curtain of history had not yet risen on Europe at all, China was a very old land with a rich life and culture of her own. So we shall not be surprised to hear that when he became a man, Lao-tse went up to the Imperial City to be librarian to the emperor.

In the library Lao-tse read and studied. He knew and loved the ancient sages, or wise men, of China. He thought a great deal about their teachings. Then he looked about him at the busy world and pondered all its wickedness and suffering. In time he worked out a belief of his own, based partly on his reading. This he taught quietly to others, until he gained a great name for wisdom.

Lao-tse Leaves the World Behind

At last, the story goes, Lao-tse tired of the court, tired of the whole mad life of the world, and determined to go away. But at the border one of the frontier guards stopped him and implored him not to leave China until he had written down his wisdom in a book. So Lao-tse stayed long enough to write his great "Classic of Reason and Virtue," the "Tao-te-king." Then he mounted on a white buffalo, rode off into the wilderness, and was seen no more.

As a matter of fact, scholars tell us, it is very unlikely that Lao-tse wrote this book himself; but that does not matter, since all agree that it contains his teaching. And what is that teaching? It is mystic and vague and hard to understand, but what we can understand of it is nobly beautiful. The "te" in the title means "virtue"; the "Tao" (tou) is sometimes called "reason," but is usually translated "the path" or "the way." It is the way to peace and noble life, which Lao-tse thought we can reach best by living simply and quietly, without stress or striving—by *being* rather than *doing*.

Of all virtues Lao-tse most praised gentleness and pity and humility. "I would return good for good, and good for evil," he said, "for virtue is good. I would meet trust with trust, and suspicion with trust, for virtue is trustful, requiring good for evil this is the practice of the Way.

The "Way" of Lao-tse

"Like a fish out of water, a nation is in danger because of its armored strength. When the Way flourishes, horses are used in the pastures; but when the Way has left the world, chargers are reared in the wilderness.

"Like a river, the Kingdom becomes great by lowliness. The greatest of conquerors does not wage war. Gentleness is at all times victorious in its attack and secure in its defenses, so that when Heaven would preserve a man, it enfolds him in gentleness."

These are all words that might very easily have been said by the founder of Christianity.

But as everybody knows, Christ has been misunderstood and made to stand for things he would not have liked at all; and the same thing has happened to almost all great teachers—so many of whom have taught many of the things that Jesus taught. No other teacher has been more completely misunderstood than Lao-tse. Centuries after his death a religion grew up in China which took the name of his great book—Taoism (tou'iz'm), the "religion of the Way." But it has never been much like Lao-tse's teaching. What real religion it has is largely borrowed from the Buddhists.



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

Far and wide over Asia has spread the faith of Buddha. The gigantic statue of Buddha shown in our picture stands in Kamakura, Japan. Its very size is impressive—it towers as high as a five-story house and the face is eight feet long. It is made of bronze, the eyes

are of gold, and the lump on the forehead, which stands for wisdom, is silver. But beyond these things it is a great work of art, a beautiful tribute to the memory of a great religious teacher. All who have looked on it marvel at the benign peace of the face.

The FAMOUS STORY of the BUDDHA

How the Holy Man of India Founded One of the Great Religions of the World

THE word "Buddha" means the Enlightened One," and it is a title of reverence, like "Saint" Thomas, or the "Prophet" Mohammed. In Buddhist lands to-day people speak of many Buddhas (bōōd'ā), for they believe that many times the spirit of wisdom or enlightenment has dwelt in a human body. But when anyone speaks of *the* Buddha he always means the greatest of them all, the founder of the mighty Buddhist religion—Siddhartha Gautama (sē-dar't'hā gō'tā-mā), who lived in India in the sixth century before Christ.

We do not know certainly when Gautama was born, though it was probably about 568 B.C.; nor do we know just when he died, though it was about 488 B.C. We do know that he came of a princely family whose seat

was at Kapila-vastu (kūp'ē lā-vūs'tōō), near the northeastern border of India. It is in a beautiful country, rich with rice fields and gardens and guarded by the giant peaks of the world's highest mountains standing white against the clear blue sky or darkened with storm.

The young prince had everything in the world to make him happy. He was wealthy and honored, and had nothing to do but hunt and enjoy life to the full. He was married to a beautiful cousin. The only flaw was that as yet they had no children.

Yet to Gautama it all seemed strangely empty and useless. A weary question nagged at his heart. Was he living a true life, or was he only playing with life after all?

One day as he rode out from the palace he

saw two sights that stirred more painful questioning within him. First his eyes rested on an aged man, bowed down with foul disease. Then he saw a dead body lying by the roadside, a prey to vultures. Why must such horrible things be? Was this all that would come of his own splendid health and keen brain? How could he find out?

As if in answer to the question, he met a wandering ascetic. Now an ascetic (ä-sct'-ik) is a man who believes that the soul and the body are mortal enemies, and that the way to peace and joy of spirit is to hurt and ill-use the body. In this way, the ascetic believes, the spirit can show that it is master of the flesh, and thus can win freedom. This wandering ascetic whom Gautama met managed to convince the young man that he had won what the Prince sought.

"Surely," thought Gautama, "this man has found the right way. I will follow his example."

So he went home and wandered in the pleasure grounds of the palace until he had made up his mind. But when he went in, news came that at last he had a son. How his heart leaped for joy! Then at once came the saddening thought: "This is a new and strong tie which I shall have to break."

That evening there were wild festivities in the village, in honor of his son, the grandson of the Rajah. There was feasting and dancing, and Gautama took his due part in it all. But his heart was torn with pain.

The Breaking of Family Ties

In the middle of the night he suddenly awoke feeling, as he tells us, "like a man who is told his house is on fire." He arose at once, dressed, and called a servant to saddle two horses. Then he crept into his wife's room and stood staring down at her as she lay surrounded by flowers, sleeping with

her baby beside her. How he longed to kiss his little son! But he dared not, for fear he might waken the sleeping mother. So he hurried away, mounted his horse, and rode off with his servant.

When at last Gautama reached the boundary of his father's province, he alighted from his horse, took off all his fine ornaments, and drawing his sword, cut off his flowing hair. He gave the ornaments and the locks of hair and also his horse to the servant, and commanded him to take them home.

Then, alone and on foot, Gautama went forward into the strange land. Before long he met a ragged man and asked him to exchange his rags for Gautama's own splendid garments. At last the Prince was ready to follow the ascetic's way.

He joined a group of other ascetics, and among them five young men became his especial companions and followers. The young prince, who had been brought up to every luxury, now lived in the deepest poverty, and he punished his poor body so pitilessly that at length one day he fell down in a faint.

That fainting spell made Gautama think for the first time that perhaps he was on the wrong road. Perhaps the spirit within a man can after all grow better in a healthy body than in one

wasted by fasting and torture. But when he tried to explain this new thought to his disciples they were merely disgusted, and called him a turncoat and a coward who could not bear hunger and pain.

But Gautama was sure he was not a coward. So he went off by himself to fight the matter out in his own mind. And one day, as he was sitting under a fig tree in deep meditation, his great vision came to him. All at once his mind cleared of its doubts and he felt that he knew the truth. He was filled with a mighty gladness



This is one of the many representations of Buddha. We cannot call statues of Buddha "portraits," for the great religious leader was not shown in art until long after he died; so his features are completely lost to us. The great Buddhas of India, China, and Japan might be called portraits of the soul of Buddha. Eastern art has never tried to make things look natural; Eastern artists—particularly the artists of China and Japan—have always tried to show the inner spirit of things, even of so small a thing as a flower. And so Buddha is never shown as a personality; he is shown as a mystical being of many aspects—as a teacher or a protector, or simply in an attitude of contemplation.

BUDDHA

Seven days and seven nights, if the legend be true, Gautama sat fasting and thinking under the fig tree. And forever after, that tree was held sacred by his followers. It was called the Bo Tree, or Tree of Wisdom, because there Gautama became the Enlightened One.

At length Gautama arose and went back rejoicing to tell his followers of the new truths that had come to him. When they saw him returning, they were at first cold. But they loved him dearly, and they could not help knowing that his soul was finer and larger than their own. So after a time they broke down, listened to what he had to tell them, and became once more his disciples. And as they talked with him and worked with him after his great vision, they became quite certain that he was truly the Buddha, the Enlightened One, and were willing to become his followers.

The Teaching of Buddha

The rest of his long life the Buddha spent teaching the world the wisdom he had learned. In the rainy season he gathered his disciples about him and taught them. Then in the dry season he sent them out to preach the good news over all the land. Let all who longed to find strength and peace, he said, seek them by the true Way. They need not leave the world to become monks unless they wanted to do so; they need not starve and torture themselves to free their spirits. But wherever they were and however they lived, they should try to find the eight right things that make the Eightfold Way: Right Views, Right Aspirations, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Livelihood, Right Effort, and Right Rapture.

In order to save his true self, the Buddha taught, a person must give up all ambition and self-seeking. He must be charitable, pure, patient, courageous, and eager for thought and knowledge. He must not kill or steal or lie or become a drunkard or do other evil things. Though they are ex-

pressed in different words, many of Buddha's ideas are very like those of Christ.

There is a beautiful story of how Gautama went once to visit his father, who had sent word that he longed to see his son once more before he died. Buddha went back to Kapila-vastu then, but he stayed outside the town in a grove. There his father and other friends and relatives met him and talked with him, but no one offered him hospitality. So the next morning he went off to beg from door to door, just as he was in the habit of doing. His father did not like that idea at all, and came out to complain.

"Illustrious Buddha," he cried, "why do you expose us all to this shame? Is it necessary to go from door to door to beg? It is not the custom of our house to beg!"

"Not so, my noble father," Buddha replied. "I am now of the clan of the Buddhas, and do but act according to the family custom. But, my father, when a man has found a treasure, it is his duty to offer the most precious of his jewels to his father. Do not delay, but let me share with you what I have found!" Of course he meant his vision of the Way.

The Rajah was deeply moved at this, and taking charge of his son's begging bowl, he led him home.

When at last the Buddha lay dying he said to the faithful disciple at his side, "When I have passed away and am no longer with you, do not think that the Buddha has left you and is not still in your midst."

It was indeed true that his spirit lived after him, for the religion he had founded spread swiftly not only through India but far out into Asia, throughout China and into Japan. To-day there are more than 150,000,000 Buddhists in the world. To be sure the simple, pure teaching of Gautama has been much changed, and all sorts of strange beliefs have been added to it, until its founder might have trouble recognizing his own. But the same thing has happened to the ideas of other great religious teachers.



This painting is called "Mohammed Teaching." We are to imagine the great Prophet as a young man, still carrying the shepherd's staff in Kadija's service.

But his flaming words are already sinking into the hearts of his hearers, who will bring a consuming zeal to the spreading of the new faith.

The MIGHTY FOUNDER of the MOSLEM FAITH

The World Has Known Few Men Who Have Done More to Make History than Mohammed

TO-DAY more than 200,000,000 people - nearly twice the population of the United States - are followers of Islam (is'lām), the Moslem (mōz'lēm) or Mohammedan religion. Nowadays these people live mostly in Asia and Africa. But there was a time when from many a mosque in Europe - in Spain and Hungary and the Balkans - rang the cry of the muezzin (mū-žz'in), the priest who calls the faithful to prayer: "Allah alone is great. There is no God but Allah; and Mohammed is His Prophet."

Who was this prophet whose name is honored and whose teachings are followed by so many millions of people? He was a very real and human man, a great teacher and leader who lived in Arabia some thirteen

centuries ago. He did not live so fine and beautiful a life as Christ or Buddha; but neither have his followers ever worshiped him, as Christians have worshiped the founder of their religion. What his followers have done is to seize on his great ideas, so that it has been often said that his teachings were greater than he.

Mohammed (mō-hām'ēd) was born in Mecca, one of the cities of the Arabian Desert, in 570 A.D. Even then Mecca was a holy city to the Arabs, for in it stood a very famous and ancient temple called the Kaaba (ka'ā-bā). The chief stone in the Kaaba was a black stone, doubtless a meteorite, or stone which has fallen to earth out of distant space; and this stone was so sacred that thousands of pilgrims came every year

MOHAMMED

to worship it. The yearly pilgrimage was a time of joy and song, a sort of festival of poetry as well as of religion. The pilgrims marched to the singing of their poets—as Arabs often march to this day—and prizes were given for the finest songs. After that they were sung all over Arabia.

During the season of pilgrimage there was truce to all family feuds in and around Mecca. For the Arabs were, and still are, a people of deep family loyalties. There was always sharp quarreling among tribes; and in Mohammed's time there would have been no peace all the year around had it not been for the month of truce. So Mohammed was born into an Arabia that was far from united and a Mecca torn with family quarrels.

He himself came of a powerful tribe, the Koriesh (kô-rîsh'), and it was lucky for him that this was so, for when he later got into trouble because of his new ideas the members of his tribe all stood back of him, whether they approved of him or not. But Mohammed as a lad was not rich, for all that; when his father died soon after he was born, his mother possessed only five camels and one female slave. The child was sent into the wilderness to a Bedouin nurse, but when he began to suffer from the epileptic fits which troubled him more or less all his life, he was brought back to town. He was only six when his mother died. After that he was brought up by an uncle.

The Youth of Mohammed

He seems to have grown up much like any other Arab lad, earning a scanty living herding sheep. Finally, as herdsman, he took a post with a rich widow named Kadija (kâ-dê'jâ), who was a good deal older than he. When he was twenty-five years old he married her. That meant an end to being poor. But otherwise he lived a commonplace enough life until he was forty.

What Mohammed was thinking about all these years we cannot be very sure, although

of course legends have grown up about his visions and miracles at this time. He must have thought a good deal about the old Arab religion of many gods and of how it was slowly falling into decay; for all Mecca's prosperity depended on the pilgrimages, and every citizen must have noticed it when fewer pilgrims came.

He must have thought also about the religions which preach a single God.

There were a few Christians in Arabia, and a great many Jews; in fact large numbers of Arabs who were not Jews had adopted the Jewish faith. This was only natural, for the Arabs and Jews both belong to the same race—both are Semites (sēm'it). It is very clear from his later teaching that Mohammed knew something about Christianity and had deeply studied the religion of the Jews.

For like both these great religions, he taught that there is but one God, not many; and he recognized Christ and all the Hebrew prophets as being true prophets. His mission, he believed, was to finish the revelation

of God's will, a work which they had only begun.

At last the time came when Mohammed was sure of the great new things he believed, and when he felt that God had commanded him to speak out about them. At first he spoke only to a few; his wife was his first convert. But when he had gathered a few disciples about him he spoke to all Mecca, bidding them cast down their idols and worship the one God.

Naturally the priests of the old religion did not like this sort of talk, and Mohammed got into trouble at once. For a long time they did not dare touch the leader himself, for besides being a respected and substantial citizen he was backed by his powerful tribe. But some of the disciples were tortured and many were driven away. Then at last his enemies decided that they could bear with him no more, and determined to murder him in his bed.



Here is an old print of Mohammed. In it the artist shows him as a man with fiery eyes and a fierce energy.

Now two years before this time, just when things looked darkest for Mohammed's cause, the people of the rival city of Medina (mâ-dē'nā) had sent to the Prophet to invite him to leave Mecca and come to rule over them. But Mohammed hated to give Mecca up, and did not go at once. He sent more and more of his followers to Medina, however, and at the time when his enemies tried to murder him there were only he and his most important disciple, Abu-Bekr (ā'bōō-bēk'r), left. The city fathers doubtless knew about the invitation to Medina and had decided that this dangerous man should never become ruler of the rival city. So they appointed a committee to put him out of the way.

How the Prophet Escaped

When the committee got to Mohammed's house, however, they found that the bird had flown. The Prophet had heard about the plot, and he and Abu-Bekr had escaped into the desert. You may be sure that the city fathers made haste to follow them, but the pair managed to dodge the pursuers. On September 20, 622, they arrived in Medina, where the whole city arose to bid them welcome.

This was the famous Hegira (hēj'ī-rā), or "flight," from which Moslems to this day count dates as Christian countries count them from the birth of Christ. For the Hegira was the great turning point in Mohammed's life. From that time on he grew steadily in power until when he died his followers were ready to carry Islam—a word used as a name for their religion—over half the world.

Mohammed could not be happy until he had subdued Mecca. Since he had not succeeded in doing it by preaching, he now determined to do it by war. There has never been any teaching of peace in Mohammedanism, and from the first it has been spread by the sword. Mohammed turned fiercely also on the Jews, for he had thought at first that they might be his friends, but they had refused to accept his additions to their religion. Yet it must be said that when the Mohammedans had once conquered, they

usually persecuted people of other religions rather less than did the Christians of the same period.

As for Mecca, Mohammed started his campaign by a series of raids on Meccan caravans—to this day that is a favorite method of Arab warfare. He even stained his memory by ordering one raid in the sacred month of Rahab, during the days of truce. Then after a while there were battles, won sometimes by one side, sometimes by the other. Finally, in 620, the Prophet entered Mecca as a conqueror. He went to the Kaaba and laid his hand on the sacred black stone. From that time on, stone and temple were rededicated to the one God and His Prophet, and Mecca became as sacred to the new religion as it had been to the old. To Mecca all Mohammedans still turn when they pray, and every year thousands of pilgrims still go there to kiss the sacred stone.

After that, by the sword and by the strength of his great idea, Mohammed fought his way to mastery of all Arabia. Then in 632, when he was sixty-two, he died. His followers took up his work where he laid it down, and Islam continued to grow. But about that we have told in our story of Arabia and elsewhere.

Mohammed's Great Mistakes

Most of us will feel that Mohammed made a great mistake in trusting to the sword. Most of us will feel too that he made a mistake in marrying several wives, as he did after Kadija died. This last was almost surely a mistake, if only from the point of view of the success of Islam; for no sooner was the Prophet dead than his different families began to quarrel for the power, and they tore Arabia and Islam itself to pieces in the process. Besides, what the Prophet could do, the disciples could do too, and Moslem men have ever since believed that they might have as many wives as they could afford to support. The result has been that the position of women in Mohammedan lands is a rather unhappy one.

Mohammed wrote down all his teachings during the years after the Hegira, in the sacred book of Islam, the Koran (kō-rān').



The stirring tale of St. George and the dragon has inspired many an artist to picture it. Here is a carv-

ing which catches for us the very moment when the saint ran the "worm" through with his lance.

SAINT GEORGE *and the* DRAGON

Here Is the Story of the Famous Figure Who Came to Be the Patron Saint of "Merrie England"

SI T. GEORGE for Merrie England" Who has not read or heard that stirring battle cry? St. George has been England's patron saint ever since the days of King Edward III, in the 1300's, and even before that for a century or so there had been a national festival in his honor. He is the patron saint also of Portugal and of Aragon, in Spain.

Yet this famous George is one of those saints about whom history knows almost nothing at all. It seems to be true that a Christian named George suffered martyrdom at Lydda (Id'á), in Palestine, somewhere around the year 300. There is a wonderful old church of St. George at Lydda, built away back in the fourth century, not very long after the time when the saint is sup-

posed to have died. To this church people used to go in great numbers on pilgrimage. But beyond these few facts, all is legend.

The legends, however, are both famous and fascinating. They say that George was a soldier-saint and tell of how swiftly he rose in rank, fighting for the faith. They say that he once visited Britain—it is this which gives the British a claim on him, of course. They say that after he was dead he returned to urge on the fight for the Holy Land, and that he appeared to the crusaders more than once—at the siege of Antioch he rained down darts on the Saracens, and at another time he appeared in person to King Richard the Lion-hearted of England while the King was on crusade.

But the most famous tale that the legends

tell is about St. George and the dragon. Some say that this is a Christian version of the old pagan legend of Perseus (pûr'sûs), who is supposed to have slain a sea dragon and rescued the maiden Andromeda (ân-drôm'ê-dâ) not far from the place where St. George suffered death. However that may be, the tale as we know it sounds like an allegory, or story in which the characters stand for abstract things like Faith or Courage or the Church. St. George stands for Goodness, or perhaps Faith, and the dragon he overcomes is Wickedness. The whole beautiful story is set down in "The Golden Legend," a book of saints' lives written by a monk in the thirteenth century and translated into English by Caxton in 1483.

Once upon a time--so runs the story--the people of a certain city were living in the greatest terror because a monstrous dragon came out every day from a swamp and devoured the flocks and herds. His breath was so foul and poisonous that no one could stand before him. The people fled behind the city walls and gave him two sheep every day to persuade him to leave them alone.

At last the sheep were all eaten and the dragon demanded that each day two children should be sent in their stead. Not knowing what else to do, the terrified people consented to that too, and each day drew lots to see who should go. At last one of the lots fell on the King's daughter, the Princess Cleodolinda. The King was in great anguish, and offered half his kingdom to save her. But naturally that only made the people angry, for they did not see why the King's daughter should be spared when all the other children were having to die.

Cleodolinda met her fate bravely. She dressed in her royal robes, kissed her father good-by, and told the citizens she was proud to die to save them. Then she went forth, and the city gates were closed behind her.

All along that mournful road the Princess saw the bones of those who had gone out before her to be devoured. She went on, but she could not help weeping bitterly. Then suddenly she saw a young knight, gloriously handsome and dressed in princely

armor. He was riding slowly toward her.

"Maiden, why do you weep?" he asked.

She told him of her tragic fate, and at once he boldly promised to destroy the loathsome dragon in the name of Jesus Christ. She tried to stop him, for she could not bear to see so fine a youth killed in a hopeless fight. But St. George—for of course it was he—would not be turned back.

All too soon the horrible beast appeared, breathing fire and destruction. The shining knight made the sign of the cross and rode at the creature full tilt. And while the trembling Princess looked on, he pinned the great "worm" to the ground with his lance.

"Come closer," he called to Cleodolinda. And when she had obeyed he said, "Take your girdle and fasten it around his neck like a halter. Do not fear. The beast is tamed."

So great was Cleodolinda's trust in the mighty stranger that she did this strange thing, just as he had bade her. And the dragon crawled alongside her toward the city as if he had been a dog.

When they reached the city, all the people came out in fear and astonishment to see this wonder. But St. George told them not to be afraid. If they would all be baptized as Christians, he would slay the dragon before their very eyes. So he baptized fifteen thousand men, without counting the women and children. And after that, just as he had promised, he slew the dragon. The people carried the huge, ugly corpse off into the fields, though it took four carts and many oxen to do it. As for St. George, he refused to take any reward at all, telling the King to give the money to the poor.

So, having slain the dragon and freed the city, St. George rode off to Palestine. There he saw an edict, or command, posted up for all to read. It ordered everybody, Christian or not, to worship heathen gods.

"All the gods of the heathens and gentiles are devils. My God made the heavens and is the real God!" he cried, and tore the placard down.

Then he was seized and put to death. But he died bravely, triumphing in his martyrdom.

ST. CATHERINE



Photo by Chauffeurier House

This painting represents the miracle by which St. Catherine is said to have been saved from a cruel

death on the wheel. As the fire bursts from Heaven, the soldiers fall back from it confounded.

The STORY of SAINT CATHERINE

*Here You May Read of the Miracles That Filled the Life
of an Early Christian Queen*

ST. CATHERINE of Alexandria is a very famous saint, yet not one single fact about her is certain. It has even been doubted whether she ever lived at all. Yet there is a passage by a fourth-century writer named Eusebius (û-sē'bî-ûs), the most learned man of his day, in which he says that a lady of Alexandria was persecuted for being a Christian in the days of the Roman emperor Maximin (308-314)—while Eusebius himself was still alive. This may have been Catherine. At all events, it is likely enough that a Catherine of Alexandria really did die for her faith.

But the story we are going to tell is not history, as you can easily see for yourself. It is one of the many beautiful legends which somehow grew up around the name of this Catherine of Alexandria. It is only one of them, and so you must not be surprised if somewhere else you see a very different one.

Catherine, the story says, was the daughter of a king and queen of Egypt. She was very beautiful, and so wise that she could have answered any of the questions the Queen of Sheba asked of Solomon. She read books, and studied the stars from the top of a high tower which the King had built for her.

ST. CATHERINE

Then, when Catherine was fourteen, the King and Queen died and she became queen of Egypt.

She did not like being queen very well, for she would rather have gone on quietly with her studies. But she had no choice but to reign, and soon her subjects even began to insist that she should marry. She finally agreed, but only on condition that they find her a husband so noble that all men would worship him, so beautiful that the angels of God would wish to look upon him, and so gentle that he would forgive all wrongs done to him. Is it strange that the counselors went away in despair, sure that no such perfect prince could be found?

The Vision of the Hermit

Now it happened that a Christian hermit, who lived in a cave close by the palace, had at this time a vision of the Virgin Mary, who came to him saying that her Son, Jesus Christ, was to be the betrothed of Queen Catherine. Catherine was not a Christian, but the hermit brought to her a picture of the Holy Virgin and the infant Jesus, and she was so entranced that she could not think of anything else all day.

That night the Queen had a strange dream.

She was on a mountain, and there appeared a glorious company of angels, clothed in white and bearing white lilies. At the sight of them she fell down on her knees.

"Rise up, Sister Catherine!" they said. "Thou art welcome."

Then she met another company of angels. They were clothed in purple and crowned with red roses. Again she fell down on her knees, and they told her to rise, for their King was about to honor her.

Then the angels led Catherine into Heaven. There she saw the Virgin Mary, who received her graciously and taking her by the hand, led her into the presence of her Son. But when Jesus looked at her, he said mournfully, "Thou art not fair enough for me!"

Then Catherine awoke from her sleep. And she understood by this dream that she

must be baptized and become a Christian.

After she had been baptized she had another dream. Again she saw the Queen of Heaven and her Son. And this time Jesus smiled upon her and gave her a betrothal ring. When she awoke she found the ring on her finger.

It was after this that her troubles began.

The emperor Maximin (mäk'si-mīn), who did not like Christians, arrived in Egypt. He called the Queen before a great council to defend herself, and she answered all the learned men so wisely and spoke so persuasively about Jesus Christ that many who had come to judge her became Christians themselves.

Naturally, this put the Emperor into a worse rage than ever. He ordered all the converts to be put to death at once. As for Catherine, she was bound to the instrument of torture called the wheel. But fire came down from Heaven and broke the wheel to pieces.

The Martyrdom of St. Catherine

Yet in spite of that mighty miracle Catherine was to die after all, though by an easier death. They beheaded her. Then came angels, who carried her body over the Red Sea and along the track taken by the Israelites when they fled from Egypt to the Promised Land. They laid her body to rest in a tomb on Mount Sinai, where Moses had received the Ten Commandments.

So now when we see pictures of St. Catherine, she is often shown with a book for her learning or a wheel for her martyrdom and the miracle of the broken wheel; and often she is shown bowing before the Virgin Mary while the infant Jesus gives her a betrothal ring. St. Catherine was one of the saints whose voices Joan of Arc heard in her visions. Her name and the symbol of her martyrdom are preserved even in some things that have nothing to do with religion, such as the whirling ring of fire we sometimes light on the Fourth of July and call "St. Catherine's wheel."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI



St. Francis was so filled with love that he felt himself a brother to all things in God's world, from men and women to fishes and flying clouds. Many are the legends of his love of animals and his miraculous

power over them. One of the most famous tells how he preached to birds and fishes— and how they listened to him, as is shown above. But we do not need miracles to tell us of St. Francis' great gentleness.

The MAN WHO PREACHED to the BIRDS

*In All the Annals of the Christian Faith There Has Been No
Holier Man than the Tender Saint Francis*

ONE of the sayings of Jesus of Nazareth was this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." Now if any person in all the centuries since Jesus lived has ever managed to live fully up to that command, it was surely St. Francis of Assisi (äs-sē'zē). And the great love which St. Francis bore to God and to all living creatures made his life one of the most beautiful lives ever lived.

St. Francis' name in the ordinary world was Giovanni Bernardone (jō-vän'nē bĕr'-nār-dō'nā), and he was born in Assisi, Italy, in 1182. Even as a very young man he was

known for his generous charity to the poor, but in other ways he grew up like any other son of wealthy parents in the gay medieval town of Assisi. He loved fine clothes and music and the life of fashionable pleasure. He was a gay and charming youth, and had many friends.

But when he was twenty years old young Giovanni fell ill, and in his illness he began to wonder whether he had any right to his comfortable, gay life, when so many were poor and Jesus himself had not had where to lay his head. At last, one fateful night, he wandered out on the streets with his fashionable companions, crowned with flowers to show he was master of the revels;

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

and after a time the others missed him. They were never to see the old Giovanni again.

For when they found the strayed reveler, he was in a deep trance, from which he awoke a different man. He was no longer Giovanni Bernardone, the gay young man of fashion, but Francis, servant of God and men, who would one day be a saint.

He devoted himself to prayer and the service of the poor. One day soon after his trance he met a leper, who begged of him alms. Francis had a special horror of lepers, for he was sensitive and their disease is very loathsome. He passed this poor man without stopping to give him anything. But he had scarcely got by when he was overcome with shame, and with a mighty effort he made himself go back and not only give the leper money but kiss his hand. From that day he never faltered a moment in love and brotherhood with all things alive.

He gave away so much money to the lepers and the poor in general that his father was afraid there would be nothing left of the family fortune; so he planned to disinherit his son. But Francis did not give him time. He left home, clad only in a cloak given him by the bishop, and went to live in utter poverty in the woods.

Then one day as he prayed at a neighboring chapel, it seemed to him that a voice spoke to him in the words of the New Testament: "Preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand . . . freely ye have re-

ceived, freely give. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses . . . for the workman is worthy of his meat." So, though Francis was not a member of the clergy at all, he set out for Assisi to preach in the streets, obeying his vision.

When twelve disciples, or followers, had

gathered about him, he asked leave of the pope to form a new religious order, of which he should be the head. So was founded the great Order of St. Francis, made up of friars (*frī'ēr*)—or "brothers"—vowed to eternal poverty, never to own anything for themselves personally or even for their order. Francis knew from experience how hard it is to keep from being ambitious and pleasure-loving if you have money. So he and his followers devoted themselves to poverty as one might to the service of a queen. At Assisi there is a beautiful fresco

painted by the artist Giotto (*jōt' tō*) which shows

St. Francis celebrating his "holy nuptials" with "the Lady Poverty."

Francis and his brother friars set out from Assisi in course of time, to carry their good deeds and their message of peace and love to other places. They went through Umbria, and stirred a great religious revival. The number of the brothers grew by leaps and bounds. In 1212 St. Clara, a girl of eighteen who had been impressed by St. Francis' teaching, was made a Franciscan and given charge of starting the Second Order, at



Photo by Anderson, Rome

So close did St. Francis feel to God that when worn with fasting and prayer he often saw visions. It was as though angels came to comfort him for his suffering and to assure him of God's love. This painting of "St. Francis Comforted by an Angel" is in an ancient church in Rome.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Assisi, so that women as well as men might have part in the work. Later there was a Third Order, too, meant for people who wanted to follow Francis' teachings without becoming either friars or nuns.

St. Francis in Distant Lands

St. Francis carried his message to farther lands as the years went on. He preached, though without success, to the Moors in Spain. He went to Egypt and preached to the crusaders there. While there he was taken prisoner by the Saracens and brought before the sultan. Then he preached to the sultan!—who returned him courteously to the Christian camp. After that adventure, Francis went on to the Holy Land, where he stayed a few months, returning to Italy in 1220.

While he was gone there had been quarrels and divided counsel in the order at home, and it seemed best to Francis quietly to resign from his place as head. After his death these troubles within the order were to flare up more threateningly than ever, and to change its rules and way of life a good deal from the simplicity of its founder.

The Great Love of a Noble Soul

But perhaps Francis was right in thinking that he was not meant to manage a great organization such as the Franciscans had become. His was the nobler lot of being great in himself and of becoming the inspiration of countless others. To see him or even to hear about him was to love him. He was strong and tender and utterly unselfish. He was hard on himself, and used his poor body so harshly that he asked pardon of it as he lay dying. But to others he was all gentleness and love.

He could not even stop at men and women, but sent out his love to all nature too. Many are the tales told of his love of animals. He preached to the birds and fishes, remembering that Jesus had bid his disciples preach the gospel to "every creature." Once when

the birds were singing all around him, he cried to his companions, "Our sisters, the birds, are praising the Creator. Let us sing with them!" And so the friars raised a hymn. Another time Francis saw a poor lamb standing lonely and sad among a flock of goats and likened it to Jesus among his enemies. He longed to buy the lamb, but had no money; so a man who was passing by bought it for him and it followed him wherever he went. Often in pictures he is shown with a lamb. Sometimes his love went out even to things that are not alive at all, and he spoke of our "brother Fire" and "sister Water."

A Great Teacher of Happiness

Francis' great love and his devoted life brought him deep joy, and in spite of all the hardships he endured he seems to have been one of the happiest of mortals. He taught his followers that they ought to be happy, much happier than worldly people are, for all their riches and comforts and pleasures. It was a deep, strange joy that St. Francis knew, a sort of joy that comes only to saints and mystics, that is, people who feel that they can see past the ordinary world to something more real beyond. It is said that toward the end of his life, Francis fasted forty days and nights on a mountain near Assisi, and that he had a heavenly vision there which brought him such joy and love of God as he had never known; and that when he awoke from his trance he bore on his hands and feet the "stigmata" (stîg'mă-tă), or marks as of nails such as were driven through the hands and feet of Christ when he was crucified.

After that Francis lived only a few months, in great pain of body but happier than ever of heart. He died in 1226, when he was only forty-four. Two years later the church made him a saint, and to this day he is one saint whom the whole Western world, from Catholic to freethinker, delights to honor.

The GREAT and GOOD SAINT AUGUSTINE

With a Heathen Father and a Christian Mother, He Had a Hard Struggle before He Embraced the New Faith and Became One of Its Great Leaders

THERE are two famous saints named Augustine, and people are always forgetting which is which. One of them was a great missionary-bishop who died about 604. He it was who was sent out by Pope Gregory the Great to convert the Angles and Saxons to Christianity. So well did he do his task that he became the first archbishop of Canterbury, and when he died England was well on the way to becoming a Christian country.

But the other St. Augustine was even more famous. He lived two centuries before Augustine of Canterbury and was one of the great thinkers and teachers who later became known as the Christian Fathers because they did so much to settle the doctrines of the church. This was Aurelius Augustinus, called St. Augustine (ô-gûs'tîn) of Hippo.

This Augustine was born in 354 A. D., at Tagaste (tâ-gäs'tê)—now called Souk-Arras (sôok'-â-räs')—in Algeria. That means that he was born into a world which has so completely passed away that it is very hard to imagine it—the world of Northern Africa toward the close of the Roman empire. In those days Northern Africa was much more

like Europe than it is to-day, since it was a part of the empire, and Carthage (kar'thāj) and Hippo were busy centers of trade instead of moldering ruins.

As for religion, the Africans of those days did not know which way to turn. It was before the time of Mohammed, whose fol-

lowers are now most numerous in that land. Temple altars still smoked to the ancient Carthaginian gods, and their gaudily-dressed priests still went in procession through the streets. The old pagan festivals, gay and at times licentious, still lured even Christians from more solemn worship. For there were many Christians; yet they were far from being in the majority, and besides the church had been split wide open by a schism (siz'm), or division, some time before Augustine was born.

Even in Augustine's own home there was division.

His father was a

pagan and his mother a Christian. No wonder the thoughtful young man was over thirty before he knew what he himself believed!

Long afterward, when he was very sure of his belief, Augustine wrote a famous book called his "Confessions," in which he tells



Photo by the Louvre

This is St. Augustine as a young man, with his mother, Monica, who has also been sainted.

ST. AUGUSTINE

us most of what we know about his youth. He tries to make himself out as a rather wicked person before his conversion, but he is probably much too hard on himself. The times were loose and he might easily have led a much more vicious life; then, too, some of the things which he came to think were wrong seem to most of us now not wrong at all.

At all events, when as a young man he went up to Carthage to study, he was disgusted by much that he saw, for in truth Carthage was at that time a very wicked city—"the cesspool of the empire" someone has called it. He spent two years there. It was sometime during these two years that he first knew that gayety and pleasure were not enough for him and that he wanted to find the truth about life and its meaning. The great ambition to seek the truth came to him from reading a book by Cicero, which, alas, is now lost. It had a profound effect upon him.

He began to study philosophy and the different religions then afloat in the world. He read the Bible and decided against Christianity. Then he thought he had found the truth in a religion called Manichaeism (măn'î-kē'l'm) which at that time was spreading widely through the empire. Manichaeism was a little like the religion of Zoroaster (zō'rō-ās'tēr), the Persian prophet, and had been established, in the third century A.D., by another Persian named Mani (mă'nē). Its central teaching, which is not dead even to-day, is that we

should explain the trouble and evil of life by supposing that the world is ruled, not by one God, but by two—an evil god and a good one. For several years Augustine thought that this system of two gods—called "dualism" from the Latin word for "two"—was the answer to his search.

His mother was horrified at this conversion of her son's, and then and there determined not to rest till she brought him into the Christian church.

Meanwhile Augustine set up as a teacher of rhetoric, first at Tagaste, then at Rome, and lastly at Milan, in Italy. In Milan his mother joined him, still hoping to convert him. There was a great preacher in Milan at this time, a famous Bishop Ambrose later made a saint. And by now Augustine had given up Manichaeism and was again seeking in much trouble of soul for the truth. He used to go and listen to Ambrose preach, and it is even said

that he would go to the great bishop's house and stand watching him at work wishing he dared ask him for an hour of his busy day to talk things over. But even though he did not talk with St. Ambrose, he did learn something from him; namely, that not all Christians took everything in the Bible literally. That was to make it much easier for him to believe.

But it was really Plato, the great Greek philosopher who died before Christ was born, who converted Augustine to Christianity. That is, it was writers and thinkers who considered themselves followers of



Photo by Alinari

Wearing his bishop's mitre and his bishop's robes, Augustine appears before us here in all the imposing dignity of his great authority as bishop of the early Christian church.

Plato, though nowadays men call them not "Platonists" but "Neo-Platonists" (nē'ō-plā'tō-nīst), meaning that they made a new teaching of their own, which is not much like Plato after all. While he was at Milan some friend lent Augustine books by Plotinus (plō-tī'nūs) and others of these men, and as he read, it seemed to him that a new light shone upon his mind. For he seemed to see how their teaching fitted into the teaching of the Bible and made it easier for him to understand and believe it.

A Convert to the New Faith

So at last Augustine became a Christian. After that nothing mattered to him but the service of his new religion.

We may imagine the joy with which Monica (mōn'ī-kā), his faithful mother, heard the news. Soon Augustine gave up his teaching and went for six happy months (386-7) to a friend's villa near Milan. There Monica joined him and friends gathered about him, and they had a long session of talk. It is said that in the end Augustine managed to convert almost all his friends. At this time he began also to produce the vast number of books now standing to his credit. Before he died there were more than a thousand of them! An astonishing number he wrote with his own hand. Many others were taken down as he spoke by "notaries," or shorthand writers, who were much like modern reporters.

By 388 we find Augustine back in Tagaste, turning his house into something very like a monastery. Though he had no notion of founding an order of monks, this was really the beginning of the Augustinian (ō'gūs-tīn'ī-ăn) order so powerful all through the Middle Ages. Long years later he wrote a "Rule of St. Augustine" meant for a certain nunnery; it was changed a little to fit men and became the rule for innumerable Augustinian monasteries.

The Bishop of Hippo

This quiet life lasted only three years. Then one day Augustine went to Hippo—which is now a ruin near the modern town of Bona—to make a convert. To his great

annoyance, the people in the church there would not let him go till he had promised to become their priest! He had to do it, and so began his long service at Hippo. Later the bishop there died and Augustine became bishop in his place. And as the Bishop of Hippo he has gone down in history.

Slowly he became the greatest power in the African church. He was one of the most tireless workers who ever lived. No detail of his pastoral work was too small for his attention. No obscure doubter or troubled maiden was too insignificant to receive a long reply to a letter to the great Bishop. From end to end of Northern Africa he went constantly to councils and conferences and synods. Nothing pleased him better than a public debate with some luckless Manichean or pagan or leader of the Donatists (dōn'ā-tīst), members of the Christian church who had seceded. And then there were those thousand books!

Why St. Augustine Is Remembered

So we remember St. Augustine as a great and good man who did a mighty work in the world. The noble, unworldly faith to which he finally won is best expressed in his other most famous book, "The City of God," which was written to comfort the people after the fall of Rome.

For Rome fell in 410 and the old Roman world was being swept away. And Augustine was fated to live just long enough to see the whole Catholic world he had built up in Africa go down in smoking ruin before the invasion of the Vandals. Their terrible hordes had swept across Western Africa, leaving nothing but death and desolation in their wake. In May, 430, they appeared under the walls of Hippo. Three months later, while the siege was still going on, the old bishop fell ill, and not long after he died. It must have seemed to him as he lay dying that his whole life work was dying too.

In Africa it did die. But in Europe it wrote history for many centuries. It has been said that "no mind ever made so deep an impression on Christian thought"—both Catholic and Protestant.



Photo by Anderson Rome

St. Bernard had an especial devotion to the Virgin Mary, and legend tells that she appeared to him in a

vision, as the Italian painter Filippino Lippi has beautifully set forth for us in this picture.

The FAMOUS LIFE of SAINT BERNARD

A Strong and Wise Champion of the Faith, He Founded a Powerful Order of Monks

ARTISTS used to have a way of painting saints each with some special symbol (sím'böl), or emblem, to show what the saint was famous for. Thus the gentle St. Francis has a lamb, and the martyred St. Catherine a wheel. St. Bernard of Clairvaux (klër'vō'), whose story we are going to tell now, is often shown with a roll of paper, a pen, and an inkhorn; sometimes also he has a demon chained to a rock. So we shall not be surprised to learn that St. Bernard was a powerful statesman and writer and a great fighter for the faith both

within his order of monks and without it.

Bernard was born in 1091, near Dijon (dě'zhōN'), in Burgundy, which is now part of France. He came of a noble family, but was early left an orphan. His relatives did not want him to go into a monastery, but nothing could stop Bernard when he had made up his mind, and in the end he not only went into the monastery but took along his brothers and several friends and relatives besides. This good luck turned the little community of monks at Cîteaux (sē'tō') into a growing and flourishing order, and

ST. BERNARD

soon daughter monasteries began to be founded.

In 1115 Bernard himself became the head of such a daughter monastery, at Clairvaux, and it was not long before Clairvaux was more important than Cîteaux, and all because of its saintly and vigorous head. The monks had cleared the ground for their new home, felling trees and setting up huts, unafraid of either robbers or wolves. They built, plowed, sowed, and planted orchards and vineyards. The abbey of Clairvaux became the center of a populous community, for in those half-wild days people liked to live close to the protection of a monastery. Within the abbey the monks kept the strict rule of their new order, the strictest of all religious orders. They were called Bernardines (bûr'nâr-dîn), and were a branch of the Cistercians (sîs-tûr'shûn), who took their name from the Latin form of "Cîteaux." Bernard himself was so strict that he would not even see his brother and sister.

The fame of the wise and holy Bernard went out far beyond the walls of his monastery. He was a powerful preacher, and it was said that he worked miracles of healing. He became a great church statesman, for in those days church and state were so closely connected that no one was more powerful than the great men of the church. Mighty feudal lords journeyed to Clairvaux to discuss their problems with Bernard. He became a power all over Europe. When, in 1130, there was a quarrel as to which of two candidates was the true and lawful pope, it was Bernard more than anyone else who settled the matter and triumphantly seated the pope in whom he believed. Yet in the midst of all this power, both worldly and spiritual, Bernard did not forget to preach to the people. When he traveled in Italy in the midst of the trouble about the pope, a

great wave of religious enthusiasm followed wherever he went.

Having chained *that* demon—the demon of quarrels within the church—Bernard turned to what seemed to him the demon of unbelief. He loosed his fiery eloquence to stir up both kings and people to another crusade for the conquest of the Holy Land from the Turks. It seems to us now a strange way to serve the kindly and gentle Jesus—this stirring up men to go out and kill or be killed. But in those days it seemed to everyone the very height of Christian virtue and zeal. And Bernard pleaded the cause so passionately that he personally persuaded two kings and countless lesser men to "take the cross"—that is, to go on a crusade.

This crusade of 1145 was a dismal failure. Distressed but undaunted, Bernard preached still another crusade, and was himself elected to lead it. But his order forbade him to go, and indeed he was not made for a military leader. Besides, he was growing old before his time. For he was broken in body by overwork and by the fasts and other hardships he and the other Cistercians laid upon themselves. He died in 1153.

It has been said that St. Bernard came very near indeed to being the ideal monk of the Middle Ages. At his best he was loving and wise and truly humble. He believed in his religion with all his heart, and preached it by word of mouth and in writing with flaming zeal and enthusiasm. He did not believe in trying to enjoy himself in this world, but gloried in giving himself discomfort and pain to "mortify" the body. And in all this he was so sincere that he is still admired, not only by members of the church which made him a saint but by all people who admire lovingkindness and sincerity, courage and devotion to a cause.



JOHN HUSS



Photo by Kuschgitz

John Huss, earliest of the Protestant martyrs, is here pictured trying to explain his teaching to the Council

of Constance. But the Council would not listen to his defense, and condemned him to death.

A MORNING STAR *of the* REFORMATION

*This Story Will Show the Reasons why the Famous John Huss
Was Burned at the Stake*

JOHN Huss was one of the very earliest heroes of the Protestant Reformation. He came long before Luther, and the time was not yet ripe for him to have much lasting success. But when the Reformation did come, those who believed in it remembered John Huss and claimed him as their own.

He was born about 1373 in the ancient land of Bohemia, which is now a part of Czechoslovakia. His parents were hard-working peasants, but the clever, ambitious lad went to the University of Prague, and in course of time became a well-known scholar and dean of the philosophical faculty there. Besides that, he was rector, or preacher, for the university, and preached also at little Bethlehem Chapel, where the people crowded to hear him talk in their

native tongue instead of the Latin of the schools.

The fiery young preacher was not long in getting into trouble. For he had become deeply interested in the radical notions of the English reformer John Wycliffe (wīk'-līf), who died when Huss was a boy, in 1384. Wycliffe had thundered at many things that seemed to him wrong in the church, and had in particular wanted to let the common people have the Bible in their own tongue. By 1408 Huss had talked so much about the ideas of Wycliffe—of which the authorities by no means approved—that he was forbidden to preach any more.

But it took more than that to stop John Huss. He knew very well that he had all Bohemia back of him, from king to peasant, and for a time he had the university back of

JOHN HUSS

him too. He went right on preaching. There came a time when the whole city of Prague was laid under interdict by the pope for protecting its daring preacher. That meant that no church services of any sort were supposed to be held in the city until it submitted to the pope's command. Yet Huss kept right on preaching.

But at last he began saying things in his sermons which offended the university, and it deserted him. Then the King begged him, for the safety of all concerned, to leave Prague and live for a time in retirement. This Huss consented to do.

But the church authorities, whom he had so obstinately disobeyed, would not let him alone. He was ordered to come to Constance, over on the Swiss frontier, and defend himself from the charges brought against him. The emperor Sigismund (sĭj'is-mŭnd) told him that if he would come, Huss should have the imperial safe conduct, that is, the Emperor's promise that he should be free from danger of arrest. So Huss decided that he must go.

He started out on October 11, 1414. Thirty men rode with him, and everywhere along the way the common people thronged about him. For he had loved them and labored for them, and he was their hero and saint. Yet even as he started on his journey, a friendly, sorrowing cobbler seized him by the hand and warned him that he would never come back, but must look for his reward in Heaven.

How John Huss Was Captured

So, through the tears and blessings of the people, John Huss rode up to Constance. Once arrived at the city, he took lodgings with a quiet woman named Faith, at "The Sign of the White Pigeon." But it was not long before Huss warned his followers that there was going to be trouble. His enemies were in a very ugly mood.

Alas for the faith of the emperor Sigismund! Some say that he was too weak to keep his promise; some say he had made it in the first place only to lure Huss to his doom. At all events, on November 28,

1414, the gates of Constance were barred, the "Sign of the White Pigeon" was surrounded, and John Huss was put under arrest. Quietly he said farewell to the woman named Faith who was his hostess, and let himself be led off through a throng of twelve thousand watching people to the palace. His friends were filled with grief and helpless rage, but his enemies said, "We have him now."

They chained him in a dark cell with six jailers to take charge of him. Many churchmen came to argue with him and try to get him to admit that he had taught not truth but lies, but he would not admit it. Sometimes friends bribed the jailers to let them visit him. He managed to read a little and to write. But as the weary months dragged by he became very ill.

The Heroic Death of John Huss

At last they brought him, sick as he was, before the court to stand his trial. His judges were in an uglier mood than ever, for news had come that the writings of John Wycliffe, whom Huss had defended, had been officially condemned by the church. It is said that the first time Huss tried to speak in his own defense he could not make himself heard over the cries of his enemies. Finally he gave up the attempt, and fell into silent prayer.

It is said, too, that the emperor Sigismund blushed when Huss reminded him of that safe-conduct. But if he did, he let it go at a blush.

So he might as well not have had any trial at all, for his enemies had already made up their minds. One day in 1415 they led Huss out and bound him to a stake. As the flames rose around him his voice was heard in prayer.

After he was dead they gathered up the ashes and even the earth on which the ashes lay, and scattered them in the Rhine. But if any of the things he died for were true, those things could never be destroyed. And whatever is true of John Huss's beliefs, nothing can destroy the memory of his heroic life and death.

SAVONAROLA



Photo by Anderson Rome

Under the stern eye of Savonarola the gayest gallants and the wealthiest prelates quailed during the great monk's time of power. No more vanities! he cried.

And, half convinced and wholly terrified, the people sent out their rich robes and golden chains to be thrown into the Bonfire of Vanities.

The FIERY SPIRIT of SAVONAROLA

How the Great Priest Stirred Up a Wicked City, Only to Have It Turn against Him and Burn Him

THE city of Florence, in Italy, is one of those places which have known sudden times of glory—the glory that comes from being the home of many great men all at once. Florence was one of the cradles of that vast movement we call the Renaissance (rĕn'ĕ-sô'n's') which ushered out the Middle Ages and ushered in our modern world. There, in the late fifteenth century, lived Leonardo da Vinci (lă'ô-nar'dô dă vĕn'chĕ), who represents all that is finest and worthiest in this new movement—its eager seeking for knowledge, its love of beauty, its delight in life. Does it not seem strange that at the very same time there should have been living in Florence another great man who represents everything that was best and finest in the old Age

of Faith—its self-sacrifice and courage and burning zeal? Yet so it happened. The second great man was Girolamo Savonarola (jĕ-rô'lă-mô săv'ô-nă-rô'lă), one of the great hero-martyrs of the world.

Savonarola was not born in Florence. He was born in Ferrara (fĕr-ra'rá), of a noble Italian family, in 1452. Even as a child he was different from other children. He did not join very often in the games of his six brothers and sisters. He liked better to take long walks alone, so that he might think out all sorts of things that worried him. He wrote verses and studied music too. But as for the gay sports and pastimes of Ferrara, he did not like them at all. It seemed to him that people thought far too much about pleasure and riches and power,

SAVONAROLA

and far too little about serious things, such as the needs of the poor. He could not even bear to go to the grand entertainments given by the duke of Ferrara; indeed he went only once, and that time it was to please his parents.

Girolamo's grandfather, who was a doctor, was very fond of his grandson and hoped he would some day be a doctor too. The lad learned his earliest lessons from him, but when he died Girolamo went to a public school. He was so absorbed in his studies that he would read far into the night. He pored over the writings of the saints, and especially admired those of St. Thomas Aquinas (ä-kwí'-näs), who tried so hard to make the Bible his rule of life.

As Girolamo grew to manhood, his mind was more and more distressed by the difference between the way in which the world around him behaved and the commands of Jesus Christ. A fire began to burn within him. One day, he felt he must go forth and try to bring men and women back to a true and noble way of life.

So he decided to leave his pleasant home and the mother he deeply loved and become a monk. For a long time he could not bring himself to tell his mother of this plan. But she guessed. For one day as he was playing a mournful strain on his lute, she said with quiet sadness, "My son, that music is a sign of parting." Girolamo did not dare look at her, but kept his eyes on the ground and went on playing, though his trembling fingers could scarcely hold the strings.

He did not go away at once even then, but finally, in 1467, he slipped off while his parents were taking part in a gay festival. He walked twenty-four miles across country to a Dominican (dô-mín'y-kăn) convent, knocked at the door, and humbly asked to be admitted as a novice (növ'is), or beginner. "Believe me," he wrote home, "never since I was born had I such anguish of mind as in leaving my own father and mother."

But now that he had really left them he plunged with all his heart into the new life. He studied hard, and it is said he learned the whole Bible by heart. But through it all he was in deep trouble of mind. For he saw that not even within the monastery did men live pure and beautiful lives, as they ought. If the church herself was not holy, he asked himself, then how could the outside world be expected

to keep from corruption? A task greater than ever faced him. He must be God's instrument to bring back not only the world but the church to God.

In due time Savonarola began to preach. At first no one noticed him particularly, but soon he began to develop that fiery eloquence which later brought thousands to his feet. He had already preached for a while in Florence and had gone away again, when, in 1490, because he was becoming famous, Lorenzo the Magnificent called him back to Florence.

This Lorenzo de' Medici (dā mā'dê-chē), called the Magnificent, was "tyrant" of Florence; that is, he was ruling the city with practically absolute power. He too

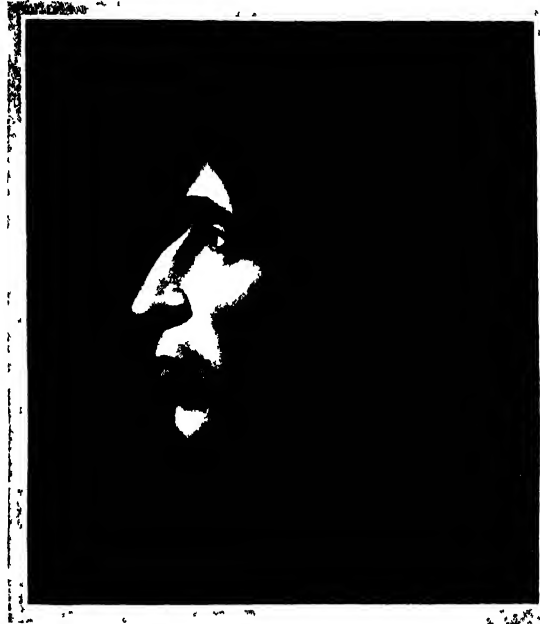


Photo by Anderson. Rome

This is a portrait of Savonarola, painted by the artist Fra Bartolommeo (bar'tô-lôm-mê'ô), one of his followers. It is said that this painter, in his fierce zeal, threw real masterpieces of art into the flames of Savonarola's Bonfire of Vanities. However that may be, he has left us a fine and revealing picture of his master's strong and deeply thoughtful face.

SAVONAROLA

was a great man in his way. Generous, witty, clever, a patron of art and a great lover of pleasure, he kept the people contented with shows and pageants, gifts and prosperity, until they forgot that he had taken away their liberty. Nor did they care how wicked he might be in his private life so long as Florence was prosperous and gay.

But Savonarola cared. He made no secret of what he thought of Lorenzo's evil doings. Nothing and no man could make Savonarola afraid.

And Lorenzo respected him for it. In fact, Savonarola came very near winning Lorenzo over altogether. When the Prince was dying he called Savonarola to his bedside to give him the church's forgiveness.

But the stern monk made three conditions.

"You must repent," he said "and believe in God's mercy."

"I do," the sick man replied.

"You must give up your ill-gotten riches."

Lorenzo hesitated, finding that harder. But at last he said yes.

"You must give back the liberties of the people of Florence."

That was too much. Lorenzo turned his face to the wall and died unforgiven.

But if Lorenzo would not give back the liberty of the people, Savonarola would win it back. With Lorenzo dead there came a time of turmoil, through which the patriot monk engineered Florence with great courage and genius. The city again became a republic. But back of the government stood Savonarola, dictator of Florence in all but name.

Under his rule Florence was a new city. The wise monk fed the starving, gave work to the unemployed, lifted the burden of taxes from the poor, and saw that high and low alike found justice in the courts. When he preached, his flaming words bound listeners as with a spell. In the streets of Florence, where all had been gay carnival of worldly amusement, people went back and forth singing hymns. The young boys were organized as a "sacred militia" to do good deeds and help manage the religious festivals.

Each year at these great religious festivals

the people did amazing things in their enthusiasm. Monks, crowned with flowers, danced sacred dances in the streets. Twice mighty bonfires were lighted in the public square, into which men and women threw their "vanities"—bad books and pictures, playing cards, gambling instruments, jewelry, fine clothes—all the things which the Florentines had now come to believe were wickedness and folly.

Florence Turns against Her Prophet

But most people soon tire of a life with only stern enthusiasms and no "vanities." That Savonarola had held the gay Florentines for four or five years seems now little short of a miracle. In time they began to fall away. And of course so passionate a prophet of righteousness would have many powerful enemies. In particular he earned the hatred of the Pope, for to the scandal of all good men a wicked man named Borgia (bôr'ja) had been made pope shortly after the time of Savonarola's rise to power. Slowly the great preacher's enemies closed in upon him. He was forced into a position where he had to disobey the Pope flatly. Then he had to stop preaching. Then, against his better judgment, he was drawn by his followers into a foolish public trial that ended in disaster.

The people who had loved and followed him turned on him savagely. A mob attacked the place where he had taken refuge to escape arrest. Even then he might have got away, but he would not desert his friends. Quietly he gave himself up to the law.

The rest of the story is so painful that we must tell it very quickly. Day after day he and two followers were tortured to make them give up their beliefs, but only one of the followers would do so—and in the end he was not released. Finally, one day in 1498, all three men were hanged and burned in the public square at Florence, amid the angry hate of the fickle people.

"I count as nothing," Savonarola wrote just before his death. "Darkness gathers about me; yet the light I saw was the true Light."

MARTIN LUTHER



When Luther was a poor student at St. George's School in Eisenach, he used to roam the street singing for his bread. One day Ursula Cotta, moved by the boy's

sweet voice, brought him into her home, as pictured here. For a long time after that she was like a mother to the clever, serious-minded lad.

The CHIEF LEADER of the PROTESTANTS

This Is the Famous Story of Martin Luther and of His Deep Influence over the Modern World

MARTIN Luther probably wrote as much history as almost any other man who ever lived. That is not to say that he was a historian and literally wrote the history with his hand. Instead, he *made* history and let other people set it down.

For he was the moving spirit of the great revolt against the Catholic church in the sixteenth century. And this Protestant Reformation, as it is called, not only changed the religious lives of countless people but upset governments, caused bloody wars and cruel persecutions and heroic martyrdoms, made and unmade princes and whole nations. In fact, the story of Europe and America since Luther's time would have been

altogether different without the Reformation. And the Reformation would have been altogether different—if it had occurred at all without Martin Luther.

Luther was born in Eisleben (is'lä'bĕn), in Germany, in 1483, just a few years before Columbus discovered America. His father was a miner and the family was poor. The home must have been a somewhat gloomy one, as both parents were very strict in their ideas of discipline. When he was old enough, Martin went to Magdeburg (mäg'dē-böörK), and later to Eisenach (ī'zĕn-ak), to study. He earned his bread by singing in the streets and begging from door to door, as was the custom of poor students in that time. Young Luther loved music and had a beautiful

MARTIN LUTHER

voice. So it is not strange that at last a motherly woman named Ursula Cotta should have taken pity on the lad and supplied his needs.

In 1501 Luther went to Erfurt (ĕr'fōōrt) to study in the university there. He had always been ambitious and studious, and at the university he did very well indeed, so that all Erfurt was proud of the rising young scholar. His father by now had become much better off, and wanted his clever son to be a lawyer and rise to a position of wealth and power.

But Luther was a serious-minded young man who thought much and deeply on things in general, and especially on religion. He was always diligent in his religious duties, kept all the church fasts, and went regularly to Mass and confession. Sometimes he was hurt and puzzled by evil things he saw going on around him. And very often he was ashamed and worried because of the evil things he himself did or wanted to do. Then one night something happened that ended all thought of his ever becoming a wealthy man of law.

How Luther Became a Monk

He was walking alone through a forest when he was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. It flashed and roared so close about him that he was flung gasping on the earth. In that time of terror and danger all his doubts about the world and himself rushed back upon him. It came to him that he must give himself up wholly to the service

of God. Then and there he took a solemn vow to enter a monastery.

So that was the end of the high worldly hopes for him of his father and his ambitious friends. Erfurt stared in amazement to see the brilliant young scholar wandering through the streets, barefoot and in the garb of an

Augustinian (ô'gūs-tīn'Y-ăn) monk. He carried a sack over his shoulder and begged for scraps at the doors of his friends, but he was forbidden to talk with them. It seemed to Luther's friends that he was throwing himself away.

But the young monk himself had no such thoughts. He served patiently in utter obedience and pored long hours over his religious studies. In due time he became a lecturer, then a subprior, then a professor of theology (thē-ōl'ō-

jī)—or the science of religion—in the University of Wittenberg. And all the time he kept on thinking and puzzling over the things that were wrong with the world, the church, and himself. Once, in 1510, he went on pilgrimage to Rome; but even there, at the capital of Christendom, he found things to shock him. It seemed to him that the highest officials of the church were not nearly so earnest in serving God as they were in serving themselves.

One night, in his study and meditation, Luther came across a passage in the New Testament which suddenly struck him as with the splendor of a great light. It was the words of Paul to the Romans: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the



Here is pictured one of the most fateful moments in history—the moment on November 1, 1517, when Luther drove the last nail that fastened his Ninety-five Theses to the door of All Saints' Church, in Wittenberg. Millions of lives have been changed, whole nations have been upheaved, because of his deed.

MARTIN LUTHER



When Luther posted his Ninety-five Theses in 1517 he had no notion of starting a widespread revolt against the church; he merely wanted to reform what he felt to be an abuse. But soon the quarrel swept him further and further away from his old beliefs, until he found that he did not believe any longer in

the supreme authority of the pope. So when the pope launched a bull, or decree, against him in 1520, Luther posted a public notice inviting all the students at the University of Wittenberg to watch him burn the pope's bull. Our picture shows that act. It was after this that he was summoned to stand trial at Worms.

power of God to salvation to everyone that believeth . . . For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, 'The just shall live by faith.'

"The just shall live by faith." It seemed to Luther that if only people would understand and believe this saying of Paul's, many of the evils he hated would fade away. There was, for instance, the custom of selling "indulgences," or official punishment for sins, whenever the church needed money. If it was faith by which the believer lived, how could a man buy forgiveness?

This was only one of the things which Luther thought ought to be reformed, but it turned out to be the one which caused all the trouble. For in 1516-17 a man named Petzel was going about Germany raising money by the sale of these indulgences, and Luther could not keep still about it. So he wrote out his famous Ninety-five Theses

(thē'sēz), or statements of doctrine, and boldly nailed them to the door of the church of All Saints in Wittenberg. This was on October 31, 1517, one of the most fateful dates in history.

For of course Dr. Luther's bold deed raised a storm. Pet. el burned a copy of the theses and wrote a reply. The students of Wittenberg promptly burned the reply. The theses were translated out of Latin into German, and soon the whole country was excitedly discussing them. Other scholars attacked or defended Luther, and he wrote a great deal more himself. At last the quarrel came to Pope Leo X for judgment, and the Pope decided against the new ideas. He declared Luther excommunicated—that is, put out of the church—and told the Emperor, Charles V, to see that the order was obeyed.

But Charles V was not the man to obey anyone, even the pope, unless it pleased him

MARTIN LUTHER

to. So he decided to hold a diet, or council, at Worms, and to call Luther before him to answer charges of disobedience and heresy (hěr'ê-sī)—that is, the holding of opinions contrary to the teachings of the church. Worms was full of Luther's enemies, and who could tell whether or not the Emperor himself would keep his promise of safe-conduct? Luther's friends tried to persuade him not to go. But he was not afraid. "I would go to Worms," he told them, "if there were as many devils as there are slates on the roofs."

Luther at the Famous Diet of Worms

And go he did. We can see him in fancy, this peasant monk, standing before the great council of princes and nobles, some of whom were on his side but many more of whom were against him. Few scenes in history are more dramatic than that famous Diet of Worms in 1521.

Luther had but one answer. If his theses were proved wrong from the Bible he would withdraw them, but not otherwise. The authority of the pope or the church was not enough for him. Come what might, this was all he could do: "Here I stand," he said. "I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

Of course this was heresy, and meant that the Lutherans, or followers of Luther, would have to split off from the Catholic church altogether. Yet Charles kept his word and let Luther leave Worms a free man.

Then suddenly the monk disappeared. Friends and enemies alike were puzzled and troubled. Had he been set upon and murdered or imprisoned? Had his friends

spirited him away out of danger? Where was he?

He was at Eisenach, in the fortress of the Wartburg (värt'böörK). As he was traveling through a forest on his way from Worms he had been set upon by a party of horsemen and carried off a prisoner. But what must have been his joy and relief when he discovered that it was all the doing of his staunch friend the Elector of Saxony! And now the Elector, who ruled over Saxony, was hiding him away in the Wartburg in safety, till the storm should blow over. Luther laid aside his monk's clothes and went by the name of Knight George. And during the quiet months in hiding he did some of his most valuable work, including the translation of the New Testament into German.

But all the time Luther was in hiding, the tremendous thing he had started kept on growing. As the Protestant movement it was now spreading through whole nations. In 1522 he left the Wartburg and plunged again into the fight. To tell the story of these later years would be to write a history of Germany and France and Italy for the period, and that we have done already in other stories. Luther and his followers were forced farther and farther from the old church, Luther kept holding back, but his more radical followers would not be stopped. There were civil wars and international wars, angry debates and quarrels and heroic loyalties. And through it all Luther wrote and labored.

When he came to die, in 1546, his last word was a strong "Yes" to one who asked him if he still believed the doctrines he had taught.





Photo by Hanfstengl Munich

St Ignatius of Loyola was a man of great spiritual power, so much so that he had many mystical experiences, or visions and other manifestations that made him feel in touch with God. So there arose a belief

that all evil spirits were afraid of him. This picture by the great painter Rubens illustrates an occasion upon which St. Ignatius was said to have cast a devil out of a man who had fallen in a fit.

The FOUNDER of the JESUITS

How the Spaniard Loyola Turned from Soldiering to Religion and Formed a Strong Order to Uphold the Church and Spread the Faith

WHEN anything which is precious to many people is attacked, many are sure to spring to its defense and love and serve it more loyally than ever. So it is not strange that at the very time of the Protestant Reformation, when thousands were breaking away from the Catholic church, there should have arisen new movements within the old church to make it in

some ways stronger than ever. The most famous of these new movements was the Society of Jesus, or the Jesuits (jěz'û-It), as they are usually called, this is the story of the man who was chief founder of that mighty religious society.

His name was Íñigo López de Recalde (ēn'yê-gō lô'pāth dā rā-kal'dā), but he came to be known as St. Ignatius (Ig-nā'shĭ-ūs)

LOYOLA

of Loyola (lō-yō'lä). He was born in 1491, of a noble Spanish house. Its seat was at the castle of Loyola, which gave him its name.

Loyola at the Court of Spain

Young Íñigo served as a page at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, the great king and queen who had sent Columbus on his first famous voyage just a year after Íñigo was born. The boy grew up into a brilliant young soldier. He loved a fine horse, handsome clothes, and the excitement of hunting, the tourney, and war.

At the siege of Pampeluna (pām'pā-lōō'-nä), in 1511, Loyola fought with great dash and bravery. The town was delivered over to the French, but the young officer was furious at this cowardice and would not give up the citadel. Even as the French battered at the walls he stood on the ramparts, determined to fight to the death. At length a cannon ball broke his leg and he fell senseless. But the French were so struck with admiration at his bravery that they had him carried off in a litter to his own castle so that his mother might nurse him back to health.

This was the turning point in Loyola's career. He never was a soldier again, or rather he became a soldier, not of the king, but of the church. All through the long time of getting well he read books on religion and struggled with his conscience. It must have been very hard for this dashing and brilliant young man, with his love of action and of pleasure, to give up everything that had been dear to him and learn to live an utterly different and much more difficult life.

How the Soldier Turned Missionary

But he did it. As soon as he was well enough he went to a monastery and confessed his sins. He gave away his rich cloak to a beggar, and spent a night of prayer before the altar, on which he had laid his sword. Then he went to live by himself in a cave, where he spent seven hours every day in prayer and scourged himself three times every day for his sins. After many long months of this hard life, he went on a pil-

grimage to Jerusalem. Returning, he set himself—though now he was past thirty—to learn Latin and philosophy and the other things he needed for his new life as a servant of the church.

So Loyola studied hard at Barcelona and afterwards at Salamanca and then at Paris. He began to write the famous book called "Spiritual Exercises," in which he sets forth his rule of life. In spite of his high rank, he begged like any other poor scholar for his living. Then, in 1534, he and six close companions gathered in the crypt of the church of St. Mary in Paris to take the vows which led afterward to the formation of the Society of Jesus.

It was a solemn meeting. One of them, who was a priest, said the Mass. Then they took the vows of poverty and chastity as if they had been monks, and vowed further to go to Jerusalem as missionaries, or if they could not do that to offer their services to the pope for whatever he wanted them to do. They were to meet in Venice, where they would wait a year for the chance to go to Jerusalem.

Why Loyola Was Made a Saint

In course of time the friends met in Venice as they had planned, but they did not have a chance to go to the Holy Land. So they offered themselves to the pope. In 1540 he recognized them as a new religious order, with Loyola at their head. And all the rest of his life, till he died in 1556, Loyola spent laboring faithfully and mightily for the Society of Jesus.

His "Spiritual Exercises" became very important in the training of new members of the society, which came to be like a vast, peaceful army. The members were not exactly monks; they had no monasteries. They mixed in the world, and grew very powerful there, and carried the Catholic faith all over the world, from America to Japan. They always have been especially famed for their learning.

So no wonder the church made Íñigo López de Recalde a saint, and still pays high honor to him as St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the order of the Jesuits.



Photo by Rinehart

Here is John Calvin setting forth his ideas to the Council, or governing body, of Geneva. For some time he had difficulty getting them to back his reforms,

partly because he was a foreigner. But in time he grew so powerful that for many years he was practically dictator of the whole canton of Geneva.

The FATHER of the PRESBYTERIANS

The Christian Faith Has Seen Few Sterner or More Rigorous Thinkers than the Great John Calvin

THIS is the story of a stern and courageous man whose stern and courageous thinking has changed the ideas and even the lives of millions of people. His name was John Calvin, and he was one of the greatest leaders of the religious movement we call the Reformation.

Although Calvin's greatest work was done in Switzerland, he was born in France, at Noyon (nwä'yōN'), in 1500. In this charming old town on the banks of the Oise (wāz) we may imagine him as a rather serious, lonely boy, wandering about the stately cathedral or watching as the grain was sent off in the grain boats to Paris. His father planned that John should be a priest, since the church was the most natural profession for an ambitious and studious youth to follow in those days.

If a man in those days only had influence in the right places, he could begin to rise in the church while he was still very young.

There had been cardinals who were only eleven years of age, and at least one dignitary who was only four. Of course these children did not really perform the duties of their offices but their parents or guardians could use the salary. So our young Calvin, before he was twelve, was appointed chaplain to the bishop of Noyon.

On a certain solemn day the lad was taken before the bishop and his priests, and having been duly appointed to his new dignity, he received the tonsure (tōn'shūr); that is, his hair was cut to show a round bare patch on the top of his head, in token that he had become a member of the clergy. By the time Calvin was twenty, he held at least three benefices (hēn'ē-fis), or church appointments.

But we are not to suppose that just because he received these advancements without having to earn them John Calvin did not take them and life in general seriously. He

JOHN CALVIN

was a very serious youth, although for some time he seems to have been more interested in scholarship than in religion. As he grew into young manhood his father decided that after all he had better study law, and John did not object. He studied in Paris and Orléans and Bourges (bōōrzh). It was not until after his father's death in 1531 that he really knew what was to come of all this studying.

Then suddenly, in 1533, he knew. He always dated his "conversion" from that year, but of course all the study and thought and discussion with friends that had gone before had brought him to the place where he was obliged to make up his mind. All Europe was fairly seething with religious discussions in those days. Across the Rhine in Germany Martin Luther had split the Catholic church and started the Protestant Reformation. Of course his writings had come to France, and of course Calvin and other earnest young people had been studying them. Now at last the thing seemed to grow clear in Calvin's mind. The reformers were right, he decided. Far from becoming a priest in the old church, as he had once planned, he would throw in his lot with those who were revolting against it.

It was a tremendous decision, not only for Calvin himself but for Protestantism. No other Protestant leader, unless it be Luther himself, has ever had the power and lasting influence of John Calvin.

Of course, as soon as Calvin made his new ideas clear, Paris became a dangerous place for him. He had to flee to escape being arrested. He went to Angoulême (ôN'gōō-lēm'), and there in the library of a friendly canon of the cathedral, he worked out his new theories. Later he published them in a famous book called "The Institutes of the Christian Religion." After a while he had to leave France altogether.

It was almost an accident that he should have found his life work at Geneva. He was passing through that Swiss city on his way back to Basel after visiting France to settle his affairs before leaving his native land forever. Another Protestant leader, Favel (fă'vél'), a friend of Calvin's, asked him to

stop in Geneva and help straighten things out there. Calvin stopped—though he did not want to—and there he stayed, except for a few months, to the day of his death.

He and Favel got almost complete control of affairs in Geneva, and they went ahead to set up what we call a theocracy (thē-ōk'-râ-sī). Literally this word means "a government by God"; in practice it meant a government by religious officials. It meant, of course, that everybody in the state had to have the same religion and obey laws that govern morals and beliefs as well as the things ordinary laws govern. Once, in 1537, the people of Geneva rebelled against this religious rule and banished their pastors. Favel never came back, but after a few months of quiet study at Strasbourg months in which Calvin found time to court and wed a wife—Calvin was called back amid the greatest enthusiasm to take up his work again.

The sort of government Calvin believed in was very hard, of course, not only on people who wanted to misbehave or who did not like being called to account for their slightest action, but also on people who disagreed with Calvin's religious ideas. One scholar and religious thinker was burned at the stake by the people who were so zealous for religious liberty.

On the other hand, Calvin did wonders for the city he was driving with so tight a rein. He gathered together and revised all the laws; he improved the sanitary system till it was the wonder and envy of other cities; he built up a trade in cloths and velvets which brought the city much wealth. And all the time he was writing.

For all this labor, Calvin took only enough salary to give him and his family a bare living. Severe and stern as he certainly was, he was also courageous, just, and steadfast. He never deserted a friend or failed out of fear to tell what he believed to be true. He never spared himself. He worked with furious energy, although his health could ill bear such a strain. In the end it killed him; he died while still in his fifties, in 1564.

The Presbyterian church was founded on his doctrines.

JOHN WESLEY



Pl. 1. By Knapp

In 1735 John Wesley, the great preacher and founder of Methodism, and his brother Charles, author of many fine and familiar hymns, sailed from England to Georgia, intent on converting the Indians. Our picture shows John Wesley preaching to them. The

brothers had little success on this mission. But later the "Wesleyan movement," with its stern morality and deep personal religion, not only became a great force in England but spread far and wide over America too. Methodism was especially strong on the frontier.

The GREAT LEADER of the METHODISTS

*Equally Full of Heroism and Devotion Is the Life of John Wesley,
Founder of Methodism*

WERE all the children safe? One might have known that that old wooden parsonage, with its straw-thatched roof, would some day catch fire! But let it go, if only the children were all out. In the midst of the excitement and hubbub the nurse assured Mrs. Wesley that they were.

Then they looked up once more at the burning house—and there was little Jack at one of the upper windows!

Mr. Wesley dashed for the stairs, but they were too far gone to be climbed. There were no fire escapes in those days—the year was 1700—and no one had even a ladder. He looked for a moment as if John Wesley was never going to have a chance to grow up and turn the religious world upside down as he was fated to do.

But at last a man in the crowd stooped over and another man climbed on his back, and while the parents sank on their knees to pray, the second man managed to bring the frightened little boy to safety. The parsonage was rebuilt of stone, and the Reverend Mr. Wesley and his large family lived happily in it, surrounded by their lovely garden.

It is odd to think how near the Methodist church came to not having any founder!

John Wesley grew up in an atmosphere of deep piety. He was born in that old wooden parsonage of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, in 1703. His father was a well-known minister of the Church of England, and his mother was a woman of vigorous intellect and notable energy in good works. So their

son came honestly by both his tremendous industry and his fiery faith.

When John was eleven, he went up to London to study at the Charterhouse school. It was 220 miles away, a very long journey in those times when you could not jump on a train but had to travel four days to cover the ground even in a fast stagecoach. When he was seventeen John went on to Oxford, and later his brother Charles joined him.

The First of All the Methodists

It was at Oxford that John and Charles Wesley started on their career as religious leaders. They were lively enough young men, but they were serious-minded too. They could not help noticing the careless lives many of the students around them led, lives, the boys thought, sadly lacking in religion. So they and some other students banded together for Bible readings and prayer. They made themselves rules of conduct, trying to bring some *method* into their religious life; and soon people were calling them "Methodists." But they were not starting a new church; they were all loyal members of the Church of England.

John went into holy orders—that is, became a minister—almost as a matter of course. Then one day a great religious experience came to him, and changed the whole course of his life and through him, of many another life besides.

He had gone to a little meeting in Aldersgate Street, in London, and someone read a passage from the writings of Martin Luther. The passage argued that men are saved, not by struggling to do masses of good deeds, but by a living faith in Christ. It seemed to John Wesley as though a great light shone around him when he heard these words, like the light that shone around Paul on the road to Damascus. He, John Wesley, would go forth and preach this new gospel in the sleepy churches of England.

The Condition of the Church

For it is a fact that in some ways the churches of England *were* sleepy in the middle 1700's. Some of the ministers were frankly worldly and went into the church as

they might have gone into business or the law—as an easy and pleasant way to make a living. They were tolerant and easy-going and did not believe anything very deeply. They would rather preach about how reasonable Christianity was than thunder at their people about their sins. They were often very admirable men, but they did not get excited about religion or expect anybody else to do so.

And here was John Wesley suddenly getting very excited about religion, and thundering right and left about sins and salvation and a living faith. The ministers did not like it. They would not let him preach that way in the churches.

Wesley could not understand why he was turned out of doors. He wanted to stay in the Church and preach to the people of the Church; he did not want to preach to outsiders in the open fields. But when he saw that he could give his message in no other way, he started preaching in the streets, in the fields, in any spot where he could reach the people.

Wesley's Influence on the Church

For though the ministers and most of the members of the Church of England did not like Wesley's excited way of preaching, more and more other people did. Great numbers of the common people of England had slipped away from the Church altogether. They were not interested in arguments and they thought the Church held nothing for them. What Wesley brought them was not argument but a simple faith that they could understand and deeply feel.

To the very time of his death in 1791, Wesley remained a member of the Church of England. He had organized Wesleyan Societies of his followers, but he wanted them to stay in the Church. In the end, however, this could not be managed; and in 1795 the Methodist Episcopal church became a separate communion. But Wesley's influence has been felt also in the older church, and in other Protestant churches.

And the "Wesleyan movement" was one of the main influences in shaping the England of the nineteenth century.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

This group shows Livingstone, the devoted missionary, praying for a dying Negro at his African hut. Every-

thing Livingstone did, even his exploration, sprang from his love of his fellowmen.

“DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?”

Those Were the Famous Words Spoken So Quietly by the Man Who, after Heroic Struggles, Had Finally Found David Livingstone in the Heart of the African Wilds

ONE of the most exciting things about David Livingstone is the way he managed to be a hero to so many different kinds of people. He is a hero of religion, because he was a valiant missionary to “darkest Africa,” and there is no doubt that he was a hero to the African natives among whom he worked. He was a hero even to the Arab slave traders who were his enemies, and they admired him so much that they called him “the very great doctor.” Then, too, he is a hero to scientists, because of his mighty services in teaching the world what Africa is really like, and he is a hero to all people who love brave adventure, because it would be hard to find a braver, more adventurous explorer and discoverer than he. In short, all who admire strength and courage and generous human kindness have

united to claim Livingstone as their hero.

Livingstone was born in Scotland, in 1813. His family was poor, and when he was only ten he had to begin working in a cotton mill from six in the morning until eight at night. Yet somehow he managed to educate himself, and even to get his degree in medicine from the University of Glasgow. He was an earnestly religious youth and had set his heart on being a medical missionary to China. But when the London Missionary Society finally sent him out, in 1840, it was to Africa that they bid him go. Little could they have guessed how much African history they were making by that decision!

For the first twelve years of his time in Africa, Livingstone was just what he had expected to be—a missionary. He was an excellent one, too, so good that when he

moved his station the whole tribe would pull up stakes and move along with him. It was no wonder they loved him, for he treated them with kindness and respect, living in their huts, eating their food, and trying to understand their ways.

Dr. Livingstone had not been in Africa long when he had a terrible experience which left its marks upon him all the rest of his life. A lion seized him and "shook him like a rat." A native shot the lion in time to save Livingstone's life, but his arm was crushed, and was never quite right again. Yet this adventure had one good result. While he was waiting for his arm to heal, he fell in love with the daughter of Robert Moffat, the experienced missionary with whom he was staying, and married her. She made him a brave and faithful wife.

In 1852 Livingstone came out of the jungles of the interior long enough to visit Cape Town, in the civilized part of South Africa. This visit really marks the end of the time when he was purely a missionary. For when he went back to the Makololo country, northward in the wild interior, he at once started, almost by chance, on the first of his famous journeys of exploration.

In Darkest Africa

Now we must remember that in 1853 a map of Africa always had a great blank space covering much of the interior and marked "Unexplored." No one knew what mountains, what lakes, what rivers, might

be there, nor where the mighty rivers that ran to the sea might have their sources. All was wilderness and tangled jungle, steaming with the damp tropical heat so unhealthful for white men, and wandered over by black tribes which might be unfriendly and wild beasts which were surely so. Disease lurked

there for unwary white men, and the dreaded tsetse (tsët'sě) fly attacked native and white man alike. Only an occasional missionary, and the brutal whites who carried on the slave trade, penetrated to any of these regions. Enormous tracts had never been visited by white men at all.

Livingstone had made up his mind that it was hopeless to try to civilize the blacks until the country was brought into connection with the rest of the world. Only so,

for one thing, could the dark doings of the slavers be brought into the open. And if there was one thing which Livingstone had determined on, it was to do what he could to put an end to that horror.

Besides, he could not find a place for his new mission station, because everywhere he went he found the tsetse fly. He made up his mind to open up a route to his country either from the west coast or the east.

Chief Sekeletu, who was his friend, lent him twenty-seven men for the expedition, and gave them strict orders to look after the white doctor and not let him go hungry. So off they went, and after five months of hardship and adventure, they came out at Loanda (lô-än'dä), on the west coast, in Angola. In spite of the best efforts of his



Photo by Visua Education Service

It is unfortunate that this house at Pungo Andongo, in Angola, has now fallen into dust, for it had historic associations. Livingstone came here just before starting back to the interior during his first great exploring expedition, and no sooner had he arrived than word came that all the valuable journals and dispatches he had sent back to England had gone down in the wreck of the ship "Forerunner." With dogged determination Livingstone sat down and rewrote them from his notes and from memory. He did not leave this house till the task was done.



Photo by Underwood & Under

Here is another group celebrating Livingstone's great work among the African Negroes. It is called "Mercy,"

and shows him matching strength of will with one of the heartless Arab slave traders.

men, the white doctor was half dead from hunger, fever, and dysentery. They received a great welcome, however, so much so that Livingstone was afraid his companions might have their heads turned by it.

It was on the way back to Sekeletu's country that Livingstone first began to see how the river system of Africa must lie. Before his death he had proved that his ideas were mostly right.

Livingstone Explores to the East

The adventurers arrived safely, and Livingstone delighted Chief Sekeletu by presenting him with a British colonel's uniform. Then he set out to explore eastward, for the route they had found to the west did not promise very well. On November 8, 1855, he started to follow the Zambesi (zām-be) to its mouth. It was on this trip that he discovered Victoria Falls—which he named in honor of Queen Victoria. The natives had warned him that he would find "smoke which sounds," but how should he know that they meant a waterfall mightier than Niagara and one of the most beautiful in the world?

Livingstone pressed on. He reached Portuguese East Africa in March, 1856, and went on alone to Kilimane, on the coast, where he arrived in May. He had traveled right across the continent from coast to coast, and had gathered all sorts of valuable scientific facts besides the knowledge of geography. It was one of the most important journeys anyone ever made.

Yet when Livingstone arrived in England at long last that December, he did not seem to think he had done anything remarkable. He was a simple and modest man.

A New Expedition

In 1858 the great explorer started out on another expedition, this time organized in England. He had entered the service of the government and from this time on his work was at least half official. He and his party went up the Zambesi in a steam launch as far as they could, and then explored on foot beyond. They discovered the great lake of Nyasa (nyä'si). Mrs. Livingstone and some other women from the missions were with them part of the time, but Mrs. Livingstone died in 1862, and her husband felt her

loss grievously. In 1803 he was back in England.

He did not much want to go out again-- and who can wonder at that?-- but friends collected money for another expedition, and he could not refuse to go. They wanted to do two things: to do something about the slave trade and to map the land around Lake Nyasa and Lake Tanganyika (tǎn'-gǎn-yě'kǎ). He wanted also to find the long-sought sources of the Nile. So he set out from Zanzibar in April, 1860, on this, his last and greatest journey.

The Fight with Bad Luck

It was not long before he found himself alone, except for four or five Negro boys. He had all sorts of bad luck. He lost his milch goats, and somebody stole his medicine chest. Then he fell ill of fever-- with no medicine. Once in 1871, while he rested for four months on the river Lualaba (lōō'ā-lā'bā), he lived through such a day of helpless horror as he never forgot. Many native women had gathered at the village market, and suddenly some Arab slave traders, without any apparent reason at all, began shooting at them. Hundreds were killed or drowned in the river as they fled, and poor Livingstone could do nothing to help them. But later he made such good use of this and other stories of the ghastly trade that all England was aroused, and much was done to put it down.

"Find Livingstone"

Meanwhile, so far as the rest of the world could see, Dr. Livingstone was utterly lost. Perhaps he was dead. All over Europe and America people were troubled over this brave and aging explorer who had been swallowed up by the African jungles. And finally the staff of "The New York Herald" determined to find him. They had an enterprising and experienced traveler among them, named, H. M. Stanley, and they gave him his

orders in two words: "Find Livingstone."

He found him. Not long after the massacre on the Lualaba, Livingstone, sick and weary, was at a place called Ujiji (ō-jě'hě), on Lake Tanganyika. One day some of his men came rushing up with great news. A caravan was coming toward them, and a white man was in charge of it.

Dr. Livingstone rose up. He saw the approaching caravan, flying the American flag. He saw the white man come nearer and raise his hat. He heard him say politely-- as though they had met in somebody's drawing-room' "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

The Close of a Great Life

"You have brought me new life," said Livingstone simply.

And it was true, for Stanley had brought everything that the lone white man could possibly need. He spent two months with Livingstone, and when he returned to the coast he sent back a train of fifty-seven natives to the waiting explorer.

But Livingstone, though a very strong man, was at last breaking under all these hardships; and he was sixty years old. He grew sicker and sicker, weaker and weaker. By the next April (1873) he had to be carried on a litter. At last he asked his followers to build him a little hut; it was at a place called Ilala (ē-lā'la), on the southern shore of Lake Bangweulu (bāng'wē-ōō'lōō). On the first day of May they went to the hut full of a strange fear. They found him dead, kneeling by his bed as if in prayer.

Faithful even then, his men embalmed their master's body as well as they could, and for nine long months they toiled with it through the wilderness until they had carried it the whole two thousand miles to the sea. There they gave it to the British consul at Zanzibar, and it was sent home to England to be buried in state in Westminster Abbey.

MARY BAKER EDDY



The Church of Christ, Scientist, was founded in Boston in 1879. But the new religion spread so rapidly that reorganization was soon necessary. In 1892 the Christian Science Mother Church, The First Church of

Christ, Scientist, was established in Boston. All other Christian Science churches are really branches of this central organization. The edifice of the Mother Church dates from 1894. It is shown above.

The FOUNDER of CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Reared amid the Traditions of Puritan New England, Mary Baker Eddy Early Showed the Deep Religious Feeling Which Led Her to Found a New Religious Sect

EARLY in the last century (1821) there was born, on a large farm in the town of Bow, near Concord, New Hampshire, a little girl who was to become one of America's most famous women. Her name was Mary Morse Baker, and she came of a long line of Scotch and English forebears going back in New England to one John Baker who settled in Massachusetts in 1634. Her father, Mark Baker, and her mother, Abigail Ambrose Baker, were people of influence in the community: well-to-do, interested in education, deeply religious, and sternly upright.

It is interesting to see that the family had a good many members active in public affairs. Among Mary's relatives were General Knox

of the Revolutionary War, General McNeil of the War of 1812, and other colonial soldiers. Her brother Albert, whom the little girl loved next to her mother, was a member of the New Hampshire legislature before the age of thirty, and when he died at the age of thirty-one had just been nominated to Congress. One of her cousins was a college president, another was congressman from New Hampshire, and a third, the Honorable Hoke Smith, was governor of Georgia, a member of the United States Senate, and Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland. The sense of leadership and of public responsibility was strong in the whole family connection.

Into this vigorous, conscientious group

MARY BAKER EDDY

little Mary was born, the youngest in a family of six. She was a fragile child, fair, with blue eyes, a quick, inquiring mind, and a deeply religious nature. Because she was too frail to go to school regularly she was taught at home by tutors, but she learned easily, studied Greek, Latin, and Hebrew under her brother Albert, and acquired a good education for a woman of her day. She must have been unusual even as a child. One of her tutors, the Reverend Enoch Corser, said of her, "I never before had a pupil with such depth and independence of thought. She has some great future, mark that. She is an intellectual and spiritual genius." Another teacher once said to her, "You will some day be a distinguished author."

But it was not as an author that Mary Baker was chiefly ambitious—though it is true that all through her life she often contributed articles and poems to various periodicals of the day, and later wrote a long book. Her deepest interest was in religion, and it was as a religious leader that her life finally took shape.

Even as a small child she would seem to have had a nature of great intensity. In her autobiography, "Retrospection and Introspection," she tells a moving story of one of her early experiences. "For some twelve months," she says, "when I was about eight years old, I repeatedly heard a voice, calling me distinctly by name, three times, in an ascending scale. I thought this was my mother's voice, and sometimes went to her,

beseeking her to tell me what she wanted. Her answer was always, 'Nothing, child! What do you mean?' Then I would say, 'Mother, who *did* call me? I heard somebody call *Mary*, three times!' This continued until I grew discouraged, and my mother was perplexed and anxious.

"One day, when my cousin, Mehitable Huntoon, was visiting us, and I sat in a little chair by her side, in the same room with my grandmother,—the call again came, so loud that Mehitable heard it, though I had ceased to notice it. Greatly surprised, my cousin turned to me and said, 'Your mother is calling you' but I answered not, till again the same call was thrice repeated. Mehitable then said sharply, 'Why don't you go? Your mother is calling you'."

I then left the room, went to my mother, and once more asked her if she had summoned me? She answered as always before. Then I earnestly declared my cousin had heard the voice, and said that mother wanted me. . .

"That night, before going to rest, my mother read to me the Scriptural narrative of little Samuel, and bade me, when the voice called again, to reply as he did, 'Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.' The voice came; but I was afraid, and did not answer. Afterward I wept, and prayed that God would forgive me, resolving to do, next time, as my mother had bidden me. When the call came again I did answer, in the words of Samuel, but never again to the material senses: was that mysterious call repeated."



Photo by the Christian Science Monitor
This is the strong and gracious countenance of Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, a young religion that has spread to nearly every country on the globe.

MARY BAKER EDDY

The earnest little girl soon began to show that independence of spirit which was later to lead her so far away from the beaten path of her day. In her autobiography Mrs. Eddy says that at the age of twelve she was about to be taken into the Congregational church, the religious fold to which her parents and most of the good folk of New England belonged. But in order to take this step she was expected to accept the old-fashioned doctrine of predestination (*prê-dēs'ti-nā'shūn*), which held that God had selected only certain persons for salvation, and that the rest, no matter how pure their faith and upright their lives, were doomed to eternal punishment.

Now none of Mary's brothers and sisters had as yet joined the church, and the notion of what might be in store for them under this teaching was terrible to think of. It so preyed on Mary's mind that she fell ill. Her mother advised her to "lean on God's love", and after praying about her trouble Mary's fear was suddenly set at rest and the fever gone. She got up and dressed, and all seemed well.

An Independent Mind

Imagine, then, the dismay of her parents when the little girl, upon being questioned before the congregation, firmly replied that she did not believe the doctrine and that, if to believe it was necessary for church membership, she was, as she says, "willing to trust God, and take my chance of spiritual safety with my brothers and sisters," outside the doors of the church. The clergyman then proceeded to question her, but she was not to be shaken. Even the oldest members of the congregation wept at the poor child's plight. Finally the minister, kinder than his creed, overlooked her rebellion and, as she phrases it, "received me into their communion, and my protest along with me."

In her early twenties (1843) Mary married Major George W. Glover, a native of New Hampshire who had gone to live in Charleston, South Carolina. The wedding took place in her father's house at Tilton, New Hampshire, where the family had lived for some years. One of her cousins has left us a description of her at about this time "a

frail, fair young maiden with transparent skin and bright blue eyes, cheerful, hopeful, and enthusiastic." Her letters during these years show her to have been affectionate, devoted to her family and friends, and fond of social life—in short, a normal, happy girl. She liked to read and had an acquaintance with good literature. Probably her outstanding trait was her profound interest in religion.

Personal Trials

Her married happiness was deep but short-lived, for her husband died of yellow fever within a year. A few months after his death she gave birth to her only child, also named George W. Glover. For nine years she lived with her family at Tilton, teaching part of the time in spite of her delicate health, for she wanted to support herself and her boy. Finally (1853) she married Dr. Daniel S. Patterson, a dentist of Franklin, New Hampshire. Later (1864) they went to live in Lynn, Massachusetts. She at last (1873) divorced Dr. Patterson, following his long-continued desertion and infidelity. After his death she married (1877) Asa Gilbert Eddy of Londonderry, Vermont. He was one of the first Christian Science practitioners, and it is by his name that the woman who founded Christian Science is always known.

In her autobiography, "Retrospection and Introspection," Mrs. Eddy has told of the events which led to her discovery of Christian Science. "During twenty years prior to my discovery," she writes, "I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; and in the latter part of 1866 I gained the scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon." By Mind Mrs. Eddy means God.

Mrs. Eddy's First Healing

In 1866, when she was gravely ill, she had a chance to put this belief to a test. In February of that year she fell one evening on an icy street, was picked up unconscious, and when she was examined by a physician was said to be suffering from serious internal injuries. Her condition seemed critical. What happened we shall tell in her own words: "On the third day thereafter, I called for my Bible, and opened it at Mark

IX.2. As I read, the healing Truth dawned upon my sense; and the result was that I rose, dressed myself, and ever after was in better health than I had before enjoyed. That short experience included a glimpse of the great fact that I have since tried to make plain to others, namely, Life in and of Spirit; this Life being the sole reality of existence" (Miscellaneous Writings, p. 24).

The March of Christian Science

During the years which followed, until her death in 1910, Mrs. Eddy worked to complete her discovery and to state it clearly and simply, so that others might use it. At the same time she began to apply it to people who were ill—that is, to "demonstrate" its truth by healing the sick—and to teach it in writing and by word of mouth. The first edition of her principal book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," was published in 1875. The Church of Christ, Scientist, was organized in Boston in 1879. And various periodicals teaching Christian Science were founded by her: "The Christian Science Journal" (1883), "The Christian Science Quarterly" (1890), "The Christian Science Sentinel" (1898), "The Herald of Christian Science" (1903), and a daily newspaper, "The Christian Science Monitor" (1908).

Christian Science is founded on the Bible, and is believed by Mrs. Eddy's followers to be the Gospel which Jesus taught and by means of which he performed his miracles of healing. It is the Science of God and of His relationship to man. God is defined by Mrs. Eddy as "incorporeal, divine, supreme,

infinite Mind, Spirit, Soul, Principle, Life, Truth, Love." The capitals indicate words which are synonyms for God.

Christian Science teaches that since God is Spirit and is infinite—that is, limitless—there can be no room for matter; for if there were matter there would have to be some place where matter existed instead of Spirit, or God, and God would not then be infinite, or limitless. For this reason Christian Scientists say that matter—that is, the material world that we see about us—is unreal, a mistaken understanding of things on the part of the human mind. God is the only reality and since God is infinite Mind, everything that really exists, including man, exists as an idea in the mind of God.

Now if God is the only reality, there can be no evil, since God is infinite and is good. Therefore evil too is unreal, a mistake of the human mind. Christian Science does not deny that sin, disease, want, woe, and all forms of evil seem real to our human sense, but it denies that evil in any form is real to God or to spiritual sense. It is all "error"—a mistake of the human mind.

The Healing Mission

Christian Scientists believe that, since evil is unreal, a complete recognition of that fact and a clear understanding of the nature of God as infinite good will destroy evil as we experience it in our lives and will heal the sick. They attach great importance to their healing mission, for they feel that only by the destruction of all forms of evil can they prove the truth of their belief and help man to escape from his error and its tragic results.



CANADIAN BIOGRAPHIES

Reading Unit

No. 16

LIVES OF GREAT CANADIANS

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Summary Statement

Canada's statesmen have worked tirelessly to knit together the vast country opened

up by brave explorers, whose stories come to life in the works of painters and men of letters

LA VÉRENDRYE



Painted by C. W. Jeffers

Our drawing shows La Vérendrye as he started out on his last attempt to reach the Pacific. All his Indian

guides—Mandans, Horses, and Bows—were to desert him because of their terror of the Sioux

EXPLORER *of the* CANADIAN WILDS

The Story of La Vérendrye, the Determined Explorer Who Added a Vast Domain to New France

AT A sign from the stalwart man in the first of the canoes, fifty adventurers bent to their work, driving the little fleet upstream. The village of Montreal slipped out of sight. And as it vanished a look of triumph passed over the face of the man who had given the signal. His lifelong ambition was about to become reality.

Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Vérendrye (vā'rôN'drē') could not remember the time when he had not dreamed of heading an expedition like this one. His father had been governor of the frontier territory of Three Rivers near Quebec when Pierre (pyër) was born there (1685). As the boy grew up, traders and townspeople alike had talked with feverish excitement about the great

western wilderness. The very air crackled with wonder when the trappers, bearing their rich load of furs, came out of the forests at the first spring thaw. Pierre had listened hungrily to their stories, which he soon knew by heart. He could amuse his ten brothers and sisters with the adventures of Radisson (rá'dē'sōN'), the explorer who escaped from the Iroquois as a youth and became the first white man to explore the region around the northern Mississippi River. He knew how Cadieux (ká'dyû') had held off a whole tribe of Indians until his comrades were able to escape down the river. Pierre had joined the army when he was twelve years old, for that was the custom for gentlemen's sons. But long before that, he had made up his

mind to see for himself the forests and prairies. His dearest wish was to try his own luck at finding the great sea which the Indians swore was beyond the sunset.

During fifteen years of soldiering Pierre fought bravely for the honor of France and King Louis. By his eighteenth year he was already a veteran, able to march on snowshoes in bitter winter three hundred miles to take part in the French and Indian raid on the English settlement at Deerfield, Massachusetts. In France he was made an officer after he had received nine wounds in battle and been left for dead on the field. Yet no matter where he might be, one thought always filled his mind—it was that the way to bring real glory to the King was to carry his flag into new, unknown country.

Twenty Years of Waiting

It was this conviction that led Pierre back to Quebec as soon as he was free of the army in France. But back in the New World his high hopes were dashed. No one would give him money for an expedition, and he had none of his own. Again and again he had to put off the journey while he worked in a trading post to support his family. Twenty years went by. Then one day when he was swapping ammunition and trinkets for furs, an old Indian started to repeat what he had heard of the Great Western Sea. La Vérendrye listened with delight, and as the Indian talked, the dream which had smoldered all those years burst into sudden flame. Once more he was young and full of his vision. He would go to see for himself!

And now at last he was on his way—but at heavy cost. All he owned in the world was packed into those fifty frail canoes. He was heavily in debt. Danger lurked on every hand. He was risking not only his own life but his four sons as well in his quest. Moreover, instead of being able to give all his energies to his cherished project, he was going to spend part of his time trapping and trading for furs. For La Vérendrye had had to accept a hard bargain with the merchants of Quebec to get the money for his trip. In exchange for the priceless furs he promised to send out of the wilderness the traders were to keep him supplied with trading goods and

the needed ammunition and military supplies.

La Vérendrye soon learned what a bad bargain he had made. Nothing mattered to the men in Quebec but money. They did not care a pin for all the fine talk about glory for France. Fifty men without supplies in the wilderness interested them not at all if those men failed to send down river load after load of rich furs. More than once the whole party was close to starvation because the greedy men at home would send them no ammunition. One of La Vérendrye's sons was scalped by hostile Indians. His nephew, who had been second in command all the way, died of exhaustion in the bitter weather. And worst of all, the Indians talked of giving up trapping altogether in order to make war on one another.

Such a series of disasters would have broken the spirit of any ordinary man. But La Vérendrye was no ordinary man. On October 18, 1738, he lined up his fifty-odd men and gave each of them powder, balls, an axe, and an iron kettle. The bugle sounded and the weary column set off across the plains once more. Although they were no longer light-hearted they were still determined to see the Western Sea.

Thirteen Years of Failure

This was La Vérendrye's last effort. For two years he wandered as the Indians directed, always hoping that the next tribe would be the one to lead him to the Pacific. But at last, when his supplies were all but gone and he himself was seriously ill, he had to give the order to turn back to the forts they had left behind. Winter was scarcely over when he was summoned back to Quebec. After thirteen years of sacrifice in the tortures of the wilderness he found himself a ruined man. Rival traders were jealous of his rights to the furs of the new lands. They accused him of making his own fortune rather than attending to the business of the King. He was stripped of his command and dismissed.

Only when the man sent out to do his job lost what La Vérendrye had gained for the traders and the King did the King's officers see their mistake. They restored the brave man's honors and command and promised

MACKENZIE

him new help. La Vérendrye made eager plans to return to the sons he had left behind in the wilderness and was just about to start out when suddenly he fell ill and died (1749). He never found the western ocean of his dreams and he never saw the great mountains that rose beyond the forests he had explored. It was for his son Louis-Joseph

finally to reach the Black Hills in Dakota. But in following his lifelong dream Pierre had completed the water route through the western Great Lakes and had been able to tell white men about the prairie country. In doing all this he won immensely rich lands for his country and pointed the way for luckier men to follow him.



Drawing by C. W. Jefferys, courtesy Thomas Nelson and Sons, Limited

This drawing shows Mackenzie and his travel-worn followers as they reached the great Pacific Ocean. Hostile

Indians nearby and the approach of winter turned the men homeward with all possible speed.

GREAT EXPLORER *of the* NORTH

The Story of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Doughty Canadian Who Discovered the Great River That Bears His Name

THE French boatmen glanced nervously at the shore and muttered curses against their master. This dawdling while hostile savages looked on was going to get them all massacred. If he heard them, the sturdy man painting bright red letters on the rocks gave no sign of it. In a few minutes he had finished, and stepped back to read what he had written: "Alexander

Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

With that, he turned to the men, and they saw in his handsome face the signal they had been waiting for. Someone pushed the Indian guide into the canoe—the poor fellow was quite beside himself with terror—and ten paddles flashed in the sun. Gradually

the canoe vanished up the river. Even after the hostile Indians were left far behind the paddles of the big canoe were bent under the boatmen's strokes. The men knew from experience that the short northern summer was fast running out. If they failed to get over the mountains at once they would certainly be snowbound for the whole winter. After thirteen months of the cruelest hardship they were going home. They needed no urging.

That one sentence of sixteen words that Mackenzie had left behind on the rocks could give no hint of the explorer's heroic struggle. During long winter days at Fort Chipewyan, when he was planning his expedition, he never dreamed that he would be the first white man to cross the Rocky Mountains north of Mexico. Often enough he had wondered if he had been a fool. It was a grueling battle with men and nature all the way. The rivers the only means of getting through the unbroken country often turned into hissing cascades of angry water which tore at the frail canoe. To carry their boat and supplies around such rapids the men first had to hack out a trail in the dense forest. At such times their packs might weigh six hundred pounds. Their moccasins wore out in a day, and the rough country cut great gashes in their feet. Sand flies bedeviled them by day and mosquitoes plagued their sleep.

The Men Grow Rebellious

As their difficulties increased, the men grew rebellious. They listened to the Indians telling of frightening dangers which lay ahead and they declared they would go not a step farther. Once they even tried to desert with the canoe and the supplies, and after that they could not be trusted out of sight.

As if that were not enough to discourage any leader, the Indian guides escaped whenever they could. They were needed to make friends between the white men and the strange tribes of the mountains who might be unfriendly—so, even though they smelled abominably of fish oil and were covered with vermin, Mackenzie always slept with one of them, taking care to spread his cloak over their bed so that the Indian could not escape.

Mackenzie was dauntless and a born leader of men. His resolute will and clear head as he drove his expedition across the country made him seem older than his thirty-odd years. We do not know much about him before he left the Scotch Island of Lewis about 1776 to become one of the most famous of the adventurers in the Northwest. He was perhaps eighteen at the time but already he was known to his employers as a level-headed and ambitious youth.

Fur trading was a rough business. Greedy traders stopped at nothing in order to get the pelts which meant riches. Rival trading companies carried on private wars, burning storehouses and cabins and stealing furs. Murder was often the quick way of dealing with unwanted strangers. The only law was the law of force. Mackenzie knew this when he opened his employer's trading post at Fort Chipewyan. He minded his own business and the post flourished.

For four years he stuck to his job—four years during which he grew more and more restless. What could a man believe of these stories about a river which drained Great Slave Lake into the Pacific Ocean? If there was such a river it would be the Northwest passage which Cartier, La Salle, and Marquette and even Columbus himself had been seeking. There were twenty thousand pounds—a vast sum in those days—promised by King George of England to the man lucky enough to find such a route.

At Last His Curiosity Wins

At last Mackenzie could resist no longer. In June of 1780 he set out at the head of an expedition to solve the riddle. For six weeks they followed the river, marveling at the marshes made by the beaver dams and seeing with amazement the river's flaming banks where tar had been burning long before a time the Indians could remember. Then one morning they were awakened by water lapping at their blankets. It was salty, so it must be the sea—but the cold sea of the Arctic. Instead of the warm Pacific they had reached the Arctic Ocean—and failure. There was no waterway to the Pacific through North America. Glumly they headed up river again, naming the stream Disappoint-

ment. Later it was named for Mackenzie.

The little band that toiled its way across the Rockies four years later owed its success to this first expedition of Mackenzie. The arctic voyage trained Mackenzie as an explorer and proved his ability to lead. It taught him the value of astronomy and surveying, and he went back to England to study those subjects before setting out to find another route to the Pacific.

Once back in Fort Chipewyan in 1793 Mackenzie never returned to the Northwest.

His share in the Northwest Fur Company made him a rich man and his account of the journey over the mountains made him a famous one. King George knighted him, and as Sir Alexander he married an heiress in Scotland. His life was no longer one of adventure. The rugged man whose name meant daring wherever it was spoken died in 1820. But the information he collected and the experience he wrote down made possible the successful expeditions of Fraser, Thompson, and Lord Selkirk.

A BUILDER of CANADIAN EMPIRE

A Great Transcontinental Railway Is Only One of the Monuments to Lord Strathcona's Energy and Public Spirit



Photo courtesy Public Archives of Canada

This interesting old sketch shows Smith with two of his admiring Indian friends.

IN THE little Scottish town where Macbeth meets the three witches in Shakespeare's play, Donald Alexander Smith was born (1820)—the second son of a merchant. But witches were not meeting in Forres while the boy was growing up, and the stirring events of the great play could not fasten his imagination to the place of his birth. Instead, his heart was ever roving to the land three thousand miles away where his mother's brother John Stewart was a famous fur trader in the frozen Canadian North. It was for this adventurous uncle

that Stewart Lake and Stewart River were named. Every new letter from Rupert's Land made the lad more restless, and when one of them brought the suggestion that he come to work for the Hudson Bay Company nothing could keep him at home.

Donald was only eighteen when he set off in a clipper ship for the land of his dreams. When he reached there, the air was electric with a recent rebellion and all about him was talk of "Papineau's boys." Worried townspeople lined up to watch the soldiers drilling in the streets. But politics had little power to satisfy the young man's thirst for adventure. He went straight to the office of the Hudson Bay Company, was hired on the spot at a salary of twenty pounds a year, and set off to the trading stations along the St. Lawrence River.

Smith might have remained just another name on the trading company's books if he had not suddenly been blinded by the snow. He was afraid he was losing his sight and wrote to Montreal for permission to see the company doctor. Since none of his letters was answered he closed up his post and set off down river. Luckily his eyes were not permanently damaged, but the Company's governor did not care about that—one way or the other. Instead, he was enraged that Smith had left his post without permission. To punish the young trader the official offered Smith a hard choice. He could give up his job altogether or leave within thirty

STRATHCONA

minutes for the Labrador coast. Bitter winter lay between Montreal and the bleak post in Labrador. But without a word of protest Smith set off.

For a while the Indian guides pretended they knew the way. But before long they were completely lost in the snowy wastes, and Smith had to take the lead himself. When dogsleds proved useless the wanderers used snowshoes. Often they were without food. But Smith plodded on relentlessly. Spring had begun to melt the snows when his party finally saw the company's buildings.

Many years after this, when Smith was known as Lord Strathcona (strāth-kō'nā), someone in London asked him the secret of his success. Without pausing, the stately old man replied, "Save half of what you earn. Look ahead. And hang on! Never let go."

That advice explains how the trader overcame the challenges of the silent North. He never let go - there or anywhere else. He made friends of the Indians in Labrador by taking care of them. By watching the climate he found out that he could make a garden grow in the short summer. He remembered which vegetables and animals had prospered in the harsh climate of the Scottish Highlands and wrote home for all the things he thought he could use. He had little to do besides his work - and almost no one to talk to. But he read, and wrote letters, and he came to be content with his own thoughts, in this way learning so well the habit of silence that even as a mellow old man he always seemed reserved.

Promotion Comes at Last

Smith stayed thirty years in the wilderness before his employers took enough notice of him to make him an officer of the company. When he was brought back to Montreal great changes were under way. John A. Macdonald, the prime minister, had persuaded the company to sell vast stretches of its lands to the new union of Canada. Just as the transfer of lands was being concluded, rumor of a rebellion on the Red River reached Ottawa. Louis Riel (re'èl') had convinced the Métis (mā'tēs') the settlers of mixed French and Indian blood that the government in Ottawa was taking away both

their land and their rights. He promised to protect them and set himself up as a dictator. Several men had been sent to reason with the Indians, but those ignorant and half-wild people trusted Riel. Finally Sir John A. Macdonald summoned Donald Smith to the task of quieting the Red River settlers. Smith seemed exactly the man for the job. He was quiet, just, and reasonable, and his long experience in the wilderness left him with no fear of the strange country.

Now this was a dangerous mission, for Riel was not afraid to commit murder in order to keep his hold on the natives. As soon as Smith arrived in Red River, Riel took him prisoner. The trader paid no attention, but began quietly to explain to the settlers gathered around what the Ottawa government wanted to do. He showed them that their rebellion was not necessary, and asked them to send men to Ottawa to represent the settlement. They agreed and Riel had to yield

but only long enough for Smith to get out of the country. He kept up his agitation until soldiers were sent to the Red River. Then he fled to the United States. It was to keep such troubles from recurring that Smith suggested that the government organize the Canadian North West Mounted Police.

He Spoke for the North

After the Red River affair was settled Smith was sent to parliament for Manitoba (1871). He devoted his energies to telling the other representatives what the North country needed and what the land would grow. The great plains of the West were ideal for grain, but without a railroad to bring the crops to market no farmers would move into the country. Moreover, British Columbia had joined Canada on the understanding that a railroad should be built to unite her with the East. John A. Macdonald had tried to build the railroad, but Smith himself was among the men who forced Macdonald to quit his job when the prime minister seemed to be taking bribes.

Donald Smith was in a better position to build a railroad than Macdonald had been. Quietly he had been following the advice he gave others and he was now a rich man. With the help of his cousin George Stephen

and others he had succeeded in running a railroad from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Winnipeg. As soon as Sir John A. Macdonald was back in office he took up the matter of the transcontinental railroad and asked Smith to undertake the project. Again and again the plan was near to collapse under a load of difficulties. But Smith refused to give up. Along with the other directors he put in the whole of his private fortune, and in 1885 had the satisfaction of driving the final spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The road had been enormously costly, but it was well worth while. It opened a vast new country to settlers and bound the provinces on the distant Pacific to the markets and ports of the older settlements on the Atlantic. Smith was knighted as a reward.

Sir Donald was tireless. He was already seventy-six when he agreed to represent Canada in London. Honors came thick and fast. He was the acknowledged king of the fur trade. Queen Victoria made him Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, and her son Edward VII called him "Uncle Donald." He was made chancellor of both McGill University and the University of Aberdeen. He was so rich he could give gifts like a king. He founded a college for women in McGill University and gave half of a hospital to Montreal. When England was fighting the Boer War he outfitted a whole regiment of cavalry and sent them off to South Africa. When he died (1914) at ninety-four he had made his name another word for adventure and courage amply rewarded.

ROBERT BALDWIN'S SERVICE *to* FREEDOM

*How the Conscience and Intelligence of a Strong Leader
Helped to Shape the Government of Canada*



Photo courtesy Public Archives of Canada

Robert Baldwin (left) and LaFontaine (right) helped each other to unify Canada.

WHEN a country is young it is easy for greedy men to use their power to enrich themselves, and the temptation is often great. At any time in his public life Robert Baldwin could have taken advantage of the trust men put in him and could have made of himself a very rich man. Instead, he kept one goal always before him, a goal

he longed for more than anything else. What he wanted, and what he spent his strength to win, was the right of the Canadian people to govern themselves. If he could return to Canada today it would fill him with joy to see that the kind of government he fought for is in full force there—and throughout a large part of the civilized world.

Canada was only a wild country of scattered settlements when Robert Baldwin was born there (1804). His birthplace, now the city we call Toronto, was then the little village of York. The boy's father had come from a well established family in Ireland to practice medicine in the new colony. But he had soon found that the settlers were too healthy to need the services of a doctor, and had turned instead to the practice of law. As soon as Robert finished his rather short schooling he too became a lawyer and his father's partner.

He was a good lawyer, but he was much too shy to enjoy speaking in public. And he had a very tender conscience. The years he spent persuading men to accept his plans for good government show how seriously he took his duty. Many of the men he had to win over to his cause outshone him in forwarding it. He had none of the warmth

of a man like Louis LaFontaine, for example, and he was not dashing in society like his cousin Robert Sullivan. Especially, he could not command the fine flow of language of his hero in England, the orator Charles James Fox. He could not even get fun from what his friend Francis Hincks called the "game" of politics. He was shy and sober, and his conscience ruled him so sternly that it bothered other men as well as Baldwin himself. He knew that it was his duty to build a good government in Canada, and he could not forget his duty, no matter how much the brilliant men around him hoped he might.

Baldwin's idea of a good government seemed to many Canadians nothing short of rebellion. Before he and his little group of reformers began to demand the right to rule their own country, the English king had sent his favorites to rule the colony for him. Occasionally these governors were well-intentioned men, but more often they were without ability and caused great distress in the new country. The governors knew they would lose their jobs and the King feared England would lose a rich colony if Baldwin's plan were successful. So they called him a rebel and tried to laugh him to scorn, saying he had only one idea in his head. Twice they burned his likeness in the streets.

Baldwin paid no attention. He just got on with his job. And the task was enormous. First, he had to persuade the hot-headed rebels that they could get what they wanted

without going to war with England. He showed them how they could elect their own rulers and still not break the ties between Canada and the mother country. Then he had to teach the settlers throughout Canada to stop thinking of themselves as either English or French. If they were to build a great country they would have to think as Canadians. Finally, he had to show the English king and parliament that Canada was valuable to the empire even if the Canadians governed themselves.

These three tasks took him a long time to perform, but Baldwin did his job thoroughly. When he accepted the position of attorney general (1841) he joined his friend LaFontaine in leading a government which was trusted by the colonists everywhere. Men got into the way of believing that no government was good if Robert Baldwin was not part of it. His honesty was never challenged.

So the gloomy man with the pale complexion and dull eyes marched through life alone a good part of the time. Even when his health was failing he never relaxed. After his plan for the government was accepted he turned his attention to building railroads and canals. He helped to plan Toronto University, and he was a leader in opening the St. Lawrence River to ships. These, too, are things we remember him for, a century after his death (1858). And they are all noble achievements. We are grateful for his sincerity and determination.

A WARRIOR for the RIGHTS of the PEOPLE ***Joseph Howe Taught His Countrymen to Take Their*** ***Politics Seriously, and in Doing So Helped Fit Them for*** ***the Power He Helped Them to Win***

JOSEPH HOWE was almost a great man. He was a first-rate editor who used his newspaper to teach his readers as well as to inform them. He was a brilliant orator whose witty stories and shrewd sense delighted his audiences. And most important of all, he was a statesman devoted to building a better British empire. But in spite of all his ability Howe never had his proper reward. Through the years of his greatest service he was overlooked time

and again. He felt the slight keenly and was plagued by money troubles besides, but he never gave up fighting for the causes he believed in. And when he threatened, at one time, to move to the United States, no one who knew him really believed he would go. Deep in his heart he was always just what he had been born—loyally British.

Joseph was born (1804) in the bustling little Nova Scotia capital of Halifax, where his father had moved his printing business

when the British who were loyal to the King left the rebellious American colonies during the Revolution. Joseph was like most of the sons of the colonists in his ambitions, and like them he was very curious to know more about the affairs of his country. He had almost no regular schooling, but spent a good deal of time in his father's printing shop. Along with his ABC's the boy learned from his father a love of good books. As soon as he was old enough he bought himself a weekly journal, called "The Acadian," to edit (1827). He wanted not only to give people the news but also to set forth his own ideas of what was going on in the country.

Almost at once he got into trouble. He was accused of libeling the magistrates of Halifax—which meant that he was accused of trying to teach his readers to hate the government. When he was summoned into court for a trial everyone expected that he would be sent to prison. Howe undertook his own defense. Like a good actor he sensed the mood of his audience. In a brilliant speech which lasted over six hours he showed the men on the jury that they wanted what he wanted for the province of Nova Scotia. And when he was done speaking, the case was dismissed.

Fame from a Single Speech

With this one important speech Howe had won more than his own personal freedom. He had won the freedom of the press—one of the basic necessities for a democracy. And his day in court taught him how much power he had over his fellow men when he spoke to them from his heart. All the common people who heard him that day knew that Joseph Howe spoke and thought for them. And the speech had another important result. It plunged the young orator all at once into public life. Overnight he had become a man of great political importance.

Howe's longest and hardest battle was over the right of the Nova Scotians to run their own government. Like Robert Baldwin, who led the same fight for the people of the province of Canada, Howe did not want his province to break loose from the British empire. In 1836 he became a member of the provincial assembly and for the next

twelve years worked for responsible government for Nova Scotia. It was a bitter fight against selfish interests, but at last he forced the lieutenant governor to resign.

When his first trip to England showed him that the mother country did not know what the colonies wanted, Howe made it his job to inform the English about their North American colonies, which he insisted could and should govern themselves. To the colonies he brought news of the empire, emphasizing over and over its value to the small colonial settlements. Of course he displeased the impatient men in Nova Scotia who wanted to split with the empire. And at the same time he angered the men in London who did not like to be told their duty by this colonist who was so often right. In 1848 Queen Victoria granted to Nova Scotia the right to choose its own leaders and the province settled down to business.

Long Years of Waiting

By this time Howe rightly hoped to get some post in the government. But the men he had vexed were in no hurry to find him a place. Many years went by before he got the dreary job of inspector of fisheries. It was unworthy work for the best orator in the country. Howe was saddened by such treatment, for he had given all his time and strength to his country. And more than that, he had risked his life during the Crimean War when he enlisted men in the United States to fight for the British empire. Although he knew he could be shot for this, he had put his patriotism before his own safety. At last he became prime minister of his province (1860-1863), and in 1867 was taken into the Dominion Cabinet.

Unhappily in his old age he sometimes saw problems wrongly, but he continued to speak with his old wit and eloquence. He fought against the confederation of Canada, not knowing that he had outlived his ability to look wisely into the future.

Howe was a devoted patriot if not always a practical one. His real power lay in his amazing ability to excite men with plans to improve their country. He saw the need for a railroad to connect the province with the rest of Canada and he worked hard for it,

but other men were needed to do the practical planning. It was enough for Howe that he should fire their imaginations with his visions.

It was in May, 1873, that he was finally

made lieutenant governor of Nova Scotia. But the honor came too late. He was broken in health and had lost touch with affairs around him. Within a month of his election to the high office, Joseph Howe was dead.

CANADA'S FIRST PRIME MINISTER

The Story of How Sir John A. Macdonald Worked to Make Canada into a Single Nation

FROM immigrant boy to prime minister is a long way to go, but John Alexander Macdonald did not seem to be wearied or perturbed by the long hard journey. The game of politics enchanted him, and as he went about the country making speeches in that last campaign of 1891, he was very happy. Wherever he turned he seemed to know the people—and surely everyone knew *him*. Somehow he managed to be like whatever men he was talking with. As “Sir John A.” he dealt on equal terms with men of power and decision. But again, as “Johnny” Macdonald who told jokes about the days when he was a barefoot boy in a one-room school, he was one of the plain pioneers who wore only homespun clothes. He understood the hopes and needs of everyone he met. As he talked, the crowds forgot that he was no orator. The force and directness of his words touched their hearts and they were glad to give the homely man their confidence. For twenty triumphant years he had led them, and there was no reason why he should not do so again. That was their hope as they elected him to a new term in the country's highest office.

“Johnny” was ill on election day, and he grew steadily worse. The campaign in bad weather had been more of a strain than he would admit. Two heart attacks had put him to bed, but even so he would not give up. “Old Tomorrow,” as the people jokingly called him, still meant to put off until later the matter of retiring. Then, on June 6th, 1891, a third attack proved too much. For “Johnny” Macdonald there were no more tomorrows.

Macdonald is buried in Kingston, Ontario, the town to which his parents brought him (1820) from Glasgow, where he had been born



Photo courtesy Canadian National Film Board

This smartly-clad “Mountie” is one of 3,500 who keep order throughout a territory as large as Europe.

in 1815. John was a light-hearted lad who helped his father run a general store and did not take his lessons too seriously. When he was fifteen his father sent him to study in a law office. During his six years as an apprentice he read everything in sight. The people of Kingston liked his ambition, and before he had time to gain much experience as a lawyer they elected him (1844) to represent them in the parliament at Ottawa.

In parliament he once again devoted himself to study, this time storing up facts about Canada. His energy and ability soon attracted attention, and his party leaders were glad enough to put him to use. Before he had been in Ottawa two years, and while he was still only thirty-two, he was taken into the provincial cabinet and was finally put in

charge of crown lands—a very exacting job.

He had promised the people of Kingston to do all he could to develop Canada's resources and improve the country. Any other matters would have to wait. He refused to take part in the religious quarrels which were constantly breaking out, and he wasted no time in worrying about whether the United States intended to annex parts of Canada. Instead, he bent his powers to arranging conferences and directing committees which would work to bind together the separate provinces of Canada. Eventually he became prime minister of Upper Canada.

In the midst of this work he learned that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were planning to unite. He went to their leaders and persuaded them to include Ontario and Quebec in their plan. When the enemies of union among the provinces buzzed about him like angry bees he used his tact and charm to make them see the value of his schemes. In 1867 Macdonald's long labors were rewarded. The colonies of eastern Canada were joined under one government, and he became the first prime minister of the united provinces. Queen Victoria now knighted her faithful servant.

His Deeds Live after Him

If the deeds of a statesman measure his success, Sir John A. Macdonald comes off with high rank. He founded and led his party—called the Liberal-Conservatives and cemented together the eastern colonies. He convinced the settlers in far-off British Columbia that they could do nothing better than to join the eastern union. To keep

law and order in the vast wilderness of the Northwest, Macdonald took the suggestion of Strathcona and organized the Canadian North West Mounted Police. Finally, to tie all the country together, he pushed forward the plan to run a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific and never rested until the railroad was built.

It was this railroad, opened by Lord Strathcona in 1885, which brought Macdonald the one defeat of his political career. During an election he accepted money for his campaign from the men who were building the railroad. Almost at once his opponents learned about the money and a cry of bribery went up. Even though he protested that he was innocent he had to resign as prime minister (1874). For several years after that he was out of office but he was not idle. He organized picnics and other events at which he made speeches poking fun at his opponents, who were now in power, and his party was again successful in 1878. He remained prime minister until his death.

No man was more loyal to his country or to his party than Sir John. He loved power, of course, and he fought with all his strength to stay in office where he might have it. Nevertheless, he used his power for the good of the people. And he was not without principles. At the time of the Red River Rebellion he refused to save Riel from hanging, even though he knew that their sympathy for the sullen French rebel would cost him the votes of the people of Quebec. The wealth of the country was his to command for twenty years, yet he died a poor man. He had respect and love as his reward.

BRAVE CHAMPION of FRENCH CANADA

How Papineau Fought the Battles of the People of Quebec When Their Cause Seemed All but Lost

WHEN Louis-Joseph Papineau (pa'pé-nō') hurried off to London in 1822 he went as the hope of all French-speaking Canada. His voice was the voice of Quebec, protesting angrily against the trickery of the men in Montreal who were trying to strip the French of their rights.

It was a long story. When the English

had conquered Canada they had promised that the French might keep their own language, their religion, and their laws. Now there was an attempt to combine in one province the English settlements of Upper Canada and the French settlements of Lower Canada. When that was done, the French language of Quebec was to be changed to

PAPINEAU

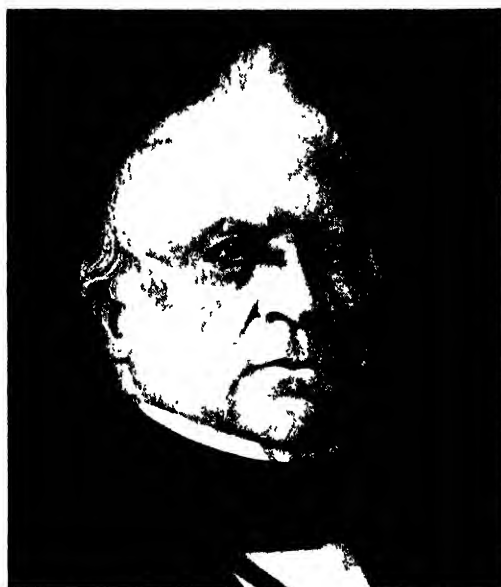
English and the old French laws were to be abolished. Somehow word of the scheme had reached Quebec, and Papineau (pa'pē-nō') was sent off post haste with a strong protest to the King of England. The King sent Papineau home with the promise that Quebec would be left alone. In their relief the French people gave Papineau a hero's welcome.

These honors came when Papineau was at the height of his powers, and for fifteen years he remained the grandest figure in the province where he had been born (1786) and had grown up. His magnificent voice was heard on all sides rebuking the bad rule of Lord Dalhousie (dāl-hōō'zī), the English governor. The law known as the Quebec Act had given the French the right to elect advisers to Lord Dalhousie, but the governor paid no attention to the law. Papineau took up the people's cause and he was not easy to put off. He was full of his purpose, and his excellent memory was stored with whatever touched on Quebec.

He Understood the Job

After leaving school, where he had made a brilliant record, Papineau had gained experience first with his lawyer-cousin and then as a member of the Quebec Assembly. In his twelve years as a lawmaker he had learned to look for little or no sympathy for Quebec's problems from governors like Dalhousie. As a rule such men were soldiers who seldom had any ability to govern a country at peace. They usually took the easiest way out of a difficult situation and only trusted that it would prove the just way. Besides, they kept alive memories of their old battle with the French for Canada. Because they were afraid the French would outnumber them in any elected government they refused to treat the French as their equals. As the years went by, the Quebec Act was quite forgotten. The governors imitated one another in answering every complaint from the French by saying that the French Canadians should not ask from the English what they had been denied by their own rulers in days gone by.

— This was the kind of contest into which Papineau had stepped as a young lawyer.



Courtesy Public Archives of Canada

This is Papineau, who resembled Napoleon not only in looks but also in the way he fought his battles.

Little injustices over long years had kept the people in a ferment of ill-feeling. At last the Assembly in Quebec refused to supply any money to pay the English officials. They hoped this would catch the attention of the King, who would then call home such men as Dalhousie. When nothing was done they tried again. For four years they refused to vote the funds. And during this time Papineau went about the province stirring up the untaught peasants and urging them not to buy English goods. He argued that if trade fell off enough, the colonial secretary in London would look into the affair.

Everywhere he spoke Papineau was listened to. His voice was fierce and his outbursts grew more and more violent. As a matter of fact he had lost his patience which is understandable. In his anger he exaggerated serious matters until they seemed to be tragic. Under the lash of his tongue the temper of the peaceful farmers was aroused. A list of Quebec's grievances, called "Ninety-two Resolutions," was sent to the English government. Everyone was overwrought, and foolish men went so far as to accuse the English of importing a dreadful disease from Asia to kill off the French.

Of course there was an explosion. The

moment those hot-headed men learned that the governor had instructions to force them to pay the English officials, they jumped for their guns (1837). The shooting did not last long, but before the rebellion was put down men had been killed on both sides, villages lay in ruins in the snow, and worst of all, the pride of the French was trampled under foot again.

Papineau fled to New York. He was accused of treason and a reward was offered for his capture. His brilliant career as the head of the French Canadians was at an end. Lonely and abused, he sailed for France, where he passed his time in studying. During the eight years of his exile, calm and foresighted men like Baldwin and LaFontaine succeeded in setting up a new government in Canada.

When Papineau came home at last, it was to ring out his well-known oratory against the new government. In his early days in Quebec he had learned to hate the English

system of government. His friendship with the radical leaders in France had taught him to hate everything related to aristocracy. Because Baldwin and LaFontaine had built their government on the English system, Papineau called them faithless. He would have preferred a hopeless war with England in the hope of getting a government like the one in the United States.

From this time on, the glorious orator was always on the losing side of debates. It was saddening to his old followers to see him support wild schemes, such as the joining of Quebec to the United States.

When he was sixty-eight Papineau retired from this wrong-headed public career and withdrew to his estate. From that time until his death (1871) the handsome and accomplished man of affairs lived in pleasant ease. His last public speech included a sentence that faithfully summed up his career: "I love my country. I have loved her wisely, I have loved her madly."

A MASTER of MODERATION

How Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by Patiently Seeing All Sides, Helped to Shape an Independent Canada

LOUIS RIEL was a troublesome man. He insisted on calling himself the "messiah," or deliverer, of the settlers in Western Canada. When in 1885 he was hanged for killing a man, the arguments which had dragged out his trial at once flamed into fierce debate in the House of Commons. Every shade of opinion was heard. At length a tall, courtly man strode out of the shadows of the parliamentary library into the midst of the turmoil. Over the clamor he raised his eloquent voice in passionate defense of Riel (rē'ēl'). As his words vibrated through the chamber the name "Laurier" was whispered on all sides. Wilfrid Laurier (lō'rī-ā') was making the speech which moved him into the front rank of Canadian politics, where he remained until his death.

This defense of Riel can give us many clues to the character of Laurier. He was as French in his outlook as Riel, for he had been born (1841) in the little Quebec village

of St. Lin (sāN lāN). The first words he lisped were French. But the way in which he thought when he defended Riel was of much greater importance than the fact that they both had French blood. For Laurier was troubled by the execution because it was an extreme and violent act, which once it was done, could never be undone.

Throughout his life Laurier shied away from such extremes, either in words or in actions. Moderation was the tool he used in shaping his political career—and it served him well. While he was still a young boy he had learned to look for the middle of the road. At that time his father sent him to learn English in the household of a Protestant family. For Carolus Laurier wanted his son to understand the world outside his Catholic home in the French province. The Murrays, with whom the boy lived, proved to be good teachers. Before Wilfrid left them he knew what it meant to be tolerant. During his years in school he was a good

student, but he puzzled the priests who had charge of him by quietly insisting that no one could choose his political party for him. When he finished his law training at McGill he stood first in his class.

Whether he was editing a newspaper or practicing law in Montreal or Athabaska, Laurier went right on thinking for himself. He was elected to the Quebec legislature (1871), to the House of Commons (1874), and finally was given a post in the Cabinet (1877). Another ten years saw him the leader of the Liberal party (1887). At first people thought he would turn out to be only a figurehead who would take directions from someone else. That speech on Riel should have taught them better.

From the very first Laurier showed his ability to lead. Hardy fools learned to their sorrow that charm and courtesy can cloak a bold, tough mind. They learned that he was ruthless when anything threatened either his party or the country as a whole. He loved power as much as any man, and he knew very well how to distribute gifts which would help him get what he wanted. Moreover, he counted no man an enemy who would work with him for the good of Canada. By making the talented men of all parties get along together he managed to stay in power longer than any man before him.

A Brilliant Prime Minister

Laurier became prime minister of Canada in 1896 and held the post for fifteen years. It was not an easy job. England was discovering the value of those colonies which Benjamin Disraeli had cursed as "wretched mill-stones" hung about the English neck, and when Laurier came to power every effort was being made to hold on to those "mill-stones." When the schemes of the English statesmen seemed to threaten Canada, Laurier firmly refused to have any part in them.

As a result he was often misunderstood on both sides of the Atlantic. When he was knighted at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria (1897) and was applauded by admiring crowds in both England and France, his enemies at home shared the notion held by the Queen's busy ministers. They thought Laurier had been flattered into neg-



Painting by J. W. L. Forrester, courtesy Public Archives of Canada.
His steady gaze and firm mouth show Laurier to have possessed not only charm but determination as well.

lecting his duty to Canada and its people.

They were never more mistaken. Laurier's chief work was always to keep Canada a free and self-ruling nation, and one respected by the other parts of the British empire. Politely and with great patience Sir Wilfrid explained to flatterers and attackers alike that Canada wanted to cooperate with the rest of the empire. But only Canadians, he would add, could decide how they should act.

His Greatest Success

Showing England how to get along with the nations of her empire was Sir Wilfrid's greatest success. In managing some of Canada's other problems he was not always so fortunate. At one time, for instance, he made trade agreements now felt to have been not entirely good for the country. At another point he encouraged the building of a second transcontinental railroad—failing to see that to have two such roads in a country the size of Canada was a waste of money and effort. But in spite of such slips Laurier was a strong leader. He wasted no time fighting what he could not change, and he paid no attention to the names flung at him by angry critics. Something in that part of him which remained thoroughly French never let him forget that a firm government is based on reason and not on emotion.

Laurier died in 1919 at the age of seventy-seven.

The MAN WHO GAVE US SAM SLICK

How Haliburton, the Sober Judge, Set a Style in Humor That Lasted for Many Years

HAVE you ever met Sam Slick? Surely you know his name. For well over a century it has stood for all that is witty and shrewd in the Yankee character. To know the humorous peddler himself, as he is set forth in the writings of his creator, is to meet a rare and racy man whom you will not soon forget.

Strangely enough, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, in whose imagination the immortal Sam was born, was not a citizen of New England—and not even of the United States. He was an eminent Canadian. Yet the series of books through which Sam walks shows such an understanding of the Yankee character that it is said to have set the tone of American humor on both sides of the Canadian-American border. The author was Canada's first important writer of fiction.

Haliburton was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia (1796), and went to school and college there. He entered the law (1820) and soon built up a large practice. He was elected to the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, became justice of the Court of Common Pleas (1829), and was promoted (1841) to be justice of the Supreme Court of the province, a position he held until he moved to England (1856). He had been in England only a few months when he was asked to stand for election to parliament. He declined. But in 1859 he was prevailed on to reconsider and was elected as a conservative. He served until his death, which took place at his home in Middlesex in 1865. He had been twice married. His son by his first wife, a Canadian, was made Baron Haliburton in 1898.

Along with all this solid achievement as a public man Haliburton had found time to write a long series of books, and it is on them that his fame rests. First came "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia" (1829), most important of several historical works. The Nova Scotians liked this book so well that the House of As-



Photo courtesy: Public Archives of Canada

This good-humored and wise-looking man is Haliburton, the serious judge who created shrewd Sam Slick.

sembly, of which Haliburton was then a member, gave him a formal vote of thanks for it. Incidentally, his pathetic account of the deportation of the Acadians is supposed to have given Longfellow many details and perhaps the original idea for his "Evangeline."

But none of Haliburton's serious works was so important as the long series of books about Sam Slick. The same wisdom and shrewd penetration that had made the author a sound judge and lawmaker were here used on the foibles of mankind—to the vast delight of his readers. The first of the series was "The Clockmaker, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville" (1837). Two more series of sketches under the same title came out later. They went so well that Haliburton sent Sam to England in "The Attaché," and during the next fifteen or twenty years set him talking in several other books, including "The Old Judge," "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," and "Nature and Human Nature."

In nearly all of these the Yankee clock-maker wanders around Nova Scotia peddling

his wares with typical Yankee shrewdness. And Sam has plenty of home-truths about the Nova Scotians to mix with his wise-cracking sales talk. His creator was convinced that Nova Scotians were not showing the proper initiative in developing the magnificent resources of the province, and the strenuous Sam was a good antidote for their indifference. "Brag is a good dog," Sam says, "and Holdfast is a better one, but what do you say to a cross of the two? That's what we are." And the Canadians

chuckled at the shrewd remark on the American temper.

None of Haliburton's books has any plot to speak of. It is the droll anecdotes, shrewd portraits, and hilarious turns of expression which make the Sam Slick books live. They are full of such amusing "Americanisms" as this: "If I had a got a hold of him, I'd a lammed him wuss than the devil beatin' tan-bark!" This sort of talk was widely relished at the time and greatly influenced other writers on the American frontier.

A FAITHFUL HISTORIAN *of* FRENCH CANADA

The Story of Garneau and of His Great Service to His People

TWENTY-FIVE years is a long time to spend on a single job, but François-Xavier Garneau (gâr'nō') did not mind the years so long as he could fulfill his boyhood vow. He was nineteen when he made it, and hot with anger at the other clerks who worked in the office with him. The boys had been discussing politics, and as the debate grew warm one of the English boys had ended his argument by saying that there was no use in quarreling about a conquered people like the French Canadians, who had not even a history of their own.

François-Xavier (frôN'swâ' zâ'vya') was stung to the quick. And what made the English boy's remark cut still deeper was the fact that young Garneau knew nearly everyone would have agreed with it. His own earliest memories were of the stories told by his grandfather, who knew about the brave French explorers and missionaries in Canada long ago. No one had yet taken the trouble to write down the deeds of the early French. And to make things worse, the old people who could remember something of the early heroes were fast dying off. Soon there would be nobody to pass along the stories which François had heard as a little boy. In that moment when he was smarting under the English clerk's insult, Garneau resolved to learn all he could of the early days in Canada and to write it all down accurately.

The task would have been a long one even for a man who could give it all his time. But François was poor and had to work in



Photo courtesy: Public Arch.

François-Xavier Garneau ignored sickness and poverty in his zeal to tell the true story of the French Canadians.

order to eat. He had chosen to become a notary instead of a priest, and so went to work as a clerk when he got out of school. In Quebec a notary had many of the duties of a lawyer. His first employer, Mr. Perrault (pê'rô'), had been a pioneer boy lucky enough to make his escape when the Indians captured him. His stories fascinated François, who wanted to know more about the history of the early settlers. He read all he could find, and when the notary who was his next employer saw his grave-faced interest, he gave Garneau free run of his library. Because François did not have money to buy books, he spent hours copying out by hand

the volumes he found in the notary's library.

As soon as he had finished his apprenticeship Garneau left Quebec, the city where he had been born (1809), in order to visit Europe. He planned to stay only a few months, but when it was time to come home he could not tear himself away. London delighted him and Paris filled him with joy. By a lucky chance he got a job as secretary to the Canadian representative in London, and so was able to meet many of the city's most important men. He gladly took up the liberal ideas that were the talk of Paris, and he rejoiced in the improvement he saw taking place in the factories and mines of England. When finally he sailed for home he went with an ambition to serve his country by passing along what he had learned in Europe.

The rebellion of the French Canadians against the English in 1837 excited Garneau because he thought it was a quick way to put the stirring new ideas into action. To his eager ears Papineau (pa'pē'nō') sounded like the very man who could bring about the changes so sorely needed. For that reason Garneau supported Papineau with fiery newspaper articles. At the outbreak of the rebellion he wrote a poem in praise of the brave French. He was bitterly disappointed when the uprising was put down and Papineau was driven into exile.

For comfort Garneau now turned to read-

ing history in his spare moments. As he got deeper into the dazzling stories of the early adventurers everything else faded from his mind. Books piled up around him. He seldom went out, and except for his family no one saw him. The vow made seventeen years earlier lit up his resolution and he saw clearly what he must do. Every moment he could steal from his bank clerk's job he spent in collecting the tales he found scattered in a mountain of books. One proud day ten years later (1845) he put on sale the first volume of his history of Canada.

The book was the sensation of the year. Garneau's fame spread wherever there were reading people. He had succeeded in gathering the facts together and writing them down without any of the prejudice he hated. In his pages the glories of the heroic French explorers of Canada blazed forth for all to see. Of course the self-respect of French Canada was restored overnight.

Garneau never considered his history finished, even when he had published its three volumes. All the rest of his life he worked on it, correcting and adding facts as they came to light. But his frail body had been sorely taxed by the long hours spent in his study. Little by little, therefore, he gave up even the few activities that had taken him from his books. His last days were spent serenely in the midst of his family.

A POET of the CANADIAN WOODS

For His Pictures of Canadian Scenery in Verse and Prose, Charles G. D. Roberts Is Important in His Native Land

IT WOULD be hard to say which was the more delightful thing about the charming old rectory where Charles George Douglas Roberts lived as a child—the ample library where the children learned their love of books, or the towering forests out of doors, threaded with limpid streams so inviting to the canoe. The forests and streams were those of New Brunswick, Canada; and the books belonged to the children's father, who was a minister, a classical scholar, a poet, and an athlete. The children's mother was of the stock of the New

England Puritans, remotely related to the great Emerson. The brothers and sisters nearly all grew up to be poets and writers.

Charles George Douglas himself was born in 1860, and he was destined to be the best-known of all that clever family. He went to school in Fredericton, the capital of the province. One of his playmates there was his cousin, Bliss Carman, who was to grow to be a well-known poet too. Both boys reveled in the woods and the river, and paddled and swam like young savages. Later they went together to the small university in Frederic-

ton. Young Roberts was a brilliant student and won medals for his work in Latin and Greek. He learned to love the old Greek and Latin myths, and would sometimes imagine more of his own. He studied the English poets, too, longing to write verse as rich and melodious as that of Keats. When he was only twenty he published his first book of verse. It was a book of myths, and he called it "Orion" (ô-rî'ôn).

Now the stories in "Orion" were not very close to life as Roberts knew it, and his way of telling them was not very original. Yet the book is important because it marked the beginning of a new Canadian literature.

But "Orion" did not contain the best verse that Roberts was to write. Later he turned to the woods and fields of Canada, and sang of the thrush's song or the potato

harvest or the wild geese winging north. Much of this nature verse he wrote while he was teaching school in his native land. In 1885 he became a professor at King's College in Nova Scotia. There he lived with his growing family, worked prodigiously on his history of Canada, and continued to write.

In 1914 Roberts was living in England. Though he was past fifty, he enlisted and served in the World War. Then in 1925 he returned to New Brunswick, to live there until his death in 1943.

A list of his books would take up many pages, and would contain all sorts of things, from a history of Canada's part in the war to an imaginary history of "a sister of Evangeline." But he will probably be best remembered for certain of his poems about the great Canadian outdoors.

A POET WHO LOVED *the* OUT of DOORS

The Story of Archibald Lampman, a Poet Who Sang the Beauties of his Native Land

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN loved nature as few even among the poets have loved her. His sonnets and other poems about the Canadian woods and fields have even reminded some critics of Keats, whom Lampman loved and admired. But the best of the poems in "Among the Millet" and "Lyrics of Earth" and "Aleyone" are thoroughly Canadian, not English, and are Lampman's—not Keats' or anyone's else.

Lampman was born (1861) into a minister's family in the village of Morpeth in western Ontario, but by the time he came down with rheumatic fever at the age of seven the family was living at a town called Gore's Landing. The little boy was very ill, and it was a long time after he began to recover before he could throw away his crutches—and still longer before he could stand any strenuous exercise. Yet he could always enjoy the outdoors, and hated to leave the lake and wild rice fields and deep bass holes of Gore's Landing when the family moved again, to the larger town of Cobourg on Lake Ontario.

Shortly after this, when he was fourteen,



Photo courtesy, Public Archives of Canada

Here is Archibald Lampman, who filled his poems with the delights of the forest country he loved to roam.

he went to Trinity College School, and later to Trinity College in Toronto. In his college, as at the college preparatory school, he was a leader, though his scholarship might have been better if he had spent less time in sociable discussions with his class-

mates and in writing for and editing the college paper. After graduation there was a brief unhappy interval of trying to teach high school. He found he had no talent for discipline. Then he took a civil service job in the Post Office Department in Ottawa—and settled down in it for life. There was little "future" in this position, but it gave security and some leisure. And what he was interested in by this time was not making money but writing poetry.

It was a good life he lived in Ottawa. The city itself was beautiful, and the country was near enough to be reached in a half-hour's walk after work. His family—mother and father and two lively and intelligent sisters—moved to the city so he could live with them. He used to appear in the living room of an evening saying, "Well, I've writ a pome," and they would listen with delight. Later the sisters went away and Lampman himself married. His marriage was very happy, marred only by the death of an infant son. He belonged to various discussion clubs in which the talk ranged from literature to politics. Perhaps it

was from these discussions that he became a mild socialist and feminist. And all the time he was writing poetry.

The high points for him were always the summer vacations in the wilds, usually in the beautiful Tamagami region. With one or more companions the poet would go on long canoe trips, paddling through lovely forest-fringed lakes and rivers, carrying the canoe and gear around the worst rapids or across portages between lakes, camping out in the spacious open forest with the pines whispering overhead. Some of Lampman's finest poems were inspired by these trips.

But, though his health had improved to the point where he could paddle and carry with the others, the poet sometimes strained his heart in doing his full share. The trip of 1897 was his last. After a lingering illness he died at Ottawa in February, 1899.

He will be long remembered as a poet able, at his best, to combine beauty and accuracy in his description of nature with what Robert Frost calls "a squirm of meaning" to illuminate the poem with the poet's own vision of what is true and real.

A CANADIAN POET *of* NATURE

Bliss Carman Makes a Strong Appeal to Those Who Know the Scenery of Canada as Well as to Those Who Have Seen It Only through His Verses

IN THE land that was once named Acadia, the land of Evangeline, there was a boy who used to roam the majestic forests of hemlock, spruce, and leafy hardwood trees. Acadia, the name that the French had given to the place, meant "a land of abundance," and such a land it was to the boy. By the time he was born it had long been called New Brunswick, and was a part of Canada; and there he grew up, in the sleepy little town of Fredericton.

This boy was Bliss Carman (1861-1929) or William Bliss Carman, to give him his full name—and he was going to be famous for the poetry he would write about such scenes as those of his childhood. All the members of his family liked books, and read away many a still winter evening. Also one of his school-

masters led him to the best in literature. Yet even when he had finished at the University of New Brunswick, Carman was not quite sure what he wanted to do in the world. He thought he might find out at the University of Edinburgh, in Scotland, though the Greek and Latin authors whom all the students there were studying seemed a little musty to the outdoor boy from Canada.

He Experimented a Long Time

When he came back home he taught school for a time, and then tried the open-air work of an engineer. This he gave up to study law, until finally he was sure that he loved literature above all other studies. Then he went to Harvard for more training. He became a close friend of Richard Hovey, a

young poet who wrote of the outdoors and the love of nature. Through this acquaintance-ship Carman found his true career, and began to write poems about the scenes around his Canadian home, which he always loved so well.

At twenty-nine Carman journeyed to New York to find literary work. He worked on "The Outlook," and later on "The Independent" and "The Atlantic Monthly." But though he was a careful editor, he found the labor irksome, and in due time he retired to devote his time to poetry. Fortunately, his first volumes, "Low Tide on Grand Pré" (1893), and "Songs from Vagabondia" (1894), brought him a reputation. Of almost three dozen volumes, "The Pipes of Pan" contains some of his best work.

Bliss Carman knew wild nature even better than he knew men. He was a creature of the woods, the sea, the air, the sun; and his poems are rich in imaginings.

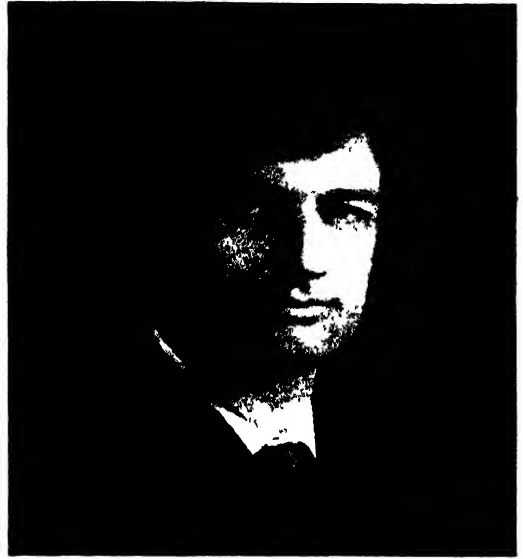


Photo by Brown Brothers

This is the interesting and thoughtful face of Bliss Carman, a poet who makes us feel his own love of forest and stream and byway as few others have ever done.

A MASTER of WIT and LEARNING

The Life of Stephen Leacock, an Economist Who Served His Dry Facts with a Rich Sauce of Laughter

[S]TEPHEN LEACOCK did, it is true, look like a professor in the comic strips, but there was nothing stuffy about his lectures. To the solemn subject of economics he seemed to bring as much laughter as talk. In the shy grin and heavy hair that would not stay combed there was always a vivid reminder of the eight-year-old boy who had come in 1876 from Hampshire in England, where he was born (1868), to the new, hard life of a farm in Ontario. In later years he usually dismissed those early days as the time he spent "getting walloped."

When he had finished his study at the University of Toronto (1891), young Leacock (lě'kōk) went to teach at Upper Canada College, where he had begun his schooling. Eight years later he left the "most thankless and worst paid profession in the world" to study economics at the University of Chicago. Teaching was quite possibly as thankless as he said, but he devoted thirty-three years to it, most of them as chairman

of the Department of Economics at McGill University. And when he was forced to retire he objected bitterly.

Catyle once called economics "the dismal science," and there are many who share his feeling. That is why people who knew Leacock as the author of "Sunshine Sketches" (1912) often found it hard to believe that he was the professor whose works on political economy bore the initials of five doctoral degrees after his name on the title page. They forgot what every funny man knows: that the best nonsense depends on deep sense. But Leacock never forgot it. That is why his most delightful satires are the wise reflections of a keen political economist translated into laughter.

Leacock's chief scholarly book, "The Elements of Political Science" (1906), is a distinguished work. He defined this science as the study which teaches that "everybody's interest is the same as everybody else's." As he grew older, and particularly after the first World War, it was clear to him that

no one cared much about anybody else. He came to the conclusion that the political economy with which he was "well and wearily familiar" had burned down to the mere ashes of its former blazing self, and that it needed to be entirely remade. He did not turn to socialism as a cure, for he believed men's very selfishness would wreck any plan of cooperation. As a safe middle way Leacock suggested that the government should help the old and ill, see to it that there was something worth while for every man to do, and then let him alone to do it.

A Lover of the Arctic

In addition to economics, history and biography delighted Leacock. He was fascinated by the history of the courage and strength of the early settlers in Canada as they pitted their powers against the hazards of the bleak North. His biographies of the explorers Baron de Lahontan and Jacques Cartier are lively accounts of adventurers against nature. His own plans for a trip into the Arctic never came to pass, but the years did not dim his enthusiasm for the expeditions of his friends Stefansson and Shackleton.

Of course most of Leacock's many readers knew nothing about his studies of economics or history. They read his short and very funny burlesques and satires as people love to do today. Some were plays like "Sunshine in Mariposa" and "Winsome Winnie." Some were verse—like his "Hellements of Hickonomics." But best of all are his short essays. Here he could lay about him at will and with deadly effect. His instrument was ridicule, and he used it on sham and absurdity wherever he found them. Sometimes it was edged with scorn, as when he considered the "Mr. Doomers" of this world—men whom he called "moonbeams from the larger lunacy." Such men had long forgotten the simple joys and peace of Leacock's imaginary suburb of "Mariposa." Instead, they sat about in their Mausoleum Clubs, fretting over wealth they could not use. Exasperating as they certainly were, Leacock could pity them, too, for they did not realize that they had traded the golden



Photo by G. L. Service

This wonderful face all ready to smile belonged to Stephen Leacock, whose wit delighted men far and wide

for the merely gilded, the real for the imitation

Leacock wrote one little book to explain humor. He called it "Humor and Humanity," and in it he defined humor as "the kindly contemplation of the incongruities of life." For the most part, the phrase could be used to describe his own brand of humor. Once or twice his anger blazed out in biting satire, as it did when he wrote of the little children who starve in the midst of plenty. But he almost never fell prey to gloom which he asserted was mainly indigestion anyway, and he is almost never bitter. The lively mockery of the "Sunshine Sketches," the wild exaggerations of "Frenzied Fiction," and the brisk madness of the topsy-turvy "Nonsense Novels" are generally free from wrath. It was the peal of his irreverent laughter, at himself as much as at others, that carried his words to the farthest corners of the globe. He has been translated into six languages, among them Japanese and Gujarati, a tongue spoken in India.

As a lecturer Leacock never failed to enchant his hearers, no matter in what part of the world he was speaking. His love of a living, laughing audience was as strong as Dickens' own, and he used almost any excuse for a party at dinner. But he avoided speaking over the telephone as much as possible, and he hated the radio as an impersonal

monster. He loved the warmth of human contacts—and was convinced that learning must be bright and luminous to be of use.

To the very day of his death (1944) he enjoyed using his own wide knowledge to entertain as well as to instruct his hearers.

POET of the FISHING PEOPLE

His Early Life along the Coasts of Newfoundland Taught Edwin J. Pratt to Know the Lives of Brave and Simple Men

EVERY three years the Reverend John Pratt moved his family to still another fishing village on the cold Newfoundland coast, for he was determined to carry his faith to the farthest lonely settlements. And it was among the self-reliant fishing folk whom his father served that the boy Edwin born (1883) at Western Bay, Newfoundland spent the first years of his life. His earliest memories, and the ones carved most deeply, are of those people in his father's congregations sturdy, enduring men and women drawn together by the strong bonds of their dangerous calling. Their battle with the unwilling sea and the courage with which they met the tragedies that fell to their lot were to inspire some of Pratt's finest poetry.

When he was fifteen Edwin left home for a three-year stay in St. John's. He was apprenticed to a cloth merchant, for whom he was supposed to drudge sixteen hours a day without hope of any holidays. There were only two ways to escape from such a life by teaching or by preaching. Edwin tried both. To prepare himself he went two years to high school before he set out from St. John's for a small fishing village where he taught all the grades and all the subjects. Next he became a student preacher, but the work proved too strenuous for his health. He decided to leave Newfoundland altogether.

In order to get the money to go to Toronto to school Pratt joined a friend in the patent medicine business. The spruce beer drunk by the sturdy Newfoundland villager was thought to prevent tuberculosis. So the two young men concocted a brew of spruce tops and cherry bark and went about selling it as a cure for a dozen ailments. Luckily it did no harm, and on the proceeds from the enterprise Pratt was able to get himself a cheap room near Victoria College. He lived mainly on inexpensive oatmeal and beans.

Meanwhile he was not yet certain what he wanted to do with his life. While he was still in college he made a trip westward to Saskatchewan, where he preached to the settlers and lived by working as a farmhand and mail carrier. The next year he tried farming on his own, but a poor crop sent him nearly penniless back to Toronto and school. He kept at his studies and after graduation took various advanced degrees while teaching at the university. Meanwhile he found that the more he taught, the less he wanted to preach. He was too much interested in exchanging opinions to be content to hear only his own. In the end he gave up preaching altogether. Since then he has taught literature.

Pratt was nearly forty before he began to put his varied experience into poetry. His first poems told of the loves of the Newfoundland village people. He set down the stories of the courageous men who snatched their living from the sea. He described simply and powerfully the despair of the women and children when the fishermen failed to come home. And it is of such deep human experience that Pratt has continued to write. He is a storyteller who uses the common language of ordinary people in original and effective ways. Besides, he is a vigorous critic and editor who is determined that poetry shall not be allowed either to mildew in the damp of stale forms or to explode in the heat of what is new and revolutionary. He has urged that the rain and sun be combined—to produce a beautiful growth.

Pratt's own best work—as in "Brébeuf and His Brethren," "The Titanic," "The Cachalot," and "The Roosevelt and the Antinoe"—clings to this ideal. The young medicine man who became first a preacher, then a teacher, and then a poet is today revered as the first poet of Canada and is read by men in every walk of life.

CANADA'S INSPIRED PAINTER *of* NATURE

How Tom Thomson Opened the Eyes of Canadian Artists to the Beauties of Their Native Land

NO PAINTER has succeeded better than Tom Thomson in fastening to canvas the very breath and spirit of the northern woods—"The West Wind" bending a lonely pine before a backdrop of flying clouds and white-capped waves, the intense blue of a "Northern River" seen through lacy trees, a single half-bare "Jack Pine" standing sentinel against a tranquil sky. And the color! Sunset and noon, the blaze of autumn, the warm depths of summer, the mist of winter snow, the delicate tints of spring, sky and water and forests in storm and calm, sunshine and darkness . . .

Born in Claremont, Ontario (1877), Tom Thomson was a poor farm boy who had to teach himself to paint. At first he was a commercial artist, working for a while in the United States, then for firms in Toronto. It was not till about 1910 that he bought his first sketching box and began to

experiment with outdoor sketches. In 1912 he took a long vacation in Algonquin Park and bought back many crude but promising sketches in color. The next summer he spent among the islands of Georgian Bay.

Early the next spring (1914) he was persuaded at last to do a large canvas from one of his sketches. This painting was shown at the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists and was purchased by the government. When this wonderful news was told to Thomson, he blushed and went on working without a word. But he changed the government's check into dollar bills and papered his room with them. He wanted to see what that much money looked like!

His devotion to his art was so great that he resisted the pressures to enlist in World War I. During the next three years he roamed the northlands in the summer with gun and sketchbook, and in the winters painted his larger canvases from the sketches, living with another young artist in an unpainted studio shack in Toronto. He was a famous woodsman, and often earned money to extend his vacations by acting as a guide.

As a painter he had come to his maturity. He even had followers, notably in the bold young painters later called the Group of Seven. Taking the ideals of their leader, these earnest young men had it as their aim to create a kind of painting that should belong to Canada alone. They believed that it ought to grow out of the form and color of things Canadian, with a style that should belong to their bright, new land.

All too soon it came to an end. On July 8, 1917, his empty canoe was found floating on Canoe Lake, and a week later his body was recovered. A bronze tablet, put up beside the lake, said in part: "He lived humbly but passionately with the wild; it made him brother to all untamed things in Nature."



Painting by Clarence Gagnon, courtesy Public Archives of Canada.

Clarence Gagnon, one of the gifted followers of Tom Thomson, shows us two woodsmen beside their fire deep in Canada's winter forests.